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The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Ekins.

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1801.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST EXQUISITE

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,

PRINCIPALLY PROSE,

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

VOL. V.

To be continued Annually.

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FOR the delay that has taken place in the publication of this FIFTH VOLUME, it may be proper to account to our Readers, by ſtating, that the exorbitant price of printing-paper at the beginning of this year would have rendered it impoſſible to have defrayed the expenſes of publication without increaſing the price of the book. It was, therefore, conſidered as a preferable meaſure, to wait for more favourable circumſtances, and then to deliver the Work to the Public at the price of the former volume.

The contents will, the EDITOR assures himself, be found to comprise an unusual and pleasing variety, and to have been selected with perfect impartiality: and he pledges himself strictly to observe the same unbiassed conduct in the further prosecution of the Work.

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THE

THE

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THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

[From the General Evening Poſt.]

RUMINATING the other evening upon the numerous diſcoveries which the ingenious are daily making in philoſophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our ſages and literati. While I continued abſorbed in theſe reflections I fell aſleep, and a wonderful viſion preſented itſelf to my imagination.

Methought I found myſelf travelling on a wide road, accompanied by ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, whoſe looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their converſation that they were going to viſit the Temple of Modern Philoſophy, to receive from the Goddeſs the reward of their ſervices. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a conſciouſneſs

ſciouſneſs that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curioſity, by deſcribing the magnificence of the Temple, and the benignity of the Goddeſs, inſomuch that I reſolved to proceed.

We ſoon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond deſcription. Triumphal arches, adorned with feſtoons, and dedicated to the honour of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Shafteſbury, Rouſſeau, Hume, and Gibbon, led to the portico, which was ſupported by moſt magnificent columns of white marble: they were of the elegant Corinthian order; but what appeared to me very ſingular, they were inverted! The portico was open, emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* philoſophy, who unfolds her myſteries to the contemplative mind.

My companions, who had diſputed during our journey, with all the eagerneſs of competition, were now ſilent. A ſacred awe ſeemed to pervade the aſſembly, as we ſlowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vaſt azure curtain of ſilk, beſpangled with diamonds, reflecting the rays of ſeveral luſtres which illumined the lofty dome, was ſuddenly raiſed, and we beheld Philoſophy ſeated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, *in all the hues reflected light can give.* She was a majeſtic figure; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a ſeductive ſmile that faſcinated the beholder. Her robe was purple; ſhe wore a crown of gold, inſcribed with the words *Neceſſity*, *Reaſon*, *Virtue*, in the three primitive colours of nature. On her right hand ſat *Pride*, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of ſelf-importance; on her left, *Vanity* appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her poſture, and viewing herſelf with ſmiles in a mirror.

Before the throne ſtood *Sophiſtry*, whoſe robe changed its hue every moment; an inſidious ſmile played over

her features, and ſhe held in her right hand a cup filled with intoxicating nectar. *Faſhion* ſtood beſide Sophiſtry, with her eyes turned alternately on the Goddeſs and her votaries.

The wall of the Temple behind the throne was compoſed of one entire priſmatic ſubſtance, through which the moſt enchanting perſpective view delighted the eye. Shady groves, ſunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom, clear fountains, ſprightly caſcades, embelliſhed with ſunſhine from an unclouded ſky, preſented a moſt inviting paradiſe.

We gazed with mute admiration; the Goddeſs waved her ſilver ſceptre, and inſtantly the Temple was filled with harmony. The muſic was quite in the modern taſte, of that lively kind which excludes the ſtrong paſſions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philoſophy again waved her ſceptre, the muſic ceaſed, and while our boſoms were thrilling with pleaſurable ſenſations ſhe thus addreſſed us:

"My beloved votaries! welcome, thrice welcome, to all the delights of wiſdom! You ſhall all participate the bounty of Philoſophy; but the metaphyſician, as moſt profoundly verſed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the moſt diſtinguiſhed honours. Sophiſtry! lead the venerable KANT to my throne; I long to reward a veteran who has ſo often contended againſt my enemies."

The ſage was led forward by Sophiſtry, who preſented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draft, he thus addreſſed Philoſophy:

"Great Goddeſs, who haſt been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a ſeries of years, has ſtudied thy myſteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have deſcribed thee as the child of nature; and by inculcating the doctrine of *neceſſity*, I have demonſtrated that it is to thee alone we are to look for the developement of the

human faculties: that under thy influence the morals of ſociety are in a ſtate of progreſſive improvement towards that *perfectibility* which is attainable by reaſon.—The ſimplicity of this ſyſtem excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of proſelytes to conſider thee as *the firſt and only fair*. Convinced of the propenſity of the human mind to ſuperſtition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philoſophy*, as one that inveſtigated the imperfections of all other inſtitutions. Finally, O Goddeſs! I have argued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection.—Thy handmaid, Sophiſtry, has often viſited and inſpired me with *ſublime* and *profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become proſelytes to thy ſyſtem, I hope to eſtabliſh thy dominion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both ſexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain ſeem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts. It muſt be the ſtudy of thy diſciples to effect a revolution in morals; and, by indulging the human paſſions and appetites, perſuade the nations that pleaſure is the reward of thy votaries."

When the Philoſopher ceaſed, the Goddeſs ſmiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the Sage kiſſed it with the utmoſt devotion. Sophiſtry then led him to a ſeat on the right ſide of the throne, when he immediately ſunk into ſlumber.

The next perſon ſingled in the crowd was the redoubtable Dramatiſt KOTZEBUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an efferveſcent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world who conſidered effrontery as a proof of his good breeding. Sophiſtry offered him her newly-repleniſhed cup, but he declined it, and with an arch ſmile whiſpered, "No, my dear friend, I have ſo long been accuſtomed to quaff your nectar,

nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have persuaded thousands to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to Philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour:—"All-beauteous idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'T is to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to *immoralize* Europe. I have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary divinity; by my ridicule of religion, and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my dramas have, in co-operation with Deism and Atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favour. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous processions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, "My dear Kotzebue, thou hast been an active and indefatigable servant—receive thy reward." She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed to a purple robe, bestudded with brilliants. Fashion then led him to a seat below that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognised PAINE, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all a

moſt gracious reception, but ſhe conferred particular honours on the facetious Bard.—"Welcome," ſaid ſhe, "my witty, my incomparable ſon; to thy genius am I indebted for the progreſs of my power in Britain. Thy more than Orphean lyre has transformed many who were formerly diſcreet into ſatyrs of diſſipation. Faſhion, crown thy favourite Poet with his well-earned laurel, and let the wreath be ſufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the *cane* of an inſolent adverſary. Place him beſide his illuſtrious compeer Kotzebue."

A whimſical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I diſcovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial to the cauſe of virtue. The Goddeſs beckoned to Sophiſtry, who conducted him to a ſeat beſide the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dreſs was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and ſeemed to take a pride in the expoſure of the neck and boſom. One of the train bore a ſtandard, with this inſcription, EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. The air of ſelf-ſufficiency, the broad and ſcrutinizing ſtare, the authoritative brow and maſculine ſtride of theſe ladies, excited my ſurpriſe; and, although I did not ſee any offenſive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons.

The Standard-bearer thus addreſſed the Goddeſs:—"We are come, O celeſtial Philoſophy, to worſhip in thy Temple, to prefer our vows, and ſupplicate thy inſpiration. We have formed a new claſs of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS. Our enemies have ſtigmatized us with the name of voluptuaries, becauſe we inculcate the unreſtrained indulgence of the paſſions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleaſures of life; but the feeble oppoſition of our calumniators muſt ſink into

into non-exiſtence before the enchanting delights which thou haſt prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have diſſeminated thy principles by every means which wit could ſuggeſt or genius promote. We have written Poems, Romances, and Novels, for this purpoſe, and tranſlated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others, and we have been ſucceſsful beyond our moſt ſanguine hopes. It remains for thee, O beloved Philoſophy, to reward us according to our reſpective merits; and when each claimant has detailed her labours in thy ſervice, there is little doubt but that thou wilt *at leaſt* place us upon an equality with the other ſex, and realize our long wiſhed for love of power."

When this fair orator concluded her ſpeech, another female advanced with a moſt graceful and theatric air; but ſhe was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddeſs, who expreſſed her approbation of the party with ſmiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" ſhe exclaimed, "when Woman has aſſumed her natural equality, and demonſtrated that *the love of pleaſure and the love of ſway* predominates in every exalted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you ſhall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who ſit at my right hand. There is no neceſſity for each of you to mention her claims; for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the ſex, and doubt not that your orations on this occaſion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reſerve your rhetoric to perſuade your huſbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my ſuperior title to their devotion."

Although the Ladies ſeemed diſappointed at not being permitted to ſpeak ſucceſſively, yet, when Sophiſtry conducted them to a ſeat equally elevated with that of the Male Philoſophers, and when they ſurveyed

veyed the ſuperb canopy above their heads, I could obſerve their eyes ſparkle with pleaſure.

Theſe diſtinguiſhed Female Philoſophers being ſeated, Sophiſtry addreſſed the motley throng which filled the area before the throne, and whom I diſcovered, by their diſcourſe, to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddeſs.

"Beloved auxiliaries!" cried Sophiſtry, "none of you ſhall go unrewarded. Philoſophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You ſhall ——" Here ſhe was interrupted by a confuſed noiſe from without, and a female called Terror, ruſhed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic geſtures, "The enemy is coming! The enemy is coming!" Theſe dreadful ſounds produced diſmay throughout the aſſembly. Even the Goddeſs trembled on her throne, and all her worſhippers ſeemed thunderſtruck. A vivid ſplendour now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her ſtature was tall, her countenance majeſtic and ſerene; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow ſurrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the moſt delicate tint of the celeſtial regions, whence ſhe had deſcended; on her right appeared her faithful attendant Truth, who held a burning-glaſs in her left hand, and a fiery ſword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which ſhe looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impreſſive, thus addreſſed the aſſembly:—"Unhappy beings, your enmity againſt me has effected your own deſtruction. By embracing the deluſive pleaſures of *Senſuality*, whom you miſnamed *Philoſophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my ſimple but permanent delights; it only remains, in obedience to the dictates

dictates of immutable Juſtice, that you ſhould be puniſhed for your impious writings, which have miſled ſuch numbers of your fellow-creatures. Advance, O Truth! my faithful attendant, and with thy reſiſtleſs ſword deſtroy theſe *ſoul-ſlayers*, and let their influence ceaſe from this moment."

Truth inſtantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery ſword, and a wonderful metamorphoſis took place throughout the Temple. Philoſophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper; the metaphyſician was transformed into a mole; the dramatiſt into a goat; and the other ſages into monkies of different kinds. The female philoſophers were changed into parrots, and the pamphleteers who ſurrounded me ſhrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on theſe prodigies, and I every moment expected ſome dreadful change would befal myſelf for my temerity in viſiting this odious place. While I ſtood ſpeechleſs and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her ſword, and a ſudden concuſſion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vaniſhed in a thin vapour; the vitreous wall diſappeared; and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, inſtead of a rich landſcape, I beheld a blaſted heath overgrown with thorns and thiſtles.

At this ſcene of deſolation my fears increaſed: I turned towards Religion, and was going to proſtrate myſelf before her; when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whiſpered, "You are now ſafe; that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My ſpirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart as I claſped the treaſure of divine knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majeſtic eyes, beaming with philanthropy. "Fear

not,

not, O man!" ſaid ſhe, "I will ever be thy guardian while thou purſueſt the path pointed out by revelation. Go, feeble mortal, reform thy manners; correct thy paſſions by the vigilance and authority of reaſon; remember that Chriſtianity is the *true philoſophy*; and that happineſs conſiſts in piety to thy Creator, and univerſal benevolence."

While Religion was ſpeaking, I found unuſual tranſport animate my heart, inſomuch that I awoke, and beheld the ſun juſt riſing. The viſion of the night enlightened and purified my ſoul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the ſocial virtues, which alone can render the life of man valuable to himſelf, and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

J. C.

A SERVANT OUT OF PLACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you are frequently ſo kind as to admit adverti-ſements from perſons wanting places, I ſhall eſteem it a great favour if you will inſert my caſe.

I was originally born and bred in this country, and held a good place, which I was allowed to fill with credit, until a few years ago, when I obeyed an invitation to go abroad, and take the management of a gentleman's houſe in France, who did not, however, keep me long. Liking however the country and people, to whom I vainly thought my ſervices would not be unacceptable, I got into ſeveral other places; but my maſters proved to be of ſuch fickle diſpoſitions, that I never could remain for any great length of time. They required me to dreſs in ſuch fantaſtic ſhapes, and be

be ſubject to ſuch whims and vagaries, that I became heartily tired of ſerving people who did not know what they would be at. Nay, Sir, you will ſcarcely believe me, but I aſſure you it is matter of fact, that they even committed horrid acts of cruelty, and laid them at my door.

You may be ſure I was happy to eſcape from ſuch a people, and return to my native country: but, alas! I found that my character had been ſo blaſted here by the foul reports ſpread of me abroad, that I could get in no where; all reſpect for me was gone. I was eyed with ſuſpicion, and haunted with jealouſy; my oldeſt friends had given me up. I may ſay, without vanity, that there was a time when my very name had a charm in it, and when my true character was ſo cheriſhed and adored, that men would have died to promote my intereſt. Now they will ſcarcely hear me mentioned with patience, and my name is a bugbear even among the illiterate. Indeed I am ſo diſfigured by report, that if it were not for inward conſciouſneſs, I ſhould not know myſelf. Yet I ſhould not have minded what my open enemies choſe to do, if I had not been ill-treated by my pretended friends, who have even gone ſo far as to lock me up in cloſe confinement, by way of preſerving me, as if I were not as able to preſerve myſelf as ever I was.—Spreading a report that I was become a lunatic, they have taken from me the conveyances of my little freehold, which has been in the family ſince the year 1688, and have made ſo many alterations in the clauſes, that I vow and declare I am no better than a tenant at will. You may ſuppoſe I feel all this, but complain I dare not; they will ſcarcely let me open my mouth, and have even lately refuſed me the uſe of pen and ink, unleſs I will conſent to write, not what I think, but what they pleaſe. In a word, Sir, from being a maid of

all

all work, and at one time fit for the management of the largeſt houſes, I am reduced to a mere cypher.

It has been ſaid, I know, that when I was abroad, I took to drinking. It is a great falſehood, Sir: I do not indeed deny that my maſters were then frequently intoxicated, and often abuſed me moſt groſsly; but it was no fault of mine: and if by your kind means I ſhould get into favour again, my employer will find that my real character and principles are too deeply fixed and ſoundly compacted, to be hurt by what madmen or fools may do, or even by the contrivances of thoſe wonderful conjurors who think that the beſt way to lengthen my progreſs is to ſhorten my limbs, and have no idea of ſecuring a building but by cramp-irons. Left to myſelf, I have made ſome folks *what* they are, and placed them *where* they are; and I defy them to bring a juſt charge againſt me. I am aware there are impoſtors who have done miſchief, under pretence of being authorized by me, and others who are in the practice of taking my name in vain, and proſtituting my principles: but all this is no buſineſs and no blame of mine. It has even been ſaid that I am an enemy to religion. Sir, excuſe my warmth; but this is a ſlander as foul and abominable as it is ridiculous. It will not bear one moment's examination. If it had not been for me, I can prove clearly, from authorized written and printed records, that one and all of you would at this time have been kiſſing the Pope's toe; and I believe there are many, now making a fuſs about religion, whoſe covert purpoſe is to reduce you to kiſs that, or any thing elſe he may preſent.

As to an idea now prevalent, that there are whole nations fighting for me, it is a groſs miſtake. It is not my way to ſet people a-fighting, unleſs for ſelf-defence; and then the caſe is too plain to require my advice. As to thoſe nations, if there are any ſuch, who may

may be fighting for me, they may be left to diſcover their error: for, if what I have heard be true, they know very little about me, and at the concluſion of the buſineſs the victors may probably acquire as little of my ſpirit as the vanquiſhed.

And now, Mr. Editor, permit me to hope that this ſtatement of my caſe will meet the eyes of my real friends, who, I am convinced, are not few in this country. Where elſe, indeed, am I to look for ſupport? I never gained much by quarrelling; and I wiſh to be at peace with all mankind. I plainly ſee I can get nothing by going abroad; and if I am to be buried, I would fain lay my old bones in my native country. But I have better hopes: I ſhall not enter into flattering encomiums on my own character. Suffice it to ſay, "I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know it." My demands are not unreaſonable; the prejudices againſt me are, I truſt, diſpelling; I admit of no licentious proceedings, although I know I have been falſely accuſed of that. People have affected to do many things for me, who never knew me in their lives. I have met with much ingratitude; I have helped many fair-ſpoken young men into places, who were the firſt to turn their backs upon me; but I will not indulge either cenſure or complaint. I wiſh for a quiet habitation in this country, and, although naturally averſe to confinement, I will conſent to be prohibited from going abroad, unleſs I can travel *in peace*. Indeed I have no reaſon to be fond of gadding: I never got any thing by it but hard thumps and an ill name. I could ſay a great deal more, but ſhall conclude. I write rather a cramp hand, but it is at your ſervice;

Being ever yours,

LIBERTY.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Albion.]

AT THE SITTINGS AT WESTMINSTER HALL, BEFORE LORD K———N.

John Bull verſus *the Right Hon. William P*tt.*

THE Counſel for the Plaintiff, who is a *tradeſman*, opened the caſe with ſtating, that in the year 1688, his client was married to *Miſs Naſſovia Liberty*, who was of poor but honourable *Dutch* extraction: that from the day of their marriage to the hour in which the defendant unhappily became acquainted with *Mrs. Bull*, ſhe ſupported the character of a chaſte and blameleſs wife: that the defendant, whom *Mr. Bull* had vainly imagined to be his *friend*, had inſinuated himſelf into his family, under the ſpecious pretext of REFORMING the domeſtic concerns of *Mr. Bull*; and in particular, he had undertaken to manage *Mr. Bull*'s eſtates in the BOROUGH, which he affirmed had gone to complete decay by the CORRUPT management of ſome preceding ſtewards: that the defendant never ſeriouſly meant to perform theſe engagements, but had only uſed them for a cover to procure acceſs to *Mr. Bull*'s houſe, that he might colleague with his ſervants, and corrupt his wife: that the plaintiff had from time to time miſſed large ſums of money, which were SECRETLY made away with, with the connivance of the defendant—(Here *Lord K———n* interpoſed, and obſerved that theſe allegations were irrelevant to the cauſe, and might more properly become the ground of a CRIMINAL PROSECUTION). The learned counſel proceeded to ſtate, that his client, from undoubted evidence, was prepared to ſhew that an adulterous intercourſe had ſubſiſted between the defendant and *Mrs.*

Mrs. Bull, ever ſince the year 1784, about which time the defendant had crept into the family of *Mr. Bull:* that being a well-ſpoken gentleman, he had inſinuated himſelf into the favour of the lady, by flattery and FINE SPEECHES: that in the year 1793, the defendant, the better to cloak his wicked deſigns againſt the honour of *Mr. Bull*, had the addreſs to perſuade his client, that a FRENCH GENTLEMAN maintained a criminal intercourſe with *Mrs. Bull*; and with the aſſiſtance of an IRISH GENTLEMAN, a Mr. B—rke, who took uncommon pains to inſtil the ſlander, for which he received a handſome allowance out of the defendant's *peculations*, finally prevailed upon the plaintiff to enter into a *proſecution at common law* againſt the *Frenchman*, in the progreſs of which ſuit, from the extortion of attornies, and the difficulty of proving the charges alleged to the ſatisfaction of the Court, he had incurred very heavy charges, and was brought to the verge of bankruptcy, *the ſuit yet depending*. The learned counſel then called ſeveral witneſſes to prove that certain liberties had paſſed between the defendant and *Mrs. Bull* (the detail of which, though highly curious and intereſting, and leaving no doubt of the guilt of the defendant, could not fail of being offenſive to our readers; for which reaſon we omit to give it); and, finally, one witneſs depoſed, that a year or two back the defendant inveigled *Mrs. Bull* out, under pretence of taking an airing, and conveyed her in a coach to a SOLITARY HOUSE in COLD BATH FIELDS, where having firſt GAGGED her, and ſhut out the light, he in concluſion prevailed upon her to ſubmit to his unlawful embraces—this witneſs, whoſe name was Ar—s, was obſerved to *prevaricate* a good deal; but the evidence on the whole was ſo clear and explicit, that the *counſel* for the *defendant* was inſtructed to admit the fact in its fulleſt extent, but *prayed to be heard in mitigation of damages*. Here he went into

a long and laboured train of proof, that *Mrs. Bull* had always borne the character of a light woman; that she had been suspected of various criminal intercourses from the beginning of her cohabitation with *Mr. Bull*, particularly with the late *Earl of Orford*'s father, with *Lord Bute*, &c. That the defendant being satiated with the possession of her charms, and justly suspecting her of inconstancy, had since voluntarily made a surrender of her person to *his own* chairman! that in all these transactions the plaintiff had basely connived at his wife's dishonour; that he had suffered the defendant to take liberties with her in his presence; that one day, at the suit of the defendant, he wantonly tore the MARRIAGE DEEDS OF SETTLEMENT, and gave the scraps into the unlimited possession of the defendant; that, induced by violent animosity against the *French* gentleman, and desirous at any rate of carrying his suit against him, he had listened to the overtures of the defendant, *who had been a lawyer*, and, to engage him to her cause, had (with the joint consent of his wife) invested the defendant with the right to all that part of *Mrs. Bull*'s estates which were contiguous to RUNNYMEDE; in short, that *Mr. Bull* (whom the learned counsel, with infinite humour, and repeated bursts of laughter from a crowded court, described to be a *true-born Englishman*, who cared not what happened *at home*, so long as he could keep out *Popery*, *Frenchmen*, and *wooden shoes*) had been accessary to his own disgrace. All these allegations were clearly and satisfactorily proved by competent witnesses, one of whom declared upon oath, that the plaintiff, partly by threats, and partly by wheedling, had induced an IRISH lady to enter into an adulterous UNION with him, and introduced her into the company of his own wife: all which evidence being attentively heard by the court, the learned counsel humbly prayed for a *mitigation*, &c. *Lord K—n* summed up the whole of the evidence on both

both ſides with his uſual ſententiouſneſs and gravity; and after a ſpeech of *three hours length*, in which he, as uſual, took occaſion to expatiate upon the vices and immoralities of the age, the levity of faſhionable women, the great guilt of adultery (which he proved from reaſon and revelation), the heinous and baſe offence of the treacherous friend, who ungratefully ſtings the boſom which cheriſhed him, and the no leſs baſe and unmanly practice of huſbands, who, from motives of covetouſneſs, or other indirect ends, connive at their wives' infidelity; after many ſuitable reflections upon the divine inſtitution of marriage, and pertinent obſervations upon *gaming*, *late hours*, *watering-places*, and *illegal inſurances* (all which his Lordſhip expreſſed his full intention of puniſhing, *at ſome convenient opportunity*, with all the rigours of the law), he concluded a ſolemn and affecting ſpeech with directing the Jury to find—A PENNY DAMAGES.

A TREASURY SOLILOQUY.

RESIGN, or not reſign!—that is the queſtion.
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The PEOPLE's hate, and ſcourge of OPPOSITION,
Or to take ſhelter from the cares of office,
And by reſigning end them!—Reſign—diſgrace,
No more:—but, by reſigning thus, to end
The head-ach, and the thouſand threat'ning ſhocks
I daily ſuffer—'t is a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. Reſign—Diſgrace!
Diſgrac'd, perhaps IMPEACH'D—ay! there 's the rub:
For when impeach'd—what proofs of guilt may riſe
When I have ſhuffled-off this dangerous charge,
Muſt give me fearful pauſe—there 's the reſpect
That makes my miniſtry of ſo long life;
For who would bear the hate, the ſcorn of man,
The multitude's reproach, the ſecret curſe,
The wit of Sheridan, the fire of Fox,

The keen quick eye of Grey, and all thoſe threats
That from their party I have daily ta'en?
When I might inſtant my quietus make,
With barely giving up? For who would bear
To groan and ſweat under my preſent horrors,
But that the dread of WESTMINSTER's High Court,
That awful great tribunal, from whoſe bar
I ſhould not come acquitted—plagues the will,
And makes me rather bear my preſent ills,
Than, by reſigning, bring my NECK in danger!

OUT AT LAST;

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PETER PINDAR to a very humorous Poem under this title, has the following Introduction:

SOME time ago the LYRIC PETER,
With much ſublimity of metre,
Did propheſy a MINISTER would *tumble!*
To verify the POET's ode,
Behold it pleaſeth MAN and GOD,
In anger, his HIGH MIGHTINESS to humble!
Poor man! but not the MAN of Ross!
He 's down! *procumbit humi bos.*

How like unto a crow, or rook,
Shot near his neſt (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcaſt look,
Before he ſous'd at laſt to ground!
Yes! like theſe *black* birds, much too long *we ſaw*
The culprit hanging by a ſingle claw.

What a vile bramble he has been
May now with half an eye be ſeen.—
Look at us!—What poor ſhiv'ring ſheep, alack!
Naked and lank—moſt cloſely ſhorn!
This hooking, dragging imp has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from ev'ry back!

Gone!

Gone! gone, ſome good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor ſheep that dares to *bleat!*

Sing, HEAV'NLY MUSE, to whom our wool all goes:—
To warm DUNDAS, LONG, WINDHAM, CANNING, ROSE,
Old L———L and CUB, with each compeer—
While *they* carouſing ſwill'd their toaſt and *ſack*,
We bit, in anguiſh, muſty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead ſmall-beer.

"Try PITT again," ſome fools exclaim.
He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*—
The hobbling NATION, ſtill more lame,
Has now nor crutch, nor aſs to ride.
"He 'll *mend*," they roar.—*He mend!* the MUMMER—
Ay, mend juſt like ſour ale in ſummer.

Lo, then, our ſad STATE-CARPENTER diſmiſs'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet from the ſervice when the man was hiſs'd,
Why leave behind his BUDGET and his TOOLS?

Glad as a bird that 'ſcapes the kite, I 'll drop
The lamentations of poor JEREMIAH,
Of gay Pindarics open a freſh ſhop,
And pour the ſong of triumph with ISAIAH.

CHARACTER OF A LATE MINISTER,

SUPPOSED (FROM INTERNAL EVIDENCE) TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO characterize a man whoſe talents were ſo diverſified would be difficult if brevity were impoſed, and would be nugatory if panegyric were admiſſible. If genius be the power of invention, we cannot name a man whoſe ſhare is equal; if what he ſaid be compared with what he did, it will be impoſſible to eſtimate the grandeur of his conceptions, or to illuſtrate

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the imbecility of his execution. Of all the moderns, he had ſtudied our language with moſt unceaſing aſſiduity, and enlarged its powers beyond the limits of comprehenſion. Copious, rather than ſelect, in his words; unambitious to be underſtood; and averſe to a meaning, rather than courting its ſimplicity, he at once engaged the attention, and confounded the memory. Accuſtomed to myſtery, he diſdained the plain, the perſpicuous, and the intelligible; and therefore what was heard with eagerneſs was retained with difficulty, and might be forgot without injury. In contending with the objections of the doubtful, the interrogations of the querulous, and the demands of the ignorant, he opened no new ſtores of information; he officiouſly anticipated no man's conjectures; he invaded no man's ignorance—what was ſought in his harangues could not be found; and what was found exceeded comprehenſion. Still ſuch was his felicity of diction, and ſuch his choice of expreſſion, that he ſeldom failed to convince thoſe whoſe minds were prepared, and who were not ſo faſtidious as to require ſatisfaction where none could be given, or to look for reaſons where none were meant. An early diſciple of Harpocrates, he was ſilent from principle, and reſerved upon ſyſtem; he knew not the raſhneſs of a communicative diſpoſition, and ſoared above the level of intelligible intercourſe. His tenacity of motive was aſtoniſhing, and he acquired it by an irreconcilable difference betwixt the means and the end. Whether he laid down a plan, or anſwered an inquiry, he had at once the faculty of ſpeaking much and ſaying little. When, matured in official ſituation, he found ſilence impoſſible or inconvenient, he made language ſubſervient to all the purpoſes of taciturnity. He practiſed inverſions unknown to former grammarians, and ſtudied ambiguities which modern ſkill could not reſolve. Although ſometimes unguarded in debate, and,

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ſometimes betrayed by caſualty, his moſt ſolemn avowals were clothed in impenetrable darkneſs, and his explanations were calculated to elude the graſp of the watchful and the curioſity of the inquiſitive. Yet ſuch was the ſecret charm of his eloquence, that his hearers became enamoured of obſcurity, and preferred the ſubmiſſion of ignorance to the rudeneſs of unbelief.

At what time he began to ſtudy "human nature" cannot now be aſcertained. All that we can affirm with truth is, that he announced the completion of his ſtudies near the cloſe of his life; and that, not in the profundity of a deep thinker, but in the more familiar character of an humble ſpectator. As ſuch he gave advice where advice was not wanted, and ſuggeſted remedies where the cure was impracticable. About this period it is ſuppoſed that his knowledge of cauſe and effect became perplexed; the connexion between motive and end, ſeldom intimate in his thoughts, and never defined in his words, was now diſſolved for ever. It is probably owing to this that hiſtorians have remarked, that what he executed he ſeldom deſigned, and what he deſigned was certain to fail.

Of the diſorder which occaſioned his departure, much is not known. That it was violent may be believed from its effects: but that it was exaſperated by religious ſcruples, may be denied without the riſk of contradiction. However averſe to ſatisfy the ſcruples of other men, he was himſelf a ſtranger to heſitation. It has been reported that his memory has failed. This at leaſt has not been confirmed. In the extremity of departure, he might ſurely have truſted to a faculty over which he had acquired the moſt extenſive power. To his facility of recollection or forgetfulneſs, he was indebted for his early riſe and his future fame: and could he have communicated a faculty ſo tractable to

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the world at large, we ſhould not now have had to lament that fatal ſtroke, "which has eclipſed the gaiety of placemen, and impoveriſhed the ſtock of public penſioners!"

A STATE INSCRIPTION.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

SIR,

AS an ardent admirer of Mr. Pitt, for the *unparalleled* ſtate of proſperity to which my country arrived under his adminiſtration, I have been ſhocked at the apparent indifference with which the news of his reſignation has been received throughout the kingdom;—no addreſſes of condolence have been preſented, no ſubſcriptions to purchaſe an annuity, nor any lamentations for our irreparable loſs. Sad encouragement this for other great and virtuous men to dedicate themſelves to the public ſervice!—I am, however, happy to find there is one ſet of worthy men, who have reſolved to manifeſt their gratitude for the ſervices he has rendered their country. The honourable Society of Stockbrokers and Dealers in the Funds, who are now building a new Stock Exchange, intend to erect a handſome monument within it to his miniſterial memory; and a friend of mine has favoured me with a copy of the intended inſcription, which I ſend you herewith for the gratification of the friends of William Pitt, and for the information of that public which has derived ſuch permanent benefits from his adminiſtration.

Yours, &c. OMNIUM.

Sacred to the Miniſterial Memory of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,
Who, when he became
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
Found

Found the Britiſh nation
In peace with all the world;
When he went out of office he left the Britiſh nation
At war with all the world;
When he came into office the public debt was only
TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLIONS;
When he went out of office he had increaſed it to the glorious amount of
FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS!
When he came in, the taxes paid by the people of Great Britain were leſs than
SIXTEEN MILLIONS;
Before he went out, he raiſed the annual taxes to
FORTY MILLIONS!
When he came in, France poſſeſſed only her ancient territories, and about
TWENTY-SIX MILLIONS OF SUBJECTS;
When he went out, France poſſeſſed the Netherlands, Savoy, the County of Nice, all of Germany to the left of the Rhine, the navigation of the Rhine, the Maes, and the Scheldt; ſhe had dominion over Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, in addition to her ancient territory, and
SIXTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!
When he came in, France was
IN A STATE OF BANKRUPTCY,
Unable to ſupport her peace eſtabliſhment;
When he went out, the French funds were
As high as the Engliſh Three per Cents.
THE STOCK-BROKERS,
And Jobbers in the Britiſh Funds, truly grateful for the benefit he has conferred
UPON THEM,
By his loyal and patriotic augmentation of the
NATIONAL DEBT,
And the increaſe thereby occaſioned in the beneficial practice of
STOCK-JOBBING,
Have erected this Monument in perpetual remembrance of
THEIR BENEFACTOR.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

[From the True Briton.]

AN oppoſition paper, a few days ago, contained an Epitaph on the miniſterial demiſe of the late CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, written by the pen of Malignity; in conſequence of which we preſent our readers with another, ſketched by the hand of TRUTH.

Sacred to the Miniſterial Memory of
The Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT,
The lineal repreſentative of
The genius, the eloquence, and the virtue, of the ever
VENERATED CHATHAM;

Who, ſucceeding to the ſtation, and inheriting the wiſdom of his illuſtrious father, like him, retrieved the errors of preceding adminiſtrations, and realized the hopes of his country, by raiſing it to the higheſt pitch of
HUMAN GLORY.

At the early age of twenty-two years he became
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
And equally aſtoniſhed his countrymen, and Europe, by his eloquence as an orator,
And his wiſdom as a ſtateſman.

Formed by nature for an exalted office, and trained by his immortal parent to fill it, he ſupplied the deficiencies of experience and years, by the extraordinary cultivation, extent, and accuracy of his perceptive powers.

Overleaping the diſtance between youth and experience, he graſped the wiſdom of riper years; and in the earlieſt ſtruggles of his adminiſtration exhibited a mind ſo luminous, ſagacious, and enriched, that even his eloquence was conſidered as ſecondary to his judgment.

When he came into office, he found the Britiſh nation deprived of an empire in the Weſt.

When he went out of office, he left the Britiſh nation in poſſeſſion of a new empire in the Eaſt.

When he aſſumed the management of its finances, he found an exhauſted treaſury, a declining revenue, a decaying commerce, and a maſs of floating debt, which, with the unprovided means of liquidating paſt burdens, threatened the extinction of public credit.

When

When he reſigned the management of its finances, he left its revenue improved, its commerce reanimated, its exports tripling their amount in the moſt brilliant days of peace, and its debt, which former ſtateſmen had predicted to threaten the conſtitution, provided for by a fund deſtined, not merely to expunge the expenſes of his own adminiſtration, but to realize the bolder conception of cruſhing the maſs of its taxation, by extinguiſhing within the probable period of leſs than forty years,

THE WHOLE NATIONAL DEBT.

Poſterity, in deriving the benefit of this financial meaſure, will admire the genius, and revere the memory of the Miniſter, who, living leſs for his own age than after-times, could thus, by ſo grand an operation, ſecure to them unimpaired, the bleſſings of

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION,

Without the burdens that it coſt preceding ages to preſerve it.

When he came in, France poſſeſſed the bleſſings of a regular government, an immenſe revenue, an extenſive commerce, a powerful navy, rich colonies, and the eſteem and reſpect of Europe.

When he went out, France exhibited what may be termed a blank in the map of civilization. Her altars and her rights equally the ſport of Atheiſts and Uſurpers; her ſoil ſtained by the blood of their victims; her people drooping over the loſs of their trade, their credit, their capital, their colonies, their navy, and their liberties; and her government, and principles, alike the ſcorn and deteſtation of the

CIVILIZED WORLD.

France, in her miſery, was left a monument of the folly and wickedneſs of her rulers; Great Britain, in her increaſed proſperity, remained an example of the ſuperior wiſdom and virtue of her Miniſter.

READER!

Theſe were his ſervices. His crimes were great, in the eyes of a few. He taxed the people, and ſaved the conſtitution. He arouſed the virtues, and armed the energies of his country againſt the moral pollution of its ſhores. His enemies charge him, that in the ſacred cauſe of religion, and ſocial order, he would not ſurrender the Britiſh

nation to atheiſm and impiety; but that in the fall of ſurrounding nations, and the wreck of civil ſociety, he preſerved it, undefiled, from the dominion and contagion of France. The Jacobins reproach him with extinguiſhing the torch of ſedition in Great Britain, and quenching the flames of rebellion in Ireland. They allege, he beat down the enemy with a bold and victorious arm; and that, braving the Northern League, he ſucceſsfully aſſerted the maritime rights of the United Kingdom, againſt a confederated world in arms. And finally, they aſſert, that, after having extended its fame, its commerce, and its empire, and fenced its laws, its liberties, and its religion, within the folds of triumphant banners, by the deſtruction of the trade, the annihilation of the navy, and the ſeizure of the moſt valuable poſſeſſions of the enemy; in duty to the honeſt conviction of his mind, on a great ſtate queſtion, he reſigned his ſtation in preference to relinquiſhing his opinion, exhibiting thereby an elevated example to the preſent, and to future ages, that in him, the love of power and of ſtation was ſubordinate to his reverence for public virtue, and his ſenſe of public duty. Theſe are the reproaches of his enemies; but his countrymen, more juſt, admire the ſacrifice, and trace his glory, where they charge his ſhame.

On his retreat from office, unlike to former Miniſters, he ſhrunk from the fence of Faction, and kept within the pale of his principles, ſupporting as zealouſly his ſucceſſors, out of office, as he had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed his antagoniſts when in power; thus clearly evincing that the love of his country, and not the lure of ſituation, was the ruling paſſion

OF HIS HEART.

A Nation
Saved from anarchy and deſolation
by
The genius and intrepidity
of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,
Raiſes this fragile Column,
In teſtimony of its gratitude to the Preſerver of its Liberties and Conſtitution; until the future hiſtorian ſhall erect

a more durable monument to perpetuate his renown, by recording his name on his imperiſhable page, and claſſing him with thoſe illuſtrious Stateſmen whoſe actions have adorned the annals of the world.

POLITICAL THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

IN conſequence of a mutiny among the performers, who attempted to control the Manager, moſt of the principal actors and actreſſes have been diſcharged. They thought the Manager could not repreſent plays without them, and that he would ſubmit; but he has placed ſome of the ſecond and third rate performers in the firſt walks, and hopes to pleaſe the town by the change. The old actors know their ſucceſſors cannot ſtand; and, fearful that others of real ability ſhould be brought from diſtant parts, they prompt and ſupport thoſe at preſent employed, in hopes the Manager will be at laſt ſo diſappointed and diſſatisfied, that he will recall his old ſervants.

The *Hero* of the company, who is to perform all the principal parts, has juſt made his *debut* in *The Lottery*, but without that ſucceſs which the Manager and his friends expected. He did not *draw money* enough; and if he goes on ſo, the Treaſury will be empty.

Young Mr. Jenky has undertaken to repreſent the *Lovers* courting the continental dames; but he has paid his addreſſes ſo feebly to Madame Gallia, that he has made no impreſſion on the public.

The *Old Women* are ſtill performed by Mrs. Duke, who was one of the old company, and, having long been a *ſtroller*, would not reſign her engagement in the metropolis.

An Actor from *Chatham* keeps poſſeſſion of the *Walking Gentlemen*; viz. thoſe characters which ap-

pear on the ſtage juſt on purpoſe to ſay *aye* or *no*, or to make up a number;—for this caſt he is qualified—but his ſalary is much too high.

The *Fathers* have been offered to Mr. Scott, but he has declined accepting this *caſt*, unleſs he has a converſation with the Manager.

The only actor of real merit in the new company is Mr. Jervis. He never fails to fill the Treaſury when he performs the part of a *rough tar*.

The other parts are repreſented by performers of but little note.

The firſt piece the company brought out was the farce of *A Negotiation*, which being got up in too much haſte was imperfectly repreſented, and coldly received. The tragedy, *The Baltic in a Blaze*, has attracted more notice; and a piece on the ſtocks, called *The Conqueſt of Egypt*, excites much expectation. The farce of *The Green Bag* is ſuſpected to be a plagiary from old pieces, and is little ſpoken of except by the performers whoſe work it is; but the chief dependance of the proprietors of the Theatre reſts upon a piece that will be performed in a few weeks, called "*The Ins turned out.*"

April 5.

VIRGIL'S EIGHTH ECLOGUE IMITATED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AID me, ye Muſes, to recount the ſtrains
Two Stateſmen ſung to Britain's hungry ſwains,
Sublime as Pybus;—Candles' ends for theſe,
And ſav'ry parings of untaſted cheeſe,
See Windham leave. Lord Grenville, too, ſtruck dumb,
With one boot off, like fam'd Prince Volſcius, come;
No patient hearer, erſt full prompt of ſpeech—
E'en Wilberfore himſelf forgets to preach.

O Thou,

O thou, who, borne on Glory's eagle wings,
To nine long years haſt ſtretch'd *the war of kings*,
Whether thy ſapient counſels to the Bay
Of Quiberon or Holland point the way,
O Pitt, complacent to thy bard attend—
With thee began my ſong, with thee ſhall end!
Juſt as the waggons, with their pond'rous freight
Of Britiſh ſpecie, reach'd Vienna's gate,
Wak'd from his ſlumbers, Thugut thus began:—
"O moſt munificent and godlike man,
Though, while Germania bled at ev'ry pore,
For gold I aſk'd not, thou haſt ſent us more;
Still to this tune our Croats ſhall advance—
Pipe thou the ſame, and I will ever dance!
"Unlike a general, though expert to wield
The martial blade, and dauntleſs in the field,
Prince Charles, lamenting, counts our thouſands ſlain,
And fancies blood ill recompens'd by gain!
Better might griffins at our mangers eat,
Than *Emp'rors* with a *Conſul* deign to treat!!!
Protect us from ſuch horrible miſchance—
Pipe thou the ſame, and I will ever dance!
"Till, by the magic of thy accents won,
Half-way advancing, prompt to be undone,
The wealthy Matron of Threadneedle-ſtreet
Had pour'd forth all her riches at thy feet,
We fondly deem'd thoſe riches had no end,
Accumulating faſt as thou couldſt ſpend!
See her exhauſted ſtate this boon enhance—
Pipe thou the ſame, and I will ever dance!
"But, ſince Moreau victorious threats our walls,
And ev'ry tongue for peace, not guineas, calls;
In thy proud iſland while Deſpondence reigns,
And Taxes leagued with Famine waſte her plains,
As a ſpectator though thou bid us fight,
In terms which wiſe St. Stephen's race delight,
Our golden viſions ſeem for ever paſt—
Thou ſure haſt pip'd, and I have danc'd my laſt!"
He ended; and with ſpeed a courier bore
Pitt's dolorous reply from Albion's ſhore:—

" In pray'r and faſting firſt we tried our ſtrength,
With pious execrations at full length,
Denouncing yon apoſtates, the diſgrace
Of Chriſtendom, an arrant atheiſt race.
John Bull's weak intellects no further reach;
To make him rave there only needs a Speech:
' No peace with vile republicans,' I cried;
' No peace,' with one aſſenting voice replied
Each Biſhop and each military Peer—
Hawkeſbury the bold and Watſon the ſincere!
To my own Cinque-port Cavalry I'll ſing,
' From Mittau Gallia's peerleſs Sovereign bring.'
" No exerciſe more wholeſome than to fight;
It makes corn cheap, if Reverend Brand ſay right;
While D'Ivernois and Barruel ably ſhew
France ſhould have broke at leaſt ſix years ago:
Yet thus it is—this iſland, overſpread
With calculators, wants the ſtaff of bread!
Though all may yet be well again, if ſpring
From Mittau Gallia's peerleſs Sov'reign bring.
" Monarchs and prieſts this glorious war began,
Till into *arm'd neutrality* it ran:
At ſuch a criſis dangers thicken round,
And each well-paid confederate proves unſound!
Let not my friend's congenial ſpirit grieve
If for a while the public ſtage I leave,
And bring Malvolio forth, to ſtrut his hour—
The ſubſtitute of my departing pow'r:
Thus unconcern'd the ſtallion pricks his ears,
And leaves ſome feeble hackney in the gears!
But dreams miſlead me, or, on Zephyr's wing,
From Mittau haſtens Gallia's peerleſs King!"

March 6. L. L.

To the Editor of the Morning Poſt.

THE following Ode was ſent to Mr. Ad——n, at a very critical moment indeed, when he was extremely agitated, and tremblingly hefitated whether he ſhould or ſhould not reſign the Chair.

The

The author now enjoys the conſcious ſatisfaction of aving determined him, by theſe lyrical and perſuaſive rains, to obey the commands of his moſt gracious overeign, and gratify the wiſhes of a loyal, devoted eople, by his acceptance of the ſeals, with a modeſt nd becoming reluctance.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

May 27.

AN EXPOSTULATORY AND PANEGYRICAL ODE,

Addreſſed to the R. H. H. A—D—G—N.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra vel acri
Tibia ſumes celebrare Clio?
Quem deum? cujus recinet jocoſa
NOMEN IMAGO. HOR. Car. 12. l. 1.

AH! why reſign yon ſplendid chair,
Where you preſide with ſolemn air,
Of *Ayes* and *Noes* recorder?
Your wig in flaxen treſſes twines,
And flowing gown with luſtre ſhines,
To keep the Houſe in order.

Hatſell's wiſe laws with winning art
You gravely ſtate, and touch the heart
By your pathetic chat:
What can eſcape your ſage *owl* * eyes?
'Mid Fox's ſpeech the mandate flies—
"Bar! Bar! take off your hat!"

Yet, faith, you have no other choice;
Cheer'd by your King and country's voice,
O'erleap the ſhackling pale:

* "The owl bends both his eyes on the object which he obſerves, and has thence acquired the name of the bird of wiſdom." Darwin on Female Education.

With

With Hawk—ſ—ry's * ſpirit and his fire,
Who with ſhort ſteps purſues his ſire,
To catch him by the tail.

Britannia aſks his trenchant blade
To ſmite the Dane and haughty Swede,
Rous'd by mad Paul's intriguing.
Jenky, to arms! new grind your lance,
To Paris march, and conquer France
By burning Copenhagen!

Though Paul and Frederick combine,
Britannia, trench'd in her own brine,
Laughs at their brandiſh'd ſpears;
From Chriſtian ſtates with ſcorn ſhe flies,
To hire congenial cheap allies
At Tunis and Algiers †.

"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!"
Blacken your ſugar iſles with ſlaves,
Speak mercy, preach devotion;
On foaming billows rear your throne,
Sea without ports, is all your own,
You rule a ſhoreleſs ocean.

And art thou gone, St. Malta's Paul?
As mad a knight as Iſrael's Saul,
Touch'd by celeſtial ire:

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* Mr. P—tt's panegyric on thoſe two accompliſhed ſtateſmen, Lord Liv—rp—l and Lord H—kſ—ry, was the moſt brilliant part of his ſpeech on Mr. Grey's motion.

† A treaty, offenſive and defenſive, highly honourable to Great Britain, and the republic of Algiers, is, I hear, now negotiating between the Dey's ambaſſador, and Lord Hawkeſbury, by which the whole maritime force of that great naval ſtate is to be at our abſolute diſpoſal. Religion, morality, and ſocial order, are the baſis of the treaty. The proceedings and decrees of our admiralty courts in the Weſt Indies are now tranſlating for the inſtruction of the Algerine tribunals, as a new code of laws is to be formed by the Barbary States on ſimilar principles; any thing in Sir W. Scott's bill to the contrary notwithſtanding.

Sequiturque patrem, haud paſſibus æquis. VIRGIL.

In

In death's ſtrait waiſtcoat bound at laſt,
Deaf—till the trumpet's final blaſt,
Though Py——s ſound his lyre.

In France, though Jacobins are dead,
Their vengeful ghoſts you wiſely dread,
Shrouded in Tallien's* cloak;
So, by the brain's mechanic power,
The idiot counted ev'ry hour,
When the town-clock † was broke.

But *here*, the knaves combine and ſwear,
We 've Iriſh evidence from C—re;
Although they fawn like ſpaniels;
But ſee our guardian angels fit,
Expound Ezekiel's text ‡ with P—tt,
And treaſon find in Daniel's §.

They

* M. Tallien's dangerous deſigns, and aſſaſſinating plots, were providentially diſcovered; and he was ordered away at a minute's warning. He had been elected a member at Brooks's; viſited Mr. Fox at St. Anne's Hill; went with him and Mr. Sheridan to Drury-lane; and was magnificently entertained every day by the members of Oppoſition.

† See Addiſon's paper in the Spectator, No. 447, where this curious fact is referred to in Dr. Plott's Hiſtory of Staffordſhire.

‡ "And thou profane wicked prince of Iſrael, whoſe day is come, when iniquity ſhall have an end.

"Thus ſaith the Lord God, Remove the diadem, and take off the crown: this ſhall not be the ſame: exalt him that is low, and abaſe him that is high.

"I will overturn, overturn, overturn it: and it ſhall be no more, until he come whoſe right it is, and I will give it him." Ezekiel, xxi. 25, 26, 27.

Theſe were favourite High Church Jacobite texts, on the acceſſion of George I. and are now treaſonably adopted on ſimilar principles by the Jacobins.

§ "Then ſhall ſtand up in his eſtate a raiſer of taxes, in the gory of the kingdom: but within a few days he ſhall be deſtroyed, neither in anger nor in battle.

"And in his eſtate ſhall ſtand up a vile perſon, to whom they ſhall not give the honour of the kingdom; but he ſhall come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries."

This

They tell what traitors think or ſay,
Whether they nod *, give toaſts, or pray,
Or in their cups are merry;
And vote Horne Tooke a Conſul's chair,
Or, to reform the church with care,
The ſee of Canter-*berry*.

See ſixty thouſand canting tykes,
With text-ſcrawl'd daggers, holy pikes,
Headed by old Methus'lem,
For Brothers's Millennium roar,
And join with *half* a *million* corps,
To fight for new Jerus'lem †.

Leſt Jacobins the Crown aſſail,
No *Habeas Corpus*, and no bail;
Give martial law inſtead §.

While

This prophecy has been applied moſt traitorouſly and wickedly by the Jacobin prints, to our two great luminaries of State, the Burleigh and Walſingham of England. Sir J. S——, the preſent C———, is the only enlightened expounder of prophecies. He foretold the fate of the Eaſt India bill, from the Revelations; and the condemnation of Horne Tooke and Hardy, from the celebrated act of Edward III. His brother, Sir William, if we may venture to judge from his profound and myſterious elucidatory comments on ordination and marriage, may be joined in this ſacred office.

* "Inſurrections among the manufacturers of different parts of Lancaſhire. This was to be done by aſſociating as many as poſſible under the ſanction of an oath, which, with an account of the *ſecret ſign* which accompanied it, has been tranſmitted from various quarters to Government, and laid before your committee." Committee of Secrecy Report, page 13.

† "Jeruſalem. A Society appears to have been formed in part of Yorkſhire, under the title of New Jeruſalemites, whoſe leaders have inſpired them with a belief of the pretended prophecies of Brothers, and who look under his guidance for the ſpeedy commencement of the Millennium." Second Report of the Committee of Secrecy, page 14.

§ "They (*i. e.* the traitors) were not inſenſible of the proceedings of Parliament on the ſubject of the martial law bill in Ireland, which they were apprehenſive might be applied to the ſuppreſſion of their enterpriſes here." Nothing can ſave this country but a ſimilar bill; and I hope it will be the concluding auſpicious act of this firſt ſeſſion of the Imperial Parliament.

Copies

While trade, and wealth, from taxes ſpring,
And well-fed peaſants gaily ſing,
Rebellion roars for bread.

Sydney, no more your treaty boaſt,
The French are caught on Egypt's coaſt,
Horſe, camels, foot, and gunners:
So thieves are *nabb'd* (a dang'rous corps);
If they break in, we lock the door,
Then ſend for Bow-ſtreet runners.

Ceylon a ſhower of nutmegs flings,
O'er Britain ſhakes her *all ſpice* wings,
And winnows cloves and mace;
Let Belgium * Auſtria's ſceptre own,
Peace yield Naſſau Batavia's throne,
And crown the Bourbon race.

Lo! pious kings, with joyful eyes,
See the Baſtile with luſtre riſe,
While nuns and friars kiſs;
The church waves high her holy hand,
Tithes, titles, corvees, ſow the land
With future crops of bliſs.

Minto will ſmooth the Conſul's frown,
By Corſic's † abdicated crown,
And make him blithe and hearty;

We'll

"Copies of Lord Cornwallis's and Mr. Pitt's letters, and juſtificative manifeſtos, addreſſed to the Roman Catholics of Ireland (exhorting them to keep the peace, and perſevere in their allegiance), were made out for the inſpection of the Committee of Secrecy, and preſented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Houſe of Commons."

* The reſtoration of the Netherlands, and the re-eſtabliſhment of the Stadtholder, muſt be the ſine quâ non of Lord Malmſbury's ſecond negotiation for a peace. The iſland of St Domingo, which has already coſt us twenty millions, and forty or fifty thouſand lives, may be ceded (when conquered), as ſome ſort of equivalent to the Houſe of Bourbon; if the atheiſtical republicans ſtill refuſe to acknowledge Louis XVIII.

† It muſt flatter the pride and vain ambition of the uſurping Corſican, to have the ſame diadem beſtowed on him by Lord Minto, which

We'll vote him of the Brunſwick line,
H—ſl—y will preach his right divine,
And hail king Bonaparte!

Who check'd the Gaul's Egyptian flight.*?
D—nd—s, renown'd for *ſecond ſight*,
To war's great ſcience bred;
Hence Britiſh valour wins the coaſt,
Where their lov'd chief, the ſoldier's boaſt,
Conquer'd like Wolfe, and bled.

O Add—ng—n! thy ſterling praiſe,
Stamp'd by Paul's bard in golden lays,
Shall future ages view;
See how thy honey'd rhet'ric drops,
And for a *recipe* of hops,
No Willis equal you.

At Britain's Bank let traitors rail,
Her paper treaſures ne'er can fail,
Valu'd as gold by law;
Though Sparta's coin from iron roſe,
What mint can e'er exhauſt old clothes,
Or mines of rags and ſtraw?

While you enjoy unhop'd for bliſs,
Give P—tt the fond fraternal kiſs,
As earneſt of the ſteerage;
The coronation oath deface,
And promiſe him your power and place,
For penſion, and a peerage.

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was accepted by his Lordſhip for his Britiſh Majeſty; and the coronation oath taken by the royal repreſentative of the monarch, and the oath of allegiance adminiſtered to the repreſentatives of the Corſican nation.

* This unanſwerable and triumphant reaſon may be aſſigned for not permitting the French to evacuate Egypt, namely, the opportunity it has given the Britiſh troops to diſplay an intrepidity, ſpirit, and diſcipline, which has never been excelled. Our wiſe and preſcient war miniſter, therefore, acted with his uſual ſagacity, by providing for this glorious event.

From

From you the humble Biſhops pray,
To light the Church, one ſacred ray,
Clouded by Popery's vapours;
They preach in no myſterious tone,
That Miniſters betray the throne,
Who ſpread ſeditious papers.

Courage, great Sir, the chair reſign,
Your oily eloquence will ſhine,
And lull the ſtorms of ſtate;
Quit melting ſcenes of nuptial life—
For frowns, hard words, and bitter ſtrife,
In many a ſharp debate.

So Regulus, by Horace * ſung,
Though babes and wife around him clung,
Diſplay'd the Roman ſtill;
At Carthage caſk'd 'midſt pointed nails,
Such rage in Jacobins prevails!
They roll'd him down the hill.

ANOTHER ODE,

Addreſſed to the Right Hon. H. Ad——n.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April.]

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo. VIRGIL.

LO, Daniel tells, in preſcient ſtrain,
The glories of our monarch's reign—
Your high and ſplendid ſtation!
Though P—t has play'd a ſhameful part,
The Prophet tunes *your* loyal heart
To notes of adulation!

* Fertur pudicæ conjugis oſculum,
Parvoſque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab ſe removiſſe et virilem,
Torvus humi poſuiſſe vultum. Hor. Od. 5. Lib. 3.

Let modeſt Hawkeſbury declare
Your ſhining talents for the Chair,
Which M—t——d will enſure us:
When on that ſacred tripod plac'd,
E'en *he*, with godlike virtues grac'd,
Ex ligno fit Mercurius!

Whene'er a Treaſury note you ſing,
The Senate to your accents cling;
E'en frigid Pitt you fire
To taſte the joys of am'rous life!—
He longs for boys, and girls, and wife,
And envies *ſpouſe* and *fire* * !

You trim the lamp of peace with care,
For ever ſet yon Northern Bear—
Dundas's conſtellation:
Malignant, peſtilential ray,
That led poor P——l—d's dupes aſtray,
And ſhed war—and ſtarvation!

Wiſe Daniel ſaw the fatal hour
That ends Pitt's long-protracted power
E'en while he ſtronger waxes:
Still unimpeach'd for blood and battle—
Perſuaſive, too, his prittle prattle
To raiſe propitious taxes!

Great *Daniel's Chancellor*, be ſtout,
And, now you 're in—keep old friends out;
Ne'er ſwerve from golden rules;
Like earwig A—k—d twiſt and twine,
And ſwear, with him, the word *reſign*
Proves Miniſters are fools!

Cling to the Throne, truſt royal grace;
If clamour drive you from your place,
Like Walpole you 'll prevail:—
To Paradiſe thus Brahmins fly
By *faith*, and graſping, when they die,
A cow's anointed tail † !

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* "When I conſulted the feelings of a huſband and a father."—Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech on Mr. Grey's Motion.

† Bartolomeo's Voyage to the Eaſt Indies.

MEDALLION

MEDALLION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON.

[From the Morning Herald.]

HIS manner is dignified and majeſtic: his eloquence flows with ſuch an impreſſive grandeur, as commands attention, and ſecures admiration: it is never ſullied by arrogance or ill temper, nor is it ever degraded by levity, by ſpleen, or by rancorous perſonality. It was this lofty ſtrain of attractive, but unoffending eloquence, moſt beautifully blended with a manly diffidence, that procured him, in the early period of his parliamentary career, the eſteem of all parties. An accompliſhed ſcholar, regularly bred to the bar, deeply verſed in the laws and conſtitution of his country, a ſtrenuous ſupporter of that glorious and matchleſs fabric, he was choſen by the great body of the Commons to the very arduous, but highly honourable ſituation of preſiding in their Chair as Speaker. He was elevated, too, to that diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence at a moſt intereſting period; and he ſo ably filled the Chair for nearly eleven years, that when he was commanded by his Sovereign to relinquiſh it for an office of greater truſt, though not of greater dignity, he deſcended from it with the warm regard, but with the deep regret, of the whole Houſe! His knowledge, his aſſiduity, his temper, his conciliation, his impartiality, his politeneſs, and the dignified mode in which he conducted himſelf while in that Chair, never were excelled, and perhaps never equalled. In this high office, by the admirable manner in which he fulfilled all its duties, he gained the peculiar favour of his Sovereign: and he is by no means the ephemeral favourite of a day; for his talents, his probity, his equanimity, and his virtues, have endeared him for many years to his Majeſty, who reveres him as a gentleman that would confer honour

on the greateſt poſt that he had the power to beſtow. His worth and his merits having been the more diſtinguiſhedly aſcertained, the more that maturity unfolded them to the Repreſentatives of the People, no wonder that the ſagacious Monarch ſhould ſeize the firſt great opportunity of elevating their choſen and tried pilot to ſteer, with equal ſkill, the grand and imperial veſſel of the ſtate—he who ſo ſucceſsfully guided the Commons Houſe of Parliament throughout the impending hurricanes of anarchy and ruin—he whoſe conciliatory tongue tended ſo ſweetly to ſooth the aſperity of party—he whoſe vivid and impartial eye beamed with equal warmth on each ſide of the Houſe, to animate its eloquence, and to give the moſt unbounded ſcope to all the embelliſhments of claſſic reaſoning! This is the man that is now ſummoned by his Sovereign to exert all his energies in a new ſphere of action, that he may promote the glory of his prince, and the happineſs of his people. In the ſplendid and ſolid reſources of his own mind, he is bleſſed with every requiſite to qualify him for ſuch a taſk; and when to theſe is added the experience he has acquired in that Houſe over which he has ſo long and ſo greatly preſided, all muſt acknowledge that he is amply ſtored with talents to afford as much ſatisfaction on the Treaſury Bench as he formerly did in the Speaker's Chair. If the waters of anarchy be not ſtill out—if the cheering landmarks of ſocial order be reappearing—if the Gallic deluge be rapidly receding—he will waft, with an ardent promptitude, and a humane ſincerity, the Britiſh olive to afflicted France. He will ſhut the temple of Janus; he will open the temples of Concord and of Peace—and while he feels all the faculties of his ſoul grandly expand by a prince's love and an empire's confidence, the vaſt objects of his ambition will be, next to a ſecure and honourable peace, to diminiſh national expenditure,

penditure, and to ameliorate the condition of a moſt loyal and patriotic people, by adopting every prudent meaſure that can tend to reduce the price of the indiſpenſable neceſſaries of life, and promote the public welfare. In ſuch glorious purſuits, he will be honoured by the Houſe, at all times, with the ſame attention and reſpect as when he ſo worthily filled the Chair; when he uſed to point out, with the moſt delicate propriety, any deviation from order; or when he occaſionally interfered in a debate, and had a liſtening Senate hanging on his tongue. They will be eager to cheriſh the magnanimous views of their former Preſident; they will be proud to ſupport their favourite delegate, when now delegated by the Sovereign to preſide over their conſtituents, as well as over themſelves, in the more enlarged capacity of being the Great Steward of the Britiſh empire: they will revere the Premier on the Bench with the ſame cordiality as when he preſided in their Chair; for they have already perceived, that, with his integrity, no change of place can mould down talent, can blemiſh virtue, or wound their confidence: and the nation at large will ſoon hallow the penetrating eye of the Sovereign, that had the wiſe diſcrimination to appoint ſuch a man, at ſuch a criſis, to be his ſteady and his ſkilful

July 7. PALINURUS.

POLITICAL POETRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN your paper a few days ago I ſaw with ſurpriſe a paragraph, containing an illiberal reflection on the poets of the preſent day, as either negligent or incapable of ſounding the praiſes of ſtateſmen. I could have wiſhed, Sir, that the author of that para-

graph had adverted to the great change in Adminiſtration which has thrown a gloom over the regions of Parnaſſus, and reduced the whole tribe of poets to the irregularity of the ode, or the dulneſs of blank verſe.

The cauſe of the change of Adminiſtration has been ſaid to be without reaſon. I am ſure, Sir, it is without *rhime*. When you blame the ſterility of the poets, why not conſider that they are deprived of ſubject and matter? In the laſt Adminiſtration we had names dear to the lovers of *rhime*. What a variety of rhimes in the monoſyllabic *Pitt*, and the diſſyllabic *Dundas*? Theſe were men whoſe deeds could be hitched with equal propriety in iambics and in trochaics; but who can make any thing of *Addington*? What regular meaſure is *Hawkeſbury* capable of? Whoſe ear is not offended with *Caſtlereagh*? Who can ſcan *Sir John Mitford*, or match *Lord Weſtmorland*? What can come in contact with *Lord Glenbervie*, or echo the praiſes of Mr. *Charles Abbott*? People ſeem to think that poets are a kind of mechanics that work without *tools*. See what kind of *tools* they have to work with, and learn, Mr. Editor, a little more candour. Aſk Mr. Small Pybus (and no man handles a bad ſubject better) what he would do with ſuch names? No, Sir, our new Miniſters may be good politicians; but they are ſworn foes to proſody: look at them individually, can you verſify a man of them? Look at them as a body; what long ſyllables and ſhort ſyllables; what a mixture of *trochees* and *ſpondees*; here a long line and there a ſhort one; here a foot too much, and there a foot too little. What lame, hobbling rhimes muſt he make who expects regular meaſures from ſuch ſubjects?

The age of poetry is *not* gone, Mr. Editor; but poets cannot work without materials; and if Miniſters are choſen that have not a *name*, it is not our fault if they muſt be excluded from the honours of poetry, and

and if we muſt deny even Lord Hawkeſbury, who has ſo often talked of a *march*; if, I ſay, we muſt deny even him,

"The long majeſtic march, and energy divine."

No, Sir, we might as well attempt to epigrammatize Baron *Haugwitz*, or find rhimes for *Czartorinſki*, *Dzierzenowſki*, Count *Raſtoptſchin*, or the beauties of *Hildburghauſen*.

I am, Sir, for ſelf and brothers,
Your humble ſervant,

April 13. TIMOTHY TAGG.

GRAND MEETING OF THE OPPOSITION.

[From the Times.]

IN conſequence of ſummonſes ſent round by Mr. *Secretary* D—niſ—n, a grand meeting was yeſterday held of all the members of the Minority who are now in town, at the houſe of a Noble Earl in *St. James's Place*, in order to take into conſideration the line of argument to be employed this day upon Mr. G—y's motion in the Houſe of Commons; and to define and ſelect the ſpecies of oppoſition to be adopted againſt a Miniſter who, during the two days ſince his return to Parliament, has brought forward no meaſure whatſoever.

We have no pretenſions to be informed accurately of the *particulars* of the diſcuſſion, or the opinions of the individuals who took part in it. But we have been aſſured that the following reſolutions paſſed *nemine contradicente*:—

Reſolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that an act of pardon and oblivion do paſs for all and each of the crimes, miſdemeanours, and misfortunes of the late Miniſters, in order to attack with increaſed vigour and a *greater number of votes*, whatever merit may be diſcovered in the new ones.

Reſolved,

Reſolved, That the act of reſignation is in itſelf a full and complete bar to every ſpecies of retroſpection; and that it is eſſentially the *preſent Miniſter*, whoever he may be, that it is the bounden duty of this meeting to attack, depoſe, and amneſty in his turn.

Reſolved, That the preſent Miniſters, not having had time to bring forward a ſingle meaſure, be violently attacked for having traitorouſly dared to put themſelves in a ſituation which their predeceſſors ſo *honourably* abandoned.

Reſolved, That upon the reſignation of any Miniſtry, their offices devolve and deſcend by juſt right and immemorial cuſtom to the chiefs of the Oppoſition for the time being: and that it is a high crime and miſdemeanour in any collateral perſon to intrude, or in any perſon to accept the *King*'s confidence, other than the ſaid lineal heir—the Oppoſition.

Reſolved, That although it is the undoubted prerogative of the Crown to chooſe its own Miniſters; it is nevertheleſs bound, whenever and as often as it is abandoned by Miniſters of its own choice, to chooſe the choice of the Minority.

Reſolved, That no hoſtility can be more efficacious at the preſent moment, than repreſenting the Adminiſtration as puppets and inſtruments in the hands of the ſeceders.

Reſolved, That notwithſtanding the preceding reſolution, they be boldly attacked for their *preſumption* in endeavouring to carry on the government independently, by their own counſels and ability.

Reſolved, That if two arguments are contradictory, they be both employed in order to aſcertain which is the beſt, and to be ſure of not omitting the true one.

Several other reſolutions, we are informed, paſſed the meeting upon ſubjects too delicate for us to mention, as long as they ſhall be unauthenticated by the

Noble

Noble Preſident of the Meeting. The *next Adminiſtration* was ſettled upon the plan juſt ſketched at the Thatched-Houſe, *although* with alterations, and room for the acceſſion of ſeveral nominees from C—n Houſe, Went—h Houſe, and Thomas's Hotel. Lord M—a, it is ſaid, is to be Firſt Lord of the Treaſury; and it was juſtly obſerved, that a more *promiſing Adminiſtration* was never formed.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimouſly voted for the able, upright, and impartial conduct of the Chair.

March 25.

THE FARMER IN TOWN.

[From the Albion, May 27.]

A COUNTRYMAN, though neither fool nor clown,
Weary of viewing mountains, hedges, ditches,
Wiſhing to ſee the mart of joy and riches,
Saddled his Dobbin, and came up to town.

Arriving there, he ſought a couſin out,
A very thriving genius, no doubt,
Who, lately viſiting his native place,
Had us'd to brag, bounce, puff, romance, and vapour
About his vaſt amount of wealth—*on paper*,
And raiſe aloft the ſelf-important face.

The farmer knock'd—was quickly uſher'd in—
Bowing, though not indeed in courtly ſtyle,
The Londoner receiv'd him with a ſmile,
Secundum artem, called a knowing grin;
Or, in face-rhetoric, thus: "Ye ſilly clown,
Demme! I 'll ſhew you how we live in town."

The feaſt how ſplendid, and the wine how good,
How loyal or how witty ev'ry toaſt,
The muſe, unuſed to terreſtrial food,
Leaves to the City and the Cit to boaſt.

Next morning, ſhaking off the ev'ning's doſe,
The Citizen and Farmer roſe,
To view the wealth and ſplendour of the City;
Which not t'have ſeen or ſhewn had been a pity.

Each

Each thing to honeſt Hobinol was ſtrange—
"This is the Manſion Houſe, and that the Change;
That there, Sir, is the Bank, topful of gold!
What countleſs wealth their cheſts and cellars fills!"
"I wiſh," quoth Hob, "an' one might be ſo bold,
They'd ſpare a little then to pay their bills."

The Cit, aſtoniſh'd, roll'd his vacant eye,
And though he thought the Farmer quite a brute,
Not being well provided with reply,
Kept mute,
And hurried Hobinol away to ſee
The monuments of Britiſh charity.

In frequent piles the maſſy buildings riſe;
"And are theſe hoſpitals?" the Farmer cries;
"Wounds! couſin, why, methinks we 've ſeen a ſcore."
"Why, man!" ſays couſin, "we've as many more,
To feed the wretched, and reſtore their health:
Now, what d'ye think of London and its wealth?"

"One tale," quoth Hob, with accent ſly and cold,
"They ſay is good until another 's told;
And you a mighty curious method, couſin,
To ſhew your wealth, by hoſpitals, have choſen:
Rich were the founders, rich enough, odd rabbet 'em,
But, Lord! I'm ſuch a country elf,
I can't help thinking to myſelf
How poor you are that find folks to inhabit 'em."

"Well," thought the Citizen, "as I'm a ſinner,
I wiſh I had the Farmer home at dinner;
I'd drown him in Port, Burgundy, Champagne,
But, d—n me, if I ſhew him ſights again."

VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH IN EGYPT.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiſer, May 8.]

SIR,

I BEG leave to lay before you and the Public thoſe INVINCIBLE REASONS which have entirely ſatisfied me, and a great many worthy men with whom I am wont

wont to converſe, that the Britiſh forces in *Egypt* have been utterly defeated, and all the hopes of that grand expedition blaſted.

1. It is certain that they *might* have failed of ſucceſs, even in circumſtances the moſt favourable; therefore it is but *fair reaſoning* to conclude, that, where ſo many difficulties were againſt them, they *muſt* have failed.

2. Fortune never gave to any but *republican* Frenchmen an uninterrupted ſeries of ſucceſſes; therefore, as we were ſucceſsful in the *Baltic*, we cannot but meet with diſaſter on the coaſt of *Egypt*.

3. Bonaparté is ſo wonderfully fortunate, and has ſet his heart ſo much upon ſucceſs in *Egypt*, that he, undoubtedly, will be there ſucceſsful, even while repreſented by Abdallah Menou.

4. It is well known, that *one* Frenchman can, at any time, beat *four* Engliſhmen. According to this proportion of ſtrength and courage, Sir Ralph Abercromby had not at all a ſufficient force.

5. Not only have whole myriads of Frenchmen penetrated through the *Deſerts* of *Africa* to Menou's aſſiſtance; but a convoy of *air-balloons* was, ſome time ſince, ſent off with 20,000 men on the ſame errand. Thoſe famous birds, the *rocs*, celebrated in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, were preſſed into the ſervice, for the carriage of the baggage and artillery.

6. We have ſucceeded in no attempt at invaſion, ſince the beginning of the preſent war. How, then, ſhould we ſucceed in the preſent?

7. There are a band of worthy *democrats* in this country, whom the ſucceſſes in the Baltic, the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the *Seditious* Meeting Bill, have, of late, exceedingly mortified. It is not in the nature of things, that there ſhould not be a cup of conſolation in reſerve for them. Now,

what

what elſe can this cup be, but the total overthrow of a Britiſh army in *Egypt?*

8. It is certain that ſome Engliſh lives were loſt in the landing. Now, we well know, that an Engliſhman never fails to cry "Mercy!" and runs as ſoon as he ſees his own or his neighbour's blood, in the field of battle.

9. The modeſty of Bonaparté makes him ſlow to boaſt of victory. His generoſity is unwilling to inſult the fears and the deſpondency of this country. Hence only is it, that he does not too ſuddenly declare thoſe news of Egyptian victory which have certainly reached his ear.

10. He is in high favour with his friend *Death*, to whom he has ſacrificed innumerable victims in the courſe of the war. At his requeſt, *Death* diſpatched the *peſtilential diſeaſe* that lately ravaged *Andaluſia*, to deſtroy the Britiſh in *Egypt*. It had, at the ſame time, ſtrict orders to ſpare the French.

The united force of all theſe reaſons is, I ſhould hope, Sir, irreſiſtible. I claim no praiſe on account of them. Ingenious men, members of a great aſſembly, coffee-houſe orators, newſpaper writers, and *eſprits-forts* of the *Wig*-Club, are their authors. Mine is but the humble taſk of collecting them into one garland. I am, Sir, yours,

SOLOMON SHREWD.

Wits Corner, Chapter Coffee-houſe,
Thurſday Evening.

M. TALLIEN IN LONDON.

[From the Times.]

SIR,

AS Monſ. Tallien, whilſt in London, engroſſed a conſiderable part of the public attention, and as curioſity ſeems not quite gratified in particulars relating

ing to him, I hope the following authentic anecdotes may be found agreeable:

He ſeldom appeared in public, without being honoured by the attendance of 3-658 parts of the Houſe of Commons. This was the more pleaſing to him, as it was the *laſt thing* in the world which he expected: whereas a deputation, which he was led to believe would wait on him from the magiſtrates aſſembled at Bow-ſtreet, never appeared. The *great man* bore this inſult with much temper, conſoled, no doubt, by the voluntary offers of his unhoped-for attendants.

He was deſirous of ſeeing the Banqueting-houſe, but on hearing it was converted into a chapel, he appeared mortified, and would not enter it; he however recovered his good humour, in walking about Whitehall, juſt before it. Speaking of the decapitation of Charles, he ſaid, that it was a pity execution ſhould have taken place ſo *near* the King's priſon. "We paraded Louis," ſaid he, "from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution—*Le coup d'œil en etait ſuperbe!*"—However," he added, "though your affair was not ſufficiently marked, it was not on the whole without its merits."

Whilſt he was in the Gallery of the Houſe of Commons, he offended many of the beſt patriots by interrupting their compliments of explanations with "Where 's Pitt? Which is Pitt?"—"*Fi donc, Citoyen!*" Mr. J. replied, "you ought only to attend to the Oppoſition members—the *Patriots!* Here 's Mr. S. and there 's Mr. T. and that 's Mr. G. and here am *I.*"—"Oh!" ſaid the Citizen, "I ſee *that*; but where 's Pitt?"—"Egad," ſays his inſtructor, "he has no idea of my importance; *I muſt aſk him to dinner!*"

He was much ſtruck on entering Portland Place. He obſerved it was "*admirable pour les fuſillades.*" So regular, ſo good for the aim! and then the open

paſſage for the balls! It was, he ſaid, one of the moſt magnificent ſtreets he ever ſaw: "*Mais,*" he added with a ſigh, "*juſqu'ici, magnificence inutile.*"

It has been invidiouſly ſaid, that it was Citizen *C. John Gale* Jones who treated him at his hoſpitable table. This is a miſrepreſentation: firſt, as we never heard that Citizen had a table of any kind; and, ſecondly, that we are informed it was a gentleman of the ſame name, who reſides in Portland Place, who performed this office of humanity to the exiled regicide.

After dinner, a celebrated wit delicately alluded to his activity at Bourdeaux, by aſking him to hob and nob in his *favourite* liquor, "*Vin rouge de Bourdeaux.*" Tallien bowed and ſaid, "*Monſieur a beaucoup de politeſſe et encore plus d'eſprit.*"

He very much admired the Thames. "*Ah!*" he cried, "*ça fait penſer au Rhône et à la Garonne. Si Paris eu avait en comme ça, qu'elle aurait fait des noyades ſuperbes!*"

At the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, *one* of his company (a Member of Parliament, it is ſaid) wiſhed to ſhew him ſome curious agricultural machines: "*Comment donc,*" ſays Tallien amazed, "*vous vous amuſez à ceux.*" Here he recollected himſelf, and added, "*We* never invented ploughs in *France*; our Hymn told us—*Qu'un ſang impure abreuve nos fillons; Croyez moi, Citoyens, c'eſt ainſi qu'il faut fertiliſer les champs!*" The exhibitor looked amazed in his turn: "*Patriæ cecidere manus.*" He made no reply!!!

Monſieur Tallien was however but litle pleaſed when ſhewn into the room where Mr. Barry's inimitable and ſublime picture of *Retribution* is placed; he complained of it as a perſonal inſult, and left the houſe rather abruptly.

When Dr. Johnſon went to *Pidcock's* in Exeter Change, it was thought a good joke, that a *bear* who

who growled at every body elſe, admitted his careſſes. This odd ſympathy between men and brutes of the ſame diſpoſition is confirmed by Tallien's viſit to the ſame menagerie. The moment he entered, the fierceſt of the *tigers* was very much agitated, and during his ſtay, ſeemed, as the keeper ſaid, to be affected in the ſame manner it always was at the ſight of one of its own ſpecies.

Tallien, when at *Pidcock*'s, deſired that the beaſts might be fed, and ſeemed diſappointed that the meat was thrown to them ready killed. However, to remedy this, he bought a dog from a boy in the Exchange, and threw it to the tiger; who, already ſatisfied, we ſuppoſe, took no notice of the trembling animal, who was thereupon taken out *alive*, to the great vexation of the company.

M. T. expreſſed a frequent wiſh to viſit the *Tower*; but as he conſtantly found all his acquaintance unwilling to accompany him thither, he was obliged to forego his deſire.

We have heard, but we know not how truly, that before he left town he wiſhed to enſure his life, but could not get it done on any reaſonable terms. It is alſo ſaid that he begged his generous, hoſpitable, and magnificent entertainer to lend him 50 guineas, for which he offered Bank of Egypt ſecurity; but he was refuſed!

GRAND DINNER GIVEN TO M. TALLIEN.

[From the Times.]

CITIZEN JOURNALIST,

A SPURIOUS and mutilated account having reached your paper, reſpecting the deſſert and dinner I had the honour to ſerve up at the civic fête in Portland Place on Saturday laſt, I throw myſelf upon your candour to inſert a few more particulars of that celebrated

entertainment, which I have the vanity to hope will form an epocha in the revolution of this country.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOSEPH LE BON-BON,

Confectioner to his Majesty the People.

At the Sugar-plum,
Matchet Lane, Block Street,
New Execution Dock.

N. B. This *chef-d'œuvre* ſhortly will be ſhewn to the public in the Exhibition Room now occupied by the portrait of General Bonaparté.

Price of admittance *One Crown*.

GRAND HISTORIC DINNER AND EMBLEMATICAL CONFECTIONARY, &c.

ACT, OR COURSE THE FIRST.

Soups at top and bottom, ſerved in *grande-coupes*, boats, and falſe decks, in *macaroni*.—Republican marriages, finely executed in *piſtache vermicelli*.

Cods' and calves' *heads*.

Pigs *à la guilletine*.

Hares and rabbits *à la maitre-bourreau*. Currant jelly, and red wine ſauce.

Centre, plateau baluſtraded *à la lanterne*. Little biſhops and farmers-general ſuſpended—hay and ſtraw in their mouths, of fine barley-ſugar wire. In the middle, M. *Tallien* baſſo relievo, pulling off his livery to receive the robe in the ſtudy of an attorney (livery-froſted ſugar, laced with orange-peel); gown, black currant jelly.

SECOND SERVICE.

Guiana-fowls, *chickens and gibier*, *à la ſauce-piquante*, heads and giblets *à la Montagne*. Creams and cuſtards *à la noyade*. Centre, grand plateau *à la regicide*. Superb mechanical guillotine, played by ſmiling cherubs; *macaroon* body, *water* wings, blue eyes of painted *jelly*; fingers delicately bloody—*raſpberry jam*. In the centre, *Autel de la patrie*, M. *Tallien* writing libels againſt

againſt the crowned heads, which the beautiful little angels ingeniouſly roll under his feet.

Between the *entremets*, conſiſting of *heads* of aſparagus, ſpinage *à la chauffeur*, red cabbage, &c. were diſperſed emblematical temples, pavilions, tribunes, and groups—Majeſty of the people, *whip ſyllabub*—Juſtice of the people, barberries and bitter almonds—*à la Septembre*—*à la Verſailles*—*à la Bourdeaux*—*à la Fenêtre Nationale*, &c. In theſe tribunes were repreſented Juſtice *à la Septembre*; Juſtice *à la Vendemiaire*; Juſtice *à la Verſailles*; *à la Bourdeaux*, &c. and from hence were ſhot thoſe diavolinis and cardamoms, which have been ſo much admired for their happy illuſtration of the mitraille and fuſillades. It is true, that they were performed by *enfans de la patrie* of fine paſtry through muſkets of angelica, but your informant ſpitefully omitted to mention my grand contrivance of ſerving all the wine at table from the throats of the victims. They bled freely, and the hero obſerved that *Barnave* would have not ſaid, *Le ſang qui coule n'eſt pas ſi pur*. In the centre of the plateau M. *Tallien*, in *blanc-mange*, repreſenting Innocence, whiſpering *Fouquier Tinville*, in *ice*, aſtoniſhed at finding himſelf melt for the firſt time.

I forgot to ſay that amongſt the pavilions were placed delicious priſon ſcenes and conſpiracies. All the chemiſes-rouges were of the beſt *quince marmalade*.

It was not till the fruit that I introduced the marriage of M. *Tallien* with the moſt lovely and faithful of republican ſpouſes. Her heſitation between the altar and the guillotine is thought to be the beſt piece of fret-work ever diſplayed at a gentleman's table. Her tears were of the fineſt *triſle*, and her handkerchief of *ſponge-biſcuit*.

I alſo introduced a fine likeneſs of *Abdalla Menou*, forcing him on board the corvette, and the tears of the French army at being left behind; but I muſt be

excuſed from giving any further particulars, leſt I ſhould rather ſatiate than create the curioſity of the public for grand exhibition.

J. Le Bon-bon.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MANTUA.

THE city of Mantua, ſound in mind, though ſomewhat indiſpoſed in body, conſidering the frailty of all human things, and convinced that what has a beginning will have an end; and though ſhe flatters herſelf that the ſuccours of art and the reſources of nature may yet deliver her from the French trenches by which ſhe has been burdened for ſome time; yet not willing to run the riſk of dying without having made her will, diſpoſes of her property, both acquired and conquered, in manner following: that is to ſay, She gives to thoſe that accompany her to the grave, the only dutchy which remains to her, and her other poſſeſſions, guaranteeing to them a lawful and entire property; revoking and annulling, and making void all other diſpoſitions.

She leaves, by way of legacy, to the different kings and princes of Europe the following pictures, as a token of remembrance:

To the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VIth—A picture of Matthias, at the moment when, indignant at the abomination of the Pagans, he takes up arms and makes a great carnage. *Raphael d'Urbino.*

To the Emperor—A large picture of the Day of Judgment, when the dead riſe again, and the bones reſume their former place. *Michael Angelo.*

To the republic of Venice—Hercules ſpinning at the feet of Omphale. *Paul Veroneſe.*

To the King of Spain—The Tower of Babel, with the confuſion of tongues. *Peter of Cortona.*

To the King of Naples—A ſketch of Don Quixote armed

armed at all points, who, hearing the crowing of a cock (Gallo), lets his arms and money fall. *Albert Durer.*

To the French republic—A picture on wood, repreſenting the Giants, who are endeavouring to place Pelion and Olympus upon Oſſa, and are deſtroyed by Jupiter's thunder. *Rubens.*

To England—The Argonauts haſtening to the conqueſt of the Golden Fleece. *Simon Gercot.*

To the Empreſs of Ruſſia—Nero playing on a lyre upon a tower, by the light of a conflagration that is about to lay Rome in aſhes. *Vandyke.*

To the preſent King of France—The Prodigal Son in miſery. *Anon.*

To the Duke of Modena—A picture in a golden frame, repreſenting David, at the inſtant in which, as an expiation for his ſins, he is obliged to chooſe one of the three ſcourges, war, famine, and the plague. *Peter of Cortona.*

To the Archduke of Milan—Aurora. *Guerchino.*

To the Congreſs of Ciſpadana—A very old picture, in which are repreſented the death of the Centaur Neſſus, and the ſhirt which he gave to Dejanira, and which worn by Hercules made him mad. *A Greek picture.*

To the Grand Duke of Tuſcany—Cyrus, while a child, brought up by the Shepherds. *Guerchino.*

To the republic of Lucca—Vigilance holding out her hand to Fortune. *Peter Veſta.*

To General Bonaparté—A picture repreſenting Polydemion overwhelmed by a rock which he is endeavouring to ſuſtain. *Peter of Perugino.*

To the republic of Geneva—A picture a little damaged, repreſenting Venus, who, having been unfaithful to ſeveral lovers, concludes by marrying Vulcan. *Seſſo Ferrato.*

To

To the King of Sardinia—A picture of the Trojans employed in receiving the wooden Horſe within their walls. *Leonardo da Vinci.*

Moreover the city of Mantua gives as legacies the following ſtatues:

Folly to Venice.
Courage to the French.
Conſtancy to the Germans.
Bad Faith to the Sardinians.
Fidelity to the Hungarians.
Frenſy to the Ciſpadanians.
Impotence to Tuſcany.
Duplicity to the Pope.
Doubt to the King of Naples.
Terror to the Duke of Modena.
Blindneſs to the Genoeſe.
Indifference to the Duke of Parma.

SPEECH AT A TAVERN SENATE.

[From the True Briton.]

I THANK you, good friends, as I always ſhall do,
For expreſſions of zeal which you 're pleas'd to renew.
For ſome time, you know, I've reſolv'd to *retire*,
As my enemies think, full of *ſplenetic ire*;
But really becauſe all my efforts were vain,
No chance of e'er climbing to office again!
But though in retirement I don't perſevere,
You can eaſily gueſs why I 'm found once more here.
The change in the miniſtry fill'd me with hope;
There ſeem'd for the bent of ambition new ſcope;
So I buſtled to town, to conduct our old gang,
And prepare for this meeting *the uſual harangue*.
But this, for ourſelves; to the public, I ſay,
That I came at the call of my friend Mr. Grey,
In the new-modell'd Parliament taking my ſtation,
His inquiry to aid on *the ſtate of the nation*.

For

For that worthy ally is ſtill anxious to find
If the Commons go on with a confidence blind,
And will not be work'd to quite different ends,
By attending to me and my *frenchified friends.*
But let me obſerve, that I mean not to blame
The conduct of thoſe who to Parliament came,
While I in my ſtudies ſat quietly ſtill,
Or ſought rural delights by St. Anne's pleaſant Hill.
No—let them attend, let them *move,* let them *bawl,*
If *matters grew ripe,* I was ſoon *within call.*
I conſider'd the ſubject, and knew what to chooſe,
My *own mind* was ſatisfied with its *own views.*
There are other events, I acknowledge, indeed,
May happen my farther attendance to need;
An event may occur of great int'reſt to us,
And queſtions produce I feel bound to diſcuſs.
I would not appear over-anxious and rude,
And therefore I 'll not to the ſubject allude;
Yet ſhould the occaſion I hint at recur,
On my former opinions I ſhall not demur:
For time and reflection have done nothing more
Than confirm the ideas I utter'd before.
All wiſhes for ſuch an event I abjure,
To ſay any thing more would be now *premature.*
With regard to the topic my friend Mr. Grey
Is about to bring forth in the *old party way,*
I will ſay a few words, and without any fuſs,
I 'll abide the reſult of the point we diſcuſs.
My conduct in future on that muſt depend,
And whether I ſtill ſhall the Commons attend.
If the queſtion 's by Parliament ſlighted and croſt,
I ſhall boldly affirm that the country is loſt.
I mean, and to ſay it I care not a pin,
The country is loſt unleſs we can *get in.*
The ills we ſo often foreboded, alas!
Have happen'd, and worſe will, I fear, come to paſs.
The danger increaſes, and ſtill muſt increaſe,
Unleſs I and my friends can *negotiate a peace.*
As ſuch is our ſtate, we ſhould meaſures eſpouſe,
By additional efforts *the nation to rouſe*;

By

By *the nation* I always, you know, mean *the mob*,
Who in all *innovations* ſhould ſtill *bear a bob*.
But yet it depends on the Commons to ſhew
An example of ſpirit to all folks *below*;
As they ſhall decide, by our hope or our fear,
I ſhall muſe at *St. Anne's*, or ſhall *marſhal* you here.
March 1801.

SPEECH AT THE WHIG CLUB.

TUESDAY, MAY 5.

[From the True Briton]

THE plates all *lick'd clean*, and remov'd from the room,
"Mr. Fox" was the toaſt from *wiſe* Alderman C—e.
'T was drank with a roar; and, his thanks to declare,
Charles aroſe, and *deliver'd* this ſpeech from the chair.
"As on many occaſions, I 've ſtated, my friends,
My habits of thinking, my conduct, *my ends*;
Upon public affairs, on our meeting this day,
I confeſs I have now but a few words to ſay.
"When I laſt had the pleaſure to ſee you, you know,
In this very ſame ſpot, about two months ago,
I inform'd you, my wiſhes had then ſuch a ſcope,
That the change in the miniſtry gave us ſome hope;
That perhaps too the Houſe in this change might partake,
And the meaſures it long had ſupported, forſake.
At leaſt I inform'd you, 't was my full intent
To bring forth a diſcuſſion, *and try the event*.
For ſince they were *gone out*, it was ſure no great ſin
That I and my friends ſhould attempt to *get in*.
But we 're ſtill, my good friends, in a pitiful caſe,
For I 'm really in doubt, if a change has ta'en place.
The diſcuſſion I thought 't was in vain to attend,
As I then ſaw no chance of promoting our end;
Yet, impell'd by our party, I went and *I ſpoke*,
And all our experiment vaniſh'd *in ſmoke*.
"But think not I mean, my good friends, to relax,
On the leaſt gleam of hope I 'll renew my attacks;

For

For, however diſpos'd I may be *to retire*,
When matters are ripe I will ſoon *fan the fire*.
" If no credit at all with the public I find,
'Tis with pride I acknowledge this Club ſtill is kind,
It gives me its confidence ſtill, and with reaſon
Believes I am waiting for due *time* and *ſeaſon*.
" 'T is a common deluſion we ſee in mankind,
For what they prefer fair excuſes to find;
Yet, I think I ſhall only declare what is true,
Unconſcious *myſelf* of deceiving, or *you*,
When I ſay, in the Commons, to ſpeak or to vote,
I can now for the Club *not one object* promote.
" Experience, alas! has too fatally ſhewn
The Commons no change in their ſentiments own;
If *a change*, 't is in members of Adminiſtration;
The ſyſtem 's the ſame, and approv'd by the nation.
With Britons ſo much does a monarchy ſuit,
It confirms the old tale of the King and *jack-boot*;
If he ſent his *jack-boot*, as his proxy, to ſway,
The Senate, he ſwore, ſhould that proxy obey.
But loyalty now has a ſtill deeper root,
For the nation will worſhip a *jack-boot's jack-boot*."
This true *Attic wit* with *eclat* clos'd the day,
And the Whig Club in thunders reſounded "*Huzza*!"

ANOTHER SPEECH AT THE SAME MEETING.

" Mr. Erſkine and Trial by Jury," the toaſt—
He aroſe, and his merits thus ventur'd to boaſt.

I THANK you, *my* friends, for combining *my* name
With the *Trial by Jury*, the beſt kind of fame;
I confeſs 't is a privilege *I* muſt adore;
My regret is profound, that it *now is no more*.
I lament the attacks *public freedom* ſuſtains,
I lament that ſtrong ſtatutes *the preſs* ſo reſtrains.
I own there are times when the trial by jury
May well be ſuſpended to curb rebel fury,

But

But now *no rebellion* is known in the land,
I am ſure in *conſpiracies* none take a hand.
I affirm, *I* declare, *I* maintain, *I* inſiſt,
I profeſs, *I* proteſt, *no commotions exiſt.*
I am ſure that our government now has no foes,
No *perſons ſuſpected* our priſons encloſe.
Yet, reſolv'd from right, juſtice, and reaſon to warp us,
The miniſtry dare to ſuſpend *Habeas Corpus.*
I however ſhall ſtill at the miniſtry hoot,
Or, to borrow the wit of friend Fox, their *jack-boot*;
I ſhall do on my ſmall as he on his large ſcale,
I a *minnow* in politics, he a *vaſt whale.*
I'll now make an end, and *I* ſwear till *I* die,
My abilities call for, and ready am *I.*

A VOLUNTEER SONG,

DEDICATED TO THE KNIGHT MARSHAL'S VOLUNTEERS,

BY SIR JAMES BLAND BURGESS, BART. K. M.

To the tune of "Ceaſe rude Boreas."

SLOW.

AT the ſocial board thus ſeated,
When I view you gay and free,
As the ſong is oft repeated,
Liſt, brave Volunteers! to me.
While our King and Conſtitution
Claim each Briton as a friend,
Let us form the reſolution
Theſe for ever to defend *.

QUICK.

Dreadful is the foul endeavour
Truth and loyalty to ſtain,
Britons from their King to ſever,
That a lawleſs mob may reign.

* N. B. We ſhall ſee in the following article, that on a trifling occaſion theſe Reſolvers diſbanded themſelves.

Think what horrors would o'ertake us,
Should this baſe deſign ſucceed,
How rebellion's hand would ſhake us,
How our hapleſs realm would bleed!

SLOW.

Ev'ry glory, ev'ry bleſſing,
Which the freeman's boſom cheers,
All that makes life worth poſſeſſing,
All that kindred ties endears,
Precepts moral and religious,
All our rights from law which flow—
Theſe our foes, with hand inſidious
Undermining would o'erthrow.

QUICK.

See, where anarchy around us
Pours on ev'ry ſide her hoſt,
Scatters poiſons to confound us,
And proclaims her trait'rous boaſt.
Hark! her trumpet loudly ſwelling,
Breathes deſtruction on our iſle;
See her, future woes foretelling,
Plant her tree on England's ſoil!

SLOW.

Gallant comrades! look around ye,
Your domeſtic bliſs ſurvey;
Think, oh think, what joys ſurround ye,
While you George's rule obey.
Who ſhall dare invade your treaſure?
Who ſhall curb your honeſt will?
Be but juſt, and at your pleaſure
Nature's bounteous law fulfil.

QUICK.

But our foes, who ſeek your ruin,
Urge you to ſubvert the throne;
Bid you, Gallia's courſe purſuing,
Religion and your law diſown.

If, not mov'd by her example,
You obey her fatal call,
Your deſtruction ſhall be ample,
Dreadful ſhall be ſeen your fall.

SLOW.

But reflect, how long our glory,
Has adorn'd th' hiſtoric page:
Britain ever fam'd in ſtory,
Still with traitors war will wage.
Would we have our King victorious?
Have we wife, or child, or friend?
Would we have Old England glorious?
Let us all our ſuccour lend!

QUICK.

As for Frenchmen, need we heed 'em?
Here 's "Confuſion to their arts!"
We, already bleſt with freedom,
Own her empire o'er our hearts:
Liberty and bliſs enjoying,
Hail the ſource from which they ſpring;
And, our jovial hours employing,
Drink, "Long life to George our King."

THE DEFENDERS OF THE COUNTRY DISBAND THEMSELVES.

[From the Times.]

MR. EDITOR,

SIR James Bland Burgeſs has condeſcended to inform the public in a morning paper, that "he and his officers (in the Knight Marſhal's Volunteer Corps) voluntarily reſigned their commiſſions for cauſes which it is unneceſſary for him to mention."

Sir James Burgeſs alſo informs the public, that he has been in the country, and that he is not induced by any perſonal feelings to ſtate the fact I have juſt related. Now, Sir, as I am ſure the public takes much more intereſt in the reſignations of great men, than the

the worthy Baronet is aware of, I shall communicate the important circumstances which have led to this important and melancholy event, and which with so much modesty he has judged proper to conceal.

Under the apartments of the Secretary of State for the foreign department at Whitehall, you must know, Mr. Editor, there is a spacious room, which by the permission of Lord Grenville was occupied as a *place d'armes* by the Volunteers aforesaid. Their powder was deposited in this vault, and hither they repaired to polish their muskets, clean their leather breeches, crack their jokes, and drink to the health and fame of their gallant commander, who, you very well know, Sir, is the very first poet of this age, of the rank of Baronet! Now it unfortunately happened that the noble Lord who has succeeded Lord Grenville in this department, desirous, as it is rumoured, of saving the country an immense expense incurred by couriers, thinks proper to transact the public business in his office; and as these jokes and healths, and the clangour of arms, caused a great annoyance and distraction, it became absolutely necessary either that the Secretary of State should cede his office, or the Knight Marshal his cellar!

Thirteen letters and seventeen deputations were sent upon this interesting but unfortunate occasion. How many of them were read by his Lordship, I know no more, Sir, than of his conferences with Mr. Otto; but I do know upon this occasion at least the Minister was *firm*, and that he remains in possession. It will grieve you, Sir, and the public at large, to learn, that the worthy Baronet could not reconcile it to his feelings, that the corps should brighten their arms in any other spot in the whole metropolis, or crack a joke which should not be heard by Mr. Otto and Lord Hawkesbury. Not that I mean to insinuate that the jokes of men so ably disciplined and commanded, were

not worth their Excellencies' attention, or that I do not deeply feel the loss of the Martial Knight's brilliant services in the volunteering way. Indeed, that he should voluntarily cease to be a volunteer, gives me much concern; the more so, as his ever to be lamented resignation has evidently arisen in those which the country has so much deplored, and of which the memory and baneful consequences are thus cruelly renewed and exemplified. Had the late Ministers been still in office, Mr. Editor, the Volunteers would have disturbed no Secretary of State, and we might still have counted Sir Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, amongst the bravest defenders as well as the brightest ornaments of the country.

I am, Sir, &c. H. H.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

BY SIR J— B— B—, LATE K. M. (KNIGHT MARSHAL).

[From the Oracle.]

WE cannot commit the following admirable performance to the public, without acknowledging most gratefully the high sense we entertain of the flattering partiality with which this paper is peculiarly distinguished. We have taken the liberty of making some trifling emendations in the spelling, and have likewise ventured to add a few notes, by way of more fully illustrating its various and incomparable beauties.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lord H——— having thought fit to deny me and my Knights Companions the use of a room under the Secretary of State's Office, in Downing Street, under pretence that the cleaning our

our arms, and other military exercises, disturbed the public business, I straight invoke the Muse.

RECITATIVE.

A FEW eves since, quite tir'd with noise and talk *,
I pensive sought the lonely Birdcage Walk;
The drill being o'er, the soldiers stood at ease †,
Some play'd at chuck-farthing beneath the trees,
Whilst others tempted to the leafy shades,
To hear soft tales, the blooming nursery maids.
Thus all being still ‡, I call'd my valiant Knights,
Who danc'd around me like so many sprites;
All arm'd from top to toe, before, behind—
Their nodding feathers quiver'd in the wind §;
Thrice did I clear my pipes, which made the Park to ring;
Thrice did I cough and sneeze; and, lo! I thus did sing ‖.

AIR.

Oh, barb'rous man! Oh, H———, too severe,
Behold these cheeks, bedew'd with many a tear;

* The familiar opening and easy language of this line cannot be sufficiently admired. What an image does it draw of a great man fatigued with business, and wearied with applications! The word "*Eves*" deserves particular commendation. "*Nights*," or "*Evenings*," would have been common and prosaic, but "*Eves*" is in the highest degree poetical.

† How ingeniously and unaffectedly does Sir James, in this and the three following lines, display his knowledge of military duty and amusements!

‡ We conceive this to be a license in which poets are allowed to indulge; for, how could *all be still*, when, three lines before, the soldiers are playing at chuck-farthing?

§ What wonderfully obedient men are these Knights! Bounce, they leap upon us, armed cap-a-pee, at the word of their commander, without our so much as knowing if they were within call.

‖ Sir James has here improved upon Pope's Alexandrine verse. He doubtless thought it unjust for the last line to be longer than the one preceding, and, has, therefore, with the strictest impartiality, manufactured them both of the same extent, so that now neither has a right to complain. But there is still a more striking beauty in these two lines: when the reader is breathless with expectation; when his impatience to know the consequence of all this preparation of *coughing* and *sneezing* is wound up to the highest pitch, how artfully and satisfactorily is he relieved by "Lo! I thus did sing."

But, no! a warrior ſhould be bold—
By Mars! I 'll weep no more:
Though Bland by name,
No longer I 'll be tame,
But growl, and curſe, and ſcold,
Grin, ſtorm, and chatter, gnaſh my teeth, and roar *!

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

H———, thou ſhalt have thy gruel,
Dread the *bagonet* ſo bright;
How couldſt thou be ſo very cruel
To ſuch a brave *poetic* Knight†?

RECITATIVE,

ACCOMPANIED BY FLUTES AND TRUMPETS.

Thanks, thanks, my friends, companions of my toil,
Your balmy praiſes feel like ſoftening oil,
Which, gently trickling o'er the gaping ſore,
Allays the pain, and bids it throb no more‡.
'T is true we muſt, inexorable doom!
Conſent to loſe our ancient fav'rite room;

(ALLEGRO.)

But mind, attend,
Each valiant friend,
Hear what I vote,
With gaping throat §:

* In the air, Sir James diſcovers a ſurpriſing verſatility of talent. In the commencement he is charmingly *pathetic*; then, recollecting himſelf, he *waxeth warm*, the conſequence of which is, *he growls*; he is then induced to *curſe*, and at laſt (like a man aſcending a ladder) he reaches, ſtep by ſtep, the climax of *roaring*.

† Superficial minds may conſider this chorus *low*, but it muſt ever pleaſe the reader of taſte and diſcernment. It is written with a ſtrict regard to what the painters call "Keeping," for the ſame elegant language which ſuits an officer would ſound unnatural from the mouth of a private. The poet has here embraced a fine opportunity of *praiſing himſelf*, without running the riſk of being charged with *egotiſm*.

‡ Sir James exhibits both gratitude and ſurgical ſkill.——On bidding a wound to ceaſe throbbing, is a figure not leſs novel than pleaſing.

§ The poet is here in earneſt.

(FORTE.)

(FORTE.)

Swear by your beards, your hands in contact join *,
To do a deed—I vote we all resign †.

FINALE.

FULL CHORUS—DOUBLE DRUMS.

Agreed! Agreed! Agreed!
The deed is done! Done is the deed ‡!

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A FINE LADY.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

MR. EDITOR,

BEAR with me for a few moments, while I give utterance to my sorrows. You will be deeply affected; but there is a pleasure in sympathy, and, if you are enabled to send me relief, your sufferings will be amply repaid.

Sir, for two months past I have not been able to produce any thing to excite admiration. I trust you do not take me for an authoress; no, Sir, I have gained great fame, but not in a way so ignoble. I would not for the world be supposed a candidate for that which may be acquired without rank, without fortune, and without connexions. I even hate all those who aim at distinction by such means; I shun their company, and do every thing in my power to bring them into contempt. Sir, I am a woman of fashion, I have one of the most splendid mansions in London, and my lord allows me 7000*l.* a year. During the last season my parties were more crowded than those of any of my rivals; it was upon me that forgeries were most frequently attempted; and such was the eagerness of people of fashion to be able to say they had

* A very solemn and impressive adjuration!

† See the article in p. 62.

‡ This finale, which defies criticism, contains a great and important fact, viz. "When a deed is done, it is done."

been

been at Lady ——'s, that had it not been for the conſtant attendance of Mr. Townſend, my houſe would have been often taken by ſtorm. Nor is this to be wondered at. Had it been otherwiſe, the town would have ſhewn little diſcrimination. None ever found what they expected to find; and from the moment they caſt their eyes upon the lamps above my door, till they again loſt ſight of them, all was novelty, ſplendour, and magnificence. I was conſtantly talked of; my porter received no leſs than *two* pots of beer for the liſt of my viſitors; in ſhort, I excited univerſal envy.

But, Sir, although my invention continues as fertile and my taſte as refined, I am now able to do nothing. Why did I ever experience the pleaſure of creating amazement, and of occaſioning deſpair? Flowers are now exhibited at every window, peaches are as plenty as potatoes, and any one may purchaſe a pine-apple for half-a-guinea. What an enemy to happineſs is an Engliſh autumn? Bleſſed the inhabitants of the torrid and of the frigid zone. During the whole revolution of the ſun, the productions of cold are wanting to the one, and the productions of heat are wanting to the other. When the Governor's lady exhibits her ice at Calcutta, and the Vice-reine of Lapland ſports her grapes, they are in no danger of being equalled by a paltry ſhopkeeper. That people of taſte ſhould remain in this country at preſent, is truly aſtoniſhing. May not the impoſſibility of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in autumn, by gradually ſinking their ſpirits, produce the dreadful diſeaſe which commits ſuch havoc amoug our countrymen in the beginning of winter, dreaded under the name of the "*Engliſh Malady?*" I know that if things do not take a more favourable turn, long before November, *I* ſhall have put an end to my miſerable exiſtence.

You cannot ſay that I have ſat down in ſullen inactivity.

activity. About a month ago, at our villa, I had the honour of the company of H. R. H. ——, the Duke and Dutchess of ———, &c. &c. to breakfast. Well, I thought I was sure I should regain my *eclat*, as I had two dishes, by producing which I had at once violated the laws of nature and divers acts of Parliament. In the second course there appeared an omelet made of partridges' eggs, and a pair of roast moor-fowl. The dishes were, to be sure, in very great request, and I observed Lady ——— turn as pale as ashes, and the Hon. Mrs. ——— grow red with spite. But I had not enjoyed my triumph two minutes, when a gentleman observed that the omelet was much better than the one of the same kind at Alderman *Greenfat's* the other day. "Yes," replied he to whom he addressed himself; "and I think these moor-fowl fully as good as those he had from his friend in Argyleshire." I could have torn their eyes out. The dessert consisted of raisins and almonds, preserved ginger and tamarinds, Spanish grapes and Italian olives, juiceless oranges and half-rotten pears. Was there not a boldness in the thought, an originality, something that marked the superiority of great above vulgar minds? But so barbarous was the taste of my guests, that while some tittered and laughed, the rest, politely as they thought, lamented the lateness of the season, talked of the blight which had destroyed the blossom in spring, and exposed the absurdity of presenting fruit at table till it is thoroughly ripe.

Still I had a *corps de reserve*, which I trusted would have gained me the day. Between breakfast and supper I meant to give a dance, and the ball-room I had fitted up in a manner I thought certain to command admiration. At considerable expense I had got together a large quantity of evergreens, leafless shrubs, and artificial roses: with these I decorated the walls; and, to complete the effect, I made the daylight be excluded

excluded by the window-ſhutters; a large fire was lighted up, and the apartments were illuminated in the moſt brilliant ſtyle. No one would have imagined it a month after the King's birth-day. I had prepared a long ſucceſſion of devices to keep up the deluſion till a late hour in the morning, and I expected that the company would have been thanking Providence every moment that they were ſo comfortably ſheltered from the biting cold and the pitileſs ſtorm.

How, then, was the company really affected when uſhered into thoſe regions of taſte? The aſtoniſhment certainly was conſiderable, but before the firſt dance was finiſhed, ſeveral ladies had fainted, and amidſt praiſes of my genius, every one ſeemed anxious for an excuſe to get away. So much more did they regard their bodies than their minds. At laſt ſome perſon propoſed to go out to the gardens, and (will you believe it, Sir?) this Gothic propoſal was carried by acclamation. Forth they accordingly ſallied, and led up a dance upon the lawn. My vexation was now at its height—not a glimmering of hope remained. I curſed the age, and the country in which I had the misfortune to be born. However, I was determined that they ſhould not ſee the ſupper I had prepared for them, and that their only feaſt ſhould be their beauties of nature, *(the beauties of Nature in a July evening!!)* ſo I ſent word that I had been taken violently ill, and they immediately diſperſed. They could not complain of the *warmth* of their *reception*, nor ſay they had ſeen *nothing* which was *unſeaſonable*.

I have made various other attempts equally well planned, but as they had the ſame ill ſucceſs, I ſhall not revive my mortification by recounting their hiſtory. You and every one who has read this letter, muſt be convinced that the fault lies not in me, but in the ſeaſon, *the hateful ſeaſon*. Nor are there any other reputable means of arriving at eminence. The

day

day has been when a woman of ſpirit might diſtinguiſh herſelf by keeping *faſhionable hours*. A gentleman, whom I lately aſked to dine with a party at nine, returned for anſwer, that he was afraid it would not be in his power, as he was to breakfaſt at five with the lady of a Weſt India merchant, and would probably be obliged to ſtay ſupper. When things have come to ſuch a paſs as this, ought not the legiſlature to interfere?—Could it be more worthily employed than in ſettling the length of time every one ſhould be allowed to faſt and watch according to his rank? Every porter ſhould be compelled to breakfaſt by eight in the morning, and to be in bed before nine, and no one under the degree of nobility ought to be permitted to go without meat after two in the afternoon, or to be up after five in the morning. But theſe are times of inſubordination and anarchy; all reſpect for birth is gone, and our moſt valuable privileges are *bajely* invaded. I was lately reconciled to my huſband, and we ever ſince live under the ſame roof. Our ſeparation was the firſt thing that eſtabliſhed my reputation; but ſo low had the faſhion crept, that I am aſſured there were at the laſt Lady Mayoreſs's ball no fewer than twelve, all of equal, ſome of ſuperior, pretenſions in this reſpect with myſelf.

If I remain in town, I find many who declare an equal antipathy to the country before December; if I go to a watering-place, a tallow-chandler's wife lives next door to me, and vies with me in ſplendour; if I retire to our ſeat in Berkſhire, I ſee the houſes of thoſe things called *Nabobs*, riſing in nearly equal magnificence to our own. Oh! the glorious days when a Lord's eſtate was a county, and all the inhabitants upon it were ſlaves; when all thoſe for twelve miles round depended upon him for every comfort they enjoyed, and to diſpleaſe him and to be undone, were the ſame!

Unleſs

Unleſs you, Sir, or ſome one of your correſpondents, ſhall point out a better expedient, I am determined, as a laſt attempt to reſtore to its original luſtre my waning fame, to give a grand fête in the ſtyle of the *twelfth century*. My Lord has an old Caſtle in Wales, which will anſwer admirably well as the ſcene. I ſhall purchaſe the colours of the Knight's Marſhal and other diſbanded volunteer corps*, and thus furniſh out "a bannered hall."—From the wardrobe and armoury of the theatres, I ſhall procure dreſſes, decorations, arms, and accoutrements. I hope to be able to prevail upon the Laureat to be the bard, and that learned antiquary, the author to the Index to the Appendix to the Supplemental Apology, ſhall ſuperintend the whole in the capacity of ſteward. But would not the effect be greatly heightened, were the tempeſt to be heard howling amid the tottering towers? I can at leaſt produce the *appearance* of winter. Two or three hundred people ſhall be employed to ſtrip the trees bare of every leaf, and when every thing about the Caſtle has been made deſolate, the park and gardens ſhall be ſtrewed with chalk, quick-lime, or ſome ſubſtance reſembling ſnow. Now ſee the Knights caſed in ſteel, and attended by their ſquires, approaching by the dreary avenue; and hear them aſking the dwarf upon the battlements, if here lives the lady Evelina?

I am tranſported at the thought. Grant me two months of cold wet weather, and I will forgive thee, oh Fortune! the whole of thy paſt cruelty.

Auguſt 23. E. B.

* See page 62.

REMARKS

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING LAMENTATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I READ, with conſiderable regret, in your paper a few days ago, the complaint of a female, a woman of faſhion too, and a giver of routs, intimating how frequently ſhe had been diſappointed in eſtabliſhing her fame, and diſtinguiſhing her entertainments by ſomething peculiarly eccentric, wild, or unſeaſonable. It is much to be lamented that our ladies of ton ſhould fail in objects apparently of ſuch eaſy acquiſition, and that, where abſurdity is natural, it ſhould not at the ſame time be various. That there is a dulneſs in mediocrity, a ſameneſs in reaſonable deſires, and a commonneſs in indulging the mere wants of ſociety, may be believed; but that invention ſhould be exhauſted, when it is confined by no laws, and that follies ſhould be uniform when common ſenſe is excluded, may be allowed to excite our ſurpriſe, and, under the exiſting circumſtances of this caſe, our pity.

Men, Mr. Editor, are unreaſonable beings, proud of a ſuperiority which they are deſirous to perpetuate at the expenſe of the fair ſex. Not long ago our females ſought fame in the walks of literature, and ſome obtained what they ſought. A clamour was inſtantly raiſed againſt them, as invading the *rights of man*. Hiſtory, philoſophy, politics, poetry, and the drama, were menaced by authors in ſtraw bonnets and muſlin gowns. The legiſlature itſelf was not without its alarms. Such a revolution in genius might end in petticoat government. The biſhops took fire: they foreſaw piety in pattens. The lawyers trembled leſt they ſhould be out-talked, and the ſeat of juſtice occupied by *old women!* But in time the alarm ſubſided, and the ladies

of faſhion at leaſt, meditated to raiſe their reputation by other means.

To effect this, required a combination of talents which do not generally meet; and, although we have not often ſeen the good ariſing from alliances of diſcordant materials, we have lived to behold the common cauſe of routs, of breakfaſts, and of ſuppers, ably ſupported by the carpenter, the lamp-lighter, and the gardener. The queſtion is no longer about the ſuperiority of genius, but the ſpacious dimenſions of a ſuite of rooms; and no lady values herſelf for any productions but thoſe of the hot-houſe. On ſuch her fame depends, and her reputation reſts. And is that ambition unreaſonable which is bounded by the priority of peaches and the precocity of pines; which derives its luſtre from a feſtoon of lamps, and its triumphs from the rattling of coaches, the ſound of a knocker, and the diſturbance of a neighbourhood? Who would envy the excellence that centres in a plate of peas, or a pottle of cherries? Surely *we* men have no right to interrupt a career of glory which centres in a faſhionable confuſion of the ſeaſons, exciting perſpiration in winter, and giving a party of friends the appearance of a mob, with all its inconveniencies and dangers. To heighten the ſcene, beſides artificial flowers and the pleaſant union of *Floreal* and *Frimaire*, even peace officers are hired to keep order, and give an idea of artificial pickpockets mixing in the crowd. I have been, indeed, ſomewhat afraid, leſt when the virtues of the mind, and the accompliſhments of education, are all ſacrificed to the *vegetable ſyſtem*, there may be danger of introducing an emulation of the more vulgar caſt, and more befitting the ambition of Covent-garden market. I will allow the *eclat* that naturally ariſes from early peaches and melons, but there may be danger in contending for a priority of cabbages and carrots, becauſe, early or late, theſe are things that give a

bourgeoiſe

bourgeoiſe appearance to a table, and have been known to decorate a city feaſt, even at a very unſeaſonable time.

More, I think, depends on the temperature of the rooms: and here people of faſhion naturally place their chief excellence. A lady who can get up the thermometer to eighty degrees when the reſt of the world is content with fifty, is entitled to a great ſhare of reſpect, which however will be heightened by the addition of frequent ſwoonings and fainting-fits. It is impoſſible, indeed, to doubt the reputation of any route which gives us *Thermidor* in *Nivoſe*, and introduces *Fructidor* when other people are content with the tardy proſpects of *Germinal*. Beſides, therefore, the productions of the hot-houſe, it will always be neceſſary to introduce the degree of heat that forced them, and the more uncomfortable this is, it will make the better figure in a newſpaper detail, where, after all, the final deciſion muſt be made, and the ſize of the cherries, and the number of the company, aſcertain the comparative merit of the *giver*. To me it appears that the hiſtorians of routs have lately fallen into an uniformity of ſtyle which will ſoon level all diſtinction. It marks nothing, to hear of the ſame company, the ſame vegetables, and the ſame lamps. There muſt be a difference; and whoever has ſtudied either botany or lamp-lighting, muſt be aware that theſe are important diſtinctions. If all feſtoons were equally variegated; all chandeliers equally brilliant; if fruits were always uncommonly large, and geraniums equally odoriferous, one might as well let in the ſun-beams, and wait for the natural growth of our delicacies. Beſides, I ſuſpect that there has of late been a contrivance to make all *porters' liſts* of the ſame ſize; the ſame *Lords*, the ſame *Ladies*, the ſame *Sirs*, the ſame *Miſters*, the ſame *Miſtreſſes*, and the ſame *Miſſes*; names to be ſure which we have ſeldom heard of before, but which

if obſcure, can be more eaſily varied, eſpecially as the Court Calendar is at hand.

The confuſion of *hours* is ſtill a reſource which ladies may employ to diſtinguiſh their entertainments; and this has been very happily done by joining two days in one, breakfaſting at the cloſe of the firſt day, and ſupping at the commencement of the next. Dinner, ſomehow, has been entirely excluded, which may, no doubt, give a *toniſh* appearance to things; but there is ſome riſk that it may be thought to be borrowed from the practice of the vulgar, many thouſands of whom have been habituated to go without dinner; although I do not find that they pride themſelves upon it.

If theſe hints, Mr. Editor, can be ſerviceable, either as apologetic or promotive of female notoriety, I ſhall probably take the liberty to ſend you a ſupplement, in which I ſhall endeavour to prove that it is poſſible to reverſe the order of nature, and revolutionize the manners of ſociety in a more genteel and daſhing manner than has ever yet been practiſed. But this diſcovery would be thrown away at preſent, as our people of faſhion are in the country, and obliged to breathe the ſame air with the reſt of the world.

Sept. 9. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS IMPROVING THE WIT AND ELOQUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiſer.]

SIR,

HAVING, after long experience as a bookſeller, news-writer, and ſecond-rate politician, retired to paſs the evening of my life in a ſnug villa in Hertfordſhire, I find it ſtill neceſſary, from the force of old habits, to have both a morning and an evening paper ſent me regularly from town. Diſguſt with a morning paper

paper I had been long accuſtomed to read, made me, about a twelvemonth ſince, order the *Oracle* inſtead of it. With the *Oracle*, Sir, I muſt own myſelf not ill pleaſed. I ſhall now give you a moſt ſubſtantial proof of my favour, by communicating *ſecrets* to which you ſeem yet a ſtranger, but by which alone it is poſſible to attain *true newſpaper perfection*.

In the firſt place, Sir, let me, with the freedom of a friend, tell you you know nothing of that which conſtitutes the true *fine writing* for a newſpaper. What have you to do with purity of ſtyle, delicacy of phraſe, finical correctneſs in grammar, the elegant turn of periods, or juſtneſs and ſplendid felicity of metaphors?

You write for the multitude, and they are any thing rather than finical in their taſte in literary compoſition. A man likes beſt that newſpaper, which returns to his *eye* and *ear* the language he is himſelf accuſtomed to ſpeak. Nay, he underſtands it beſt. To the tradeſman, to the farmer, to the fine gentleman looking on no books but newſpapers, and on newſpapers only for ſporting intelligence; your grammatical accuracy, and your claſſical phraſes, are abſolutely as odious, and almoſt as unintelligible, as Greek or Hebrew. No; you muſt catch the dialect of every trade and every province. Remember that London contains people from all parts of the Britiſh dominions: and if you only take care to give a preference to the favourite Cockney phraſes; the more you daſh your ſtyle with what are by the pedantry of criticiſm called provincialiſms and colloquial barbariſms—why, ſo much the better. They may talk of your *ſlang*; but the coarſeſt *ſlang* is the trueſt eloquence, when it is adapted to the taſte of the great body of Engliſh readers.

"But," ſay you, "there are *ladies of taſte*, and *coffee-houſe critics*, who demand fine compoſition in a morning paper." True, there are: but are you yet

to learn, that long ſonorous words, a daſhing pomp and incongruity of mixed metaphors, now the quaint, and now the low familiar; at all times a copious infuſion of the *cant words* of *faſhionable converſation*, are the beauties which the taſte of ſuch readers chiefly admires? Are you a ſtranger to the ſucceſs of the *Della Cruſca poetry?* Don't you know what novels are the greateſt favourites with the *ladies?* Have you never looked into the verſes of the late *Mary Robinſon*, or the proſe of Mrs. *Piozzi?* What was it made *Gibbon* ſo much a favourite with people of faſhion, and with coffee-houſe critics? Undoubtedly the *rumbling pomp* of his ſtyle; not at all, thoſe claſſical and philoſophical beauties, which ſome perſons who know not better, may, perhaps, fancy they admire.

A *graceful negligence* is, in dreſs, in converſation, and in literary compoſition, ever one of the moſt attractive charms. Is any thing more diſguſting than to perceive even a lovely woman remarkably ſolicitous to avoid *ſlips in grammar?* What more charming than *ſoleciſms* from the lips of beauty? It is amazing, Sir, that you do not more attentively cultivate this excellence for a newſpaper. You rarely give a ſpecimen of it, and, when you do, your performance wants the grace of nature. You ſeem to be ungrammatical, with remorſe, or by typographical accident, not with the felicity of native genius, nor of art practiſed till it has become a ſecond nature; nor of a lively ignorance infinitely preferable to all the pedantry of knowledge. Does any thing excite pleaſantry ſo ſucceſsfully as a good *bull?* And what is a *bull*, but one of thoſe ſoleciſms which I recommend? If you can but make people laugh, it little matters whether they laugh at you or with you. Depend upon it they will like him who amuſes them; and ſo much the better, if he make no pretenſions to taſte or underſtanding ſuperior to their own. Beſides, are not theſe the moſt conſpicuous

cuous beauties of thoſe which have, ſomehow, obtained the character of being *leading prints?* If you would have your paper attain to their ſale and their celebrity, follow their example.

In your *Reports* of the Debates in Parliament, I would have you to be eſpecially on your guard againſt being too ſtrictly grammatical in your language. The public well knows, that in the hurry of political debate, many grammatical inaccuracies muſt unavoidably eſcape from the lips even of the moſt eloquent ſpeaker. If, then, you give a report entirely free of ſuch inaccuracies, what ſurer proof can there be that your report is *not faithful?* Beſides, it is in the higheſt degree inſolent and impertinent to pretend to put into the mouth of any man, words more correct or elegant than his own. Write *under* the reality, and you are ſafe. As you value ſucceſs, dare not to write *above* it.

A newſpaper ſhould always have a good deal of wit in it. But then, what ſort of wit? Not flights of fancy, nor unexpected combinations of ideas, nor exhibitions of ridiculous characters, ſuch as were never known before, but are freſh from the mint of nature and of genius. No, no; ſuch would never do. That ſort of wit is only for critics and connoiſſeurs. Again, remember that you write and publiſh for the multitude. A *pun*, a *quibble*, a *ſtale joke*, a *conundrum*, a *rebus*, however ſome people may turn up their noſes at them, never fail to pleaſe *nine* out of every *ten* newſpaper readers. Such is the wit which ſets the boxes of a coffee-houſe in a roar; ſuch is that which every ſmart talker, in places of public reſort, filches from the morning papers, to ſupply his expenditure of wit till evening, and from the evening papers, to bear him out till the morning ſhall again appear. Even thoſe who affect to deſpiſe ſuch wit, are nevertheleſs pleaſed with it. What matters it that a joke is ſtale, provided

it be good? You are ſure to ſhine when you plunder *Joe Miller* *; for jeſts which have pleaſed ſo long, muſt infallibly continue to pleaſe. It is much more prudent, therefore, to truſt that manual, than to attempt new witticiſms of your own. Another ſource of wit adapted to the humour and capacity of your readers, will be found in *Swift's Polite Converſation*. He made that collection with the ſupercilioufneſs of a critic, to ridicule the favourite phraſeology of faſhionable converſation, and the wit which prevailed in all the genteel ſociety of his time. He thought that nothing more was wanted to explode them for ever. How egregiouſly did he err! The very ſame wit, the very ſame converſational phraſeology, are ſtill almoſt excluſively in vogue. Let his book be compared with the prevalent ſtyle of wit and faſhionable converſation, the truth will deciſively appear to be as I relate. His book is therefore a monument againſt himſelf, that he knew not what ſort of wit was the moſt congenial to the character of human nature. It is, at the ſame time, a complete treaſury of that ſort which you may uſe with beſt ſucceſs. I adviſe you to uſe it freely.

The ſelection and tranſlation of the news from the French and German gazettes and journals, are matters of no ſmall importance in the compilation of an Engliſh newſpaper. If you would ſhine in this branch of your buſineſs, be ſure to keep in your tranſlation as much as poſſible of the original. Travellers, ambaſſadors, and military officers ſerving on the continent, have contributed more to enrich the Engliſh language, than all our claſſical ſcholars and fine writers. Out of affectation or ignorance, or gentlemanly negligence, they embroidered their native Engliſh with a profuſion

* Of which a new and improved edition has lately been publiſhed by James Ridgway.

of

of untranſlated foreign phraſes. Thoſe phraſes, once introduced, were gradually naturalized, and now compoſe a good deal of the moſt expreſſive and beſt ſounding parts of our ſpeech and writing. The gazettes and news-letters of the reign of Queen Anne, were more than one half French: and to them we owe the beſt of the ſettled phraſeology of our military eloquence. Spite of the ſneers of Johnſon and other pedants, their example has been ever ſince laudably followed by news-writers, to the great improvement of our language in copiouſneſs, and in anomalous variety. I contemplate with pride and ſatisfaction the ſucceſs of the labours of Engliſh news-writers in this way ſince the æra of the French revolution. Once for all then, remember, that the more French and German in your tranſlation, ſo much the better. Beſides, ſhould you make them too plain Engliſh, you might be too eaſily underſtood; you would not leave room ſufficient for wonder and conjecture; you would want that happy ambiguity, without which, there is no denying what one ſays, nor claiming what one does not ſay.

Make a good uſe of theſe advices, and you ſhall not want for more.

April 10. A. J.

SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

HISTORY is perhaps never more uſefully employed than in comparing eminent men with one another; and the compariſon is ſtill more beneficial when it is made between great living characters, and the illuſtrious dead. For this reaſon I have long been deſirous to exhibit, as it were in one picture, the late Sir Jeffrey Dunſtan,

Dunſtan, of happy memory, and the preſent Mr. Edward K——e, broker and butcher, ſurnamed the *Elephant*, not ſo much from his reſembling that quadruped in ſagacity as in ſize.

I am ſenſible of the extreme value of impartiality in a delineation of this ſort, as well as the total impoſſibility of abſolutely attaining it. Some lurking prejudice, ſome unaccountable, and perhaps unperceived bias, ſome inſtinctive ſympathy, ſecretly impels the mind from its direct courſe. Who does not perceive, in the celebrated compariſon between Cato and Cæſar, that Salluſt involuntarily inclines towards the former? In the ſame manner, if by irreſiſtible fate I incline towards the Elephant, as I fear I do, let me not be thought capable of meditating an injury to the *manes* of Sir Jeffrey.

One village gave them birth. Jeff was far the elder of the two; but, being ſhort of ſtature, and his legs having that ſort of bend which is vulgarly termed *knock-knee*, he was ſoon outſtripped in growth by Ned. From their early youth they were both diſtinguiſhed by a certain magnanimous and obſtinate reſiſtance to learning. Jeffrey, it is well known, would never eat gingerbread with letters on it; nor did he know one from another to the day of his death. Edward, it is true, can both read and write in a plain way. But in juſtice to him it ought to be mentioned, that he withſtood the alphabet eight years, and was the death of two ſchoolmaſters. The one burſt a blood-veſſel in beating the letter D into him with too much vehemence on a warm day; and the other, who was a very ſtout man, flogged himſelf into a conſumption before Ned had got half through the letters. It muſt be confeſſed that Neddy's love of eating, which he has ſignalized ſo much in his riper years, and which was always eager, might have been a powerful auxiliary to the rod, if his mental

mental faculties had not been duller than his digeſtive.

It is at this early period of life that the ruling paſſion ſo much talked of by Pope, is moſt eaſily diſcerned. Unhappy the biographer who would attempt to draw a character of his hero, if he knew him not while a boy. Thrice fortunate am I, who have not only ſuch heroes, but who have ſeen the firſt workings of nature in them both.

The genius of Jeffrey was chiefly turned, like that of the heroes of Pindar, to horſemanſhip. The firſt halfpenny he ever had in his life he gave to a chimney-ſweep for a gallop on the crupper of his jack-aſs. This propenſity led him to a roving independent kind of life, and produced that careleſſneſs of attire, and bluntneſs of manners, which his beſt friends cannot altogether excuſe. But it alſo contributed to his knowledge of the world, and procured him that high popularity amongſt a certain claſs of the community, which advanced him with univerſal acclamation to the dignity of Mayor of Garratt, without bribe, treat, or promiſe. Yet ſuch is the perverſeneſs of men, that the attempts of the Elephant to procure applauſe, have generally failed. The world knows what eloquence he has ſhewn on the huſtings at Guildhall, and been only derided. His fineſt geſtures have been anſwered with a roar and a whiſtle. And on a late occaſion, whilſt he was offering the livery at the common hall every drop of blood in his body to diſtribute among the poor, if they would but agree to carry on the war, the ſcoundrels ſilenced him with a villainous horſe-laugh.

But thanks to nature a thouſand and a thouſand times over, that thoſe who are moſt liable to be laughed at, feel it the leaſt.

Indeed, from the beginning of his life, the Elephant was more ſubject to baſhfulneſs than ſhame. Neither did he ſeem deſirous in his early years to acquire that

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This unfortunate affair, however, by no means broke off the habits of intimacy between the two great men. It only produced a coolneſs on the part of the Elephant. Sir Jeffrey, after the buſtle of election, returned into his uſual track of quiet life, probably unconſcious of any offence; and when he met with the Elephant, they ſeemed as cordial as before. And the world, as well as themſelves, might probably have forgotten the affair at Garratt, if it had not been for the treaty of Pilnitz.

The high contracting parties in that ſolemn league, having, for the glory of God, and the advancement of religion, agreed to diſmember France of ſeveral provinces, and reinſtate the legitimate king in the remainder under their own control; the Elephant, of courſe, as preſident of the Conſtitutional Livery, conſidered himſelf a party concerned. He naturally deſired to have the concurrence of Sir Jeffrey in ſo important a tranſaction, and he accordingly invited him to ſmoke a pipe of Virginia at the Golden Lion in Camberwell. Sir Jeffrey, like other loyal ſubjects, hugely delighted in a French war, being fond of ſea-fights and illuminations; but having little vital Chriſtianity, he could form no idea how religion had any thing to do with the affair. So after hearing the Elephant at full length on the fine opportunity that offered of attacking France in its then enfeebled condition; Sir Jeffrey thought it ſcarcely fair play. "Mendoza," ſays he, "is a Jew, but damme he won't ſtrike a man when he is on his back." The Elephant was ſtaggered at this ſudden retort; but ſpeedily collecting himſelf, he anſwered, that he did not know what a boxer would do who had not the fear of God; but he knew that Deputy Birch, who made the beſt tur-

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Nor has it been leſs my amuſement to imagine what Sir Jeffrey might have been, if he had been endowed by nature with the vigorous appetite of the Elephant. Inſtead of ſpending his age with his ill-accoutred jack-aſs, vending his own *effigies* for halfpence in the ſtreet, he might have filled Guildhall with rice, to be ſold in barrels to the poor, " and the profit, *if any*, to go to the *butchering account.*" He might have got a ſhop in Honey-lane market, without rent, and have ſold beef for his amuſement, and profit. He might have preſided over the Conſtitutional Livery

the King's Head in the Poultry: but ſtill let me doubt whether he could have lent himſelf with proper grace and equal activity, as canvaſſer-general to every being without brains that would open a committee at the ſaid King's Head. *Non omnia poſſumus omnes.* Be contented, ye friends of Sir Jeffrey, with his own praiſes, nor ſeek to fix a garland on his head, which the immortal Gods deſtined to flouriſh only on that of his rival.

Rival, alas! I am conſtrained to ſay: for ſeldom is it the lot of great cotemporaries to paſs through the world without ſtrife. In vain did peace and mutual confidence gild their youth, and adorn their riper age. A diſſenſion at length aroſe, from cauſes which hiſtorians are not yet well agreed upon. Some will have it that Sir Jeffrey diſcovered an intrigue between his conſort and the Elephant. But this I know to be an injurious aſperſion. Others blame envy, from which it is certain that great characters are not always exempt. They relate, that on the day of the inauguration of Sir Jeffrey as Mayor of Garratt, the Elephant, after qualifying and voting for his friend, took his ſtation in the higheſt good humour amongſt the crowd, to ſee the cavalcade paſs by. But when he ſaw Sir Jeffrey in a clean duſt-cart, drawn in triumph by ſix jack-aſſes, their heads decorated with green leaves, and hailed by the acclamations of the mob, his colour immediately changed, and his noſtrils dilated exceedingly; a faculty which he poſſeſſes in an eminent degree, and never fails to exert when the diſaffected livery hiſs him on the huſtings. His eyes rolled dreadfully; and, in ſhort, it was manifeſt that the Elephant's ſpleen had begun to ſwell. But, for my own part, I do not believe that the Elephant was ſo much ſmitten with envy, as with the diſappointment of ſeeing Sir Jeffrey ride off without giving a dinner. This, at leaſt, is the moſt characteriſtic ſuppoſition; and we find accordingly, that ſince that time, the Elephant has taken eſpecial

Who ſays, "I'll chatter wrong or right,
And ring ſuch an alarum,
That many a poor unhappy wight
Shall curſe the *borough of Sarum.*

"Like wolves when growling o'er their prey,
I'll mumble, bite, and tear them;
E'en Pitt himſelf ſhall rue the day
When I came in for *Sarum.*

"Promoters of the income-tax!
By Jove I will not ſpare them,
But lay it ſtoutly on their backs,
Now I've the *borough of Sarum.*"

Oh, Tooke! renounce ſuch trifling arts,
I'pray, Reverend Sir, beware them;
Exert thy known acknowledg'd parts,
And credit ancient Sarum.

THE OLD SARUM REPRESENTATIVE.

QUESTION.

SAYS John Horne Tooke unto the Chair,
"I beg leave to entreat
That you, Sir John, would now declare,
Why prieſts have here no ſeat?"

REPLY.

"The reaſon unto all is clear,
Conciſe, and ſtrictly true;
There are ſo many preachers here,
We have no room for you."

SU. ESS—— WHY.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not a politician, but I am much of a church-man, and ſomewhat of an antiquary. I with our repreſentatives had not thought proper to queſtion the eligibility

eligibility of the clergy to ſit in the Houſe of Commons. Starting queſtions that have been at reſt for many years, naturally drives us back—back, very far back, into antiquity, and I would fain whiſper in the ears of our M. P.'s, that the farther they go, the worſe they will fare.

What, Sir, will they find? Neither more nor leſs than this, that St. Stephen's Chapel was conſecrated to religious purpoſes, as any other church or chapel, and that it can no more be *unconſecrated* by its own act and deed, or by the act and deed of any other perſon, than a clergyman can be *unfrocked*, unleſs in caſe of heinous delinquency. It is expreſsly ſtated in the conſecration ſervice, that churches, &c. are "ſeparated from all profane and common uſes." Now, Sir, can you find in hiſtory what crime this poor chapel was guilty of, that it ſhould be *depoſed*, and turned into a Parliament Houſe? For my part, I cannot diſcover a ſingle offence *before* it was employed in its preſent purpoſes. We all know that profaning a conſecrated edifice by civil uſes is a direct violation of law: and one of the crimes of which we have often accuſed the French is their turning their churches into drill-rooms for their ſoldiers, and ſtables for their horſes; and yet drilling ſoldiers, and rubbing down horſes, are not in themſelves greater offences than making motions and amending bills. It is the *place* that conſtitutes the crime, and why? Plainly becauſe of *conſecration*, which the power of the church only can give or take away, if it *can* be taken away, which I very much doubt. Stone and mortar are ſeldom guilty of thoſe offences which would bring on depoſition. They give no trouble to Doctors' Commons or the Court of King's Bench, and are content to *reſide* on the ſpot where they were firſt *inducted*.

I have therefore ſubmitted theſe few remarks to you, rather in the way of doubts. Where hiſtory is ſilent, it

it becomes us to be as little positive as may be: but I should very much wish to hear a clever debate on the *indelibility* of *churches*.

May 18. I am, Sir, yours, &c.
GOTHICUS.

THE COFFEE-ROOM.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must know I am in my seventieth year, and in my youth was so particularly partial to theatrical amusements, that every new play was certain of my attendance. From the theatre I generally repaired to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where, in a respectable and enlightened circle, the merits of the piece were liberally discussed, amendments or omissions suggested, and the spirit of criticism had free room for the exertion of its corrective powers. The last thirty years of my life having been wholly spent in the country, you may easily conceive my satisfaction, when, on visiting the metropolis a short time ago, with all my old propensities as strong as ever, I was informed that a new comedy was to be represented on the very evening of my arrival. I hurried to the pit door, but, alas! too late! the house was full! What was to be done? To think of going to bed without some information on the subject was impossible, and I at length determined to be content with an account of the performance at second hand; for which purpose I entered a coffee-house in the vicinity of the theatre, and expected the end of the play with the greatest impatience. I ordered coffee, read all the papers, wrote several unnecessary letters, destroyed two or three toothpicks, and counted the tedious minutes, till at last the clock struck ten, and a party of fashionable young men rushed from the theatre into the coffee-room.

room. After a vociferous call for the ſupper bill, which was examined with the moſt ſcrupulous attention, I expected the commencement of their critical remarks, but heard nothing except repeated haſtening of the ſupper, chiding of the waiters, and orders for freſh delicacies every moment. Imagining the party were too hungry to think of any ſubject till the cravings of appetite were ſatisfied, I waited with ſome anxiety the concluſion of their meal, during which I was edified by many ſerious diſſertations on the age of the wine, the compoſition of the ſauce, and the comparative merits of ſeveral noted cooks. Supper being at length ended, and the glaſs going merrily round, now is the time (thought I) for criticiſm! now for a diſplay of genius, erudition, and acuteneſs! I was all attention; but, to my very great aſtoniſhment, the converſation turned entirely on the actors and actreſſes, without a ſingle word being ſaid on the comedy. The actors were praiſed not for their hiſtrionic but convivial excellence, and termed jolly dogs! high fellows! and one or two were enthuſiaſtically celebrated for their unrivalled abilities as chairmen, punſters, and toaſt-maſters: but when the actreſſes became the topic of diſcourſe, it was with difficulty I could credit the evidence of my ears, thinking they were each deſcribing a favourite horſe or hound, as the words "ſpirit, make, figure, forehand, &c." were run over with all the technical volubility of an experienced huntſman or horſe-dealer!

Having at length waited till the effects of the wine became rather too obvious, I retired to my lodgings diſguſted, vexed, and diſappointed; and ſhall return into the country with a full conviction that the young men of the preſent day pay more attention to the kitchen and the cellar than to the ſtudy, and enjoy more refined ſatisfaction in pleaſing the palate than in improving the underſtanding. Yours,

May 2. TIMOTHY CRABTREE.

THE BLUE AND THE RED JACKETS.

VERSIFICATION OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE'S SPEECH IN PRAISE OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MY LORDS,

THOUGH the Britiſh blue jacket 's unrivall'd at ſea,
I admire its red one in equal degree;
No matter what jacket a bold Briton wears,
He 'll *trim* a *French jacket* wherever he ſteers!
Let the red, like the blue, be but ſkilfully led,
And our ſoldiers will ſoon ſend the foe to death's bed;
Give them leaders like Marlbro', like Stair, like Argyle,
Like Wolfe, and ſuch heroes *, the boaſt of our iſle!
Let enſigns, like midſhipmen, learn well their art,
Some years ſtudy tactics, they 'll fill well their part.
Let merit, not money, the land ſervice rule,
No commiſſions be ſold to raw boys juſt from ſchool!
Let tried talent, let ſervice, advancement obtain,
And the brave Britiſh army ſkill'd leaders will gain;
For Britons were equally born to ſubdue,
Should their jackets be red, or their jackets be blue.

Portſmouth Harbour. MIDSHIPS.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE DANES.

BRITANNIA greets her conquering ſons once more;
Yet through her ſmiles is ſeen the riſing tear—
The living ſhe muſt praiſe, the dead deplore!
She weeps their loſs whom memory ſtill holds dear.

Peace to their ſhades! they boldly death defied;
The heroes bravely fought and nobly died.

Now let the ſong of triumph ſwell,
And now the victor's glory tell;
Sound high the Britiſh ſeaman's fame,
And Engliſh gratitude proclaim:

* When his Royal Highneſs ſpoke in praiſe of the Britiſh ſoldiery, the news of General Abercromby's glorious victory had not arrived.

Speak

Speak how a generous nation gave
Its willing tribute to the brave;
How to the widow's, orphan's grief,
The patriot fountain flow'd relief.

So ſhall the language of our hearts include
Our brave defenders' praiſe—our gratitude. H.

ON THE COMPLAINTS

MADE OF THE BADNESS OF THE SONGS THAT HAD BEEN WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF OUR "BRAVE AND GALLANT NAVAL DEFENDERS."

OUR valiant tars! no *words* can ſpeak their meed;
They've drain'd the Muſe's treaſure long before;
No *lines* but thoſe by Nelſon made they read,
No *muſic* charms them like the cannon's roar!
Yet they poſſeſs (though bards no hymns can raiſe),
Silent, yet eloquent—a nation's praiſe!

EPSOM RACES.

[From the Oracle.]

COME, Madam Muſe, new nib thy pen,
And put on thy beſt graces,
To ſing in merry jocund ſtrain
The joys of Epſom races.

Curricles, coaches, chaiſes, gigs,
Beaux, bloods, and men of trade,
Blacklegs, nobles, peers, and prigs,
All join the cavalcade.

The young, the old, the brown, the fair,
Of pleaſure take their fill;
The mania ſpreads from Berkeley Square
As far as Fiſh Street Hill!

Miſs Drugget cries, " My ſweet Papa,
Let 's go to Epſom, pray;
There 's you, and I, and dear Mamma,
Will fill a one-horſe chay.

" In order to go ſafe and ſlow,
By daybreak we 'll ſet off;
The ride will do you good, I know,
And cure your naſty cough.

" I *doats* upon the country now,
How ſweet the *wernal* breezes!
We 'll take our dinner, too, I *wow*,
And dine beneath the *treezes*."

Old Drugget ſhook his cranium wiſe,
But Madam cried, " I fegs!
What though old Dobbin 's loſt both eyes,
He ſtill has got four legs.

" You cruel man, you 're more ſevere
Than Chineſe, Turk, or Perſian;
Deny your wife and daughter dear
But one ſhort day's diverſion?

" So, Mr. Drugget, pray give o'er,
And mind what I deſire;
Go to the liv'ryman next door,
And quick a buggy hire."

The cit found all reſiſtance naught,
My lady was in *arneſt*;
The chaiſe was hir'd, proviſions bought,
And poor old Dobbin harneſs'd.

Through ev'ry village that they went
The boys began a hooting;
Their luckleſs ſteed was almoſt ſpent
Before they got to Tooting.

Old Drugget laid on many a blow,
And whipp'd with might and main;
And now, behold, he cried " Gee-ho!"
And now he jerk'd the rein.

At length he turn'd to ſpouſy dear,
And ſaid, " My ſweeteſt jewel,
The race-ground, love, is very near,
For, ſee, we 're ent'ring Ewell."

Reachin

Reaching, at laſt, the crowded courſe,
They gap'd, they ſtar'd, they wonder'd;
Whilſt bets upon the fav'rite horſe
Vociferouſly thunder'd.

The cit exclaim'd, "Confound this din;
I wiſh, as I 'm a ſinner,
This curſed racing would begin,
That I might get my dinner.

"What with the fagging that I 've had,
By Jove I 'm almoſt dead!
Holla! you, Sir! come here, my lad,
You, gin and gingerbread!"

But when the racing liſt he reads,
To truſt his ſight afraid is;
"Zounds! here 's not only *ſporting ſteeds*,
But alſo *ſporting ladies!*

"Sure there was never ſuch a ſcene,
Since days of Father Adam;
I'll ſee it nearer;" out he leapt,
And gave the rein to Madam.

Ent'ring a booth, a dext'rous cheat,
In trick and cunning able,
Seduc'd the unſuſpicious cit
To join an E O table.

Tempted by play's inviting call,
A guinea bright he ventures;
And views the circling of the ball,
On expectation's tenters.

Breathleſs with joy, he gain'd his chaiſe,
And cried, "The guinea 's won!"
But who can paint his grief, amaze—
His fav'rite watch was gone!

With dreadful ire his boſom burn'd,
But now the horſes ſtart;
Alas! the chaiſe was overturn'd,
By running 'gainſt a cart!

Away went Drugget and his dear,
Away went ham and chicken;
With bottles, glaſſes, wine, and beer,
Ye Gods, what pretty picking!

There, too, good lack! between the wheels
Was ſeen their hapleſs daughter,
Kicking aloft her lovely heels,
'Midſt copious ſtreams of porter!

"I've loſt my wig," poor Drugget roar'd—
"Your wig! that's nought," cried Miſs;
"Mamma has ſpoil'd her bran-new gown,
And I my blue peliſſe."

The unlucky chaiſe went quite to pot,
Old Dobbin, too, was undone;
At great expenſe a cart they got
To take them back to London.

Arriv'd at home, th' enraged cit,
With words the moſt uncivil,
Sent horſes, jockies, E O too,
All packing to the devil!

May 25. SLY-BOOTS.

VERSES ON SIR J—— L——'S COMING OF AGE.

BY THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.

LONG expected one and twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleaſure, pomp and plenty,
Great Sir J——, are now your own.

Looſen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to ſell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the ſons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betſies, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that baniſh care;
Laviſh of your grandſire's guineas,
Shew the ſpirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,
Joy to ſee their quarry fly;
Here the gameſter light and jolly,
There the leader grave and ſly.

Wealth,

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouſes,
Pockets full and ſpirits high,
What are acres? what are houſes?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waſte;
Scorn their counſel, ſcorn their bother,
You can hang or drown at laſt.

SONNET BY A DISCIPLE OF THE DELLA CRUSCAN SCHOOL,

ON AWAKENING IN THE MORNING.

HARK! milk-pails rattle, and the pavement rude
Growls at the preſſure of the duſtman's cart;
The ſweepers, too, their treble yell impart—
Sure tokens all of buſy day renew'd.
Ah, me! I love to ſee the buſtling throng:
Devoid they ſeem of care-engend'ring thought:
May they ne'er know (by ſtern misfortune taught)
The woes depreſſive * that to me belong!
The beamy god of light, whoſe matin ray
Illumines them to diligent employ,
Wakes me, alas! from ſweet oblivious joy,
With tears and laments ſtill to hail the day.
To give my ſorrow-ſtricken breaſt repoſe,
I'll e'en eſſay to take another doze.

* Coining is not felony by the law of ſonnetry.

THOMAS TYRWHITT JONES, ESQ.'S CELEBRATED SPEECH, &c. &c. ON THE TREATY OF EL-ARISH.

DELIVERED BY THAT UNPARALLELED PATRIOT AND INCOMPARABLE ORATOR IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1801.

PARAPHRASTICALLY VERSIFIED BY WHIGAMOUR WHISTER, ESQ. L.L.D. PARAPHRAST-GENERAL TO THE WHIG CLUB.

[From the True Briton.]

AS I promis'd and vow'd, Mr. Speaker, I riſe
To bring forward, on Egypt, my motion ſo wiſe.
Be aſſur'd, right or wrong, to my text I am ſtaunch,
And, though Pitt at my head his anathemas launch,
There he 'll find no impreſſion is eaſily made:
With "El-Ariſh" I 'll bore him again—who 's afraid?
So to come to the point: what I now ſhall propound,
I expect, Sir, to controvert none will be found:
To the Ottoman Porte that Sir Sidney Smith went
As Great Britain's Miniſter Plenipotent:
This, firſt I lay down as a fact: and, if ſo,
If the 'foreſaid Sir Sid. was indeed plenipo.
He 'd a right, Sir, the treaty to make—and, beſide,
By the treaty he made we are bound to abide.
(Theſe minors both tread on the heels of my major:
And logic I 'll chop with the Houſe for a wager.)
Let Fame then, with blaſt everlaſting, awake her
Loud trumpet in praiſe of the hero of Acre!
When the Frenchmen on Egypt agreed to turn tail, he
Had made of that conteſt a brilliant finale:
At leaſt you muſt own all the world and his wife
Thought El-Ariſh's treaty had ended the ſtrife.
Now you 'll find in the motion I make, 't is my wiſh
To diſcover who ſpoilt this fine kettle of fiſh;
Who his Majeſty counſell'd to order Lord Keith
To detain theſe ſame Frenchmen in ſpite of their teeth;
And ſo cut out freſh work for our army and navy:
Theſe ill counſellors, Sir, we muſt make cry "Peccavi!"
I aſcribe it to thoſe who of late rul'd the roaſt,
That the country 's forſworn, like a knight of the poſt.

Think what miſchiefs reſult from this groſs violation
Of treaty!—*imprimis*, war's continuation;
Hence muſket and bayonet mangle and mar men;
Hence our character 's loſt, ſituation 's alarming;
Embroil'd with the French, by a dreadful fatality,
Here 's the devil,—beſides, of an armed neutrality.
At the Ottoman Porte we ſhake hands with the Pagan,
Yet demoliſh good Chriſtians before Copenhagen;
On the Baltic we kick up a terrible rumpus,
And to loggerheads fall at all points of the compaſs:
Pruſſia's ſovereign, too, with our court keeps no meaſures,
But Hanover ſeizes, and pockets her treaſures.
With the Ruſſians you 'll find we ſhall ſoon have a brawl,
Alexander as ſcurvily treats us as Paul.
'T is as clear as noon-day what they both would be at,
In their late manifeſtos each noſe ſmells a rat.
If you aſk whence accrue all theſe ills that I mention,
From the rupture, I ſay, of El-Ariſh' convention.
Sirs, we 're all bought and ſold, and muſt come to the pariſh,
By this horrible breach of good faith at El-Ariſh!
But this is not the worſt; freſh calamity 's brew'd;
The confounded ill-wind that blows nobody good
Wafts away our beſt troops, who to Egypt are gone,
Where the crocodiles ſwear they 'll eat ev'ry man John.
And this, juſt at the moment when great Bonaparte,
Tam Mercurio, gentlemen! famous *quam Marte*,
Will invade us with both, with fineſſe and with weapons,
And deſpoil all our fobs of their Birmingham ha'pence.
Then there 's Portugal too, which ſo oft has been ſqueaking,
To the enemy truckles, perhaps, while I 'm ſpeaking;
When you might have prevented her hapleſs ſurrender,
If you 'd only diſpatch'd thoſe ſame troops to defend her.
Alexandria, 't is ſaid, three French frigates incog.
Have enter'd, with grenadiers freighted and prog.
And if this be a lie, the reporters of courſe meant
To appal us with news of a grand reinforcement;
But, alas! if 't is true, we 've no doctors I 'm ſure,
Our poor men, when theſe grenadiers kill 'em, to cure.
For, ſurgeons, they ſay, in our army are ſcarce,
And no wonder, ſince there letting blood 's but a farce.
Are our forces from India alive, Sirs, and merry?
Have they paſs'd the Red Sea, or the Stygian Ferry?

Yet,

Yet, I own ſuch inquiries as theſe 't is not fair on
Our new ſtateſmen to preſs—I ſhould queſtion old Charon.
But 't is time to wind up; for you ſeem, Sirs, in hopes
I've exhauſted my metaphors, figures, and tropes:
Full well I 'm for one of Job's comforters known,
Their kind rhetoric mine is, his patience your own:
Yet were Job in this Houſe, he, like you, might look queeriſh;
I 'll return then (from whence I ſet out) to "El-Ariſh;"
And thoſe Frenchmen ſo gallant, whom Admiral Keith
Repell'd from embarking, in ſpite of their teeth;
And incontinent move, "That an humble addreſs
To his Majeſty's hands be preſented expreſs:
And the pray'r on't is this: That he 'll vouchſafe to tell us,
His Commons ſo faithful, what raſcally fellows
They were, to whoſe wicked advice he gave ear,
When he iſſued thoſe orders that coſt us ſo dear,
And commanded Lord Keith to behave in ſo beariſh
A way to the well-bred Monſieurs at "El-Ariſh;"
And empow'r us to ſend to old Satan a cargo
Of all thoſe who promoted this curſed embargo:
For no gift we can offer he 'll think half ſo rariſh,
As thoſe rogues who affronted his friends at "El-Ariſh."
Then, in hopes I ſhall find our dread Sov'reign according
To this modeſt addreſs, I 'll tranſmit it to Jordan*,
To be printed and puff'd, for I 'm ſure he 'll befriend it;
But, ſhould Jordan refuſe, I 'll to Jericho ſend it.

June 8.

VERSIFICATION OF THE CELEBRATED SPEECH

OF A RIGHT HON. MEMBER OF A GREAT ASSEMBLY, ON THE MOTION FOR THE SECOND READING OF THE INDEMNITY BILL—FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1801.

BY THE PARAPHRAST OF THE WHIG CLUB.

[From the True Briton.]

FROM the meaſure propos'd to this Houſe, I lament,
That myſelf ſhould be found the firſt Lord to diſſent †;

* The printer of all Mr. T. Jones's celebrated ſpeeches.

† Lord S****** was ſorry he ſhould be the firſt Lord to object to a meaſure which preſſed for the attention of the Houſe.—*True Briton, June* 20.

Yet,

Yet, I can't but obſerve of theſe rulers of ours,
Had they duly employ'd thoſe extraordinary pow'rs,
To enſure the ſtate's ſafety, which Parliament gave,
We ſhould never have heard them indemnity crave;
But, if they 've exceeded the length of their rope,
No indemnification you 'll grant 'em I hope *:
For I 'm certain they never can make me amends
For confining thoſe knaves, my particular friends,
Who, had Miniſters left them at large, you well know
Had been hang'd or tranſported a long while ago †.
Such abuſe at the root of all liberty ſtrikes;
Shall a Briton, my Lords, not be hang'd when he likes,
But, in hemp diſappointed from cutting a daſh, he
Be kept out of harm's way by a "*lettre de caſhet?*"
Such "*lettres*" (preventing the law's execution)
Were a primary cauſe of the French revolution ‡:
And if traitors they ſave from the gibbet, I ween,
Loyal ſubjects muſt bow to the French guillotine.

Let

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* Lord S. obſerved, that if Miniſters acted only in the due exerciſe of the powers, extraordinary as they were, which Parliament had thought fit to commit to their hands for the maintenance of the public ſafety, he thought the bills by which thoſe powers were ſanctioned rendered indemnification wholly unneceſſary: if, however, they had wantonly exceeded thoſe powers, to the *unjuſt injury* of individuals, he never would conſent to indemnity, &c.

† So far, however, was he from thinking Miniſters deſerved indemnity, he believed they had greatly abuſed the powers granted them, and that many had been detained in priſon for years under circumſtances of peculiar hardſhip and oppreſſion, &c. &c.—*Courier, June* 20, 1801.

‡ This ſort of conduct, the iſſuing of "lettres de cachet," this ſpecies of bad government, had been the primary cauſe of the ſubverſion of the government in a neighbouring kingdom.—*Courier, June* 20.

This opinion of letters de cachet having contributed to effect the French revolution, is juſtified by a circumſtance (of which the noble orator, perhaps, was not aware) in the private hiſtory of M. Mirabeau. He had cheated M. De la Fayette out of a very conſiderable ſum, and, on detection, his friends had intereſt enough to procure a lettre de cachet, through which, by a temporary but moſt opportune impriſonment in the Baſtile, the unfortunate Louis XVI ſaved from being cut off by the judgment of the law one of the moſt effectual inſtruments of

Let me next the forbearance and lenity ſtate*
Of all thoſe who directed our councils of late;
For the rights of the ſubject they car'd not a penny,
And, in proof on 't, two facts I'll ſelect out of many:
Both are caſes in point, I aſſure you, relating
To two Lords who, like me, are addicted to prating.
The firſt of their Lordſhips in Maidſtone Town-hall
Words improper a few, inadvertent let fall;
('T was the time when our club, who are men of ſtrict honour,
Swore truth out of repute for the traitor O'Connor†.)
They were perfectly harmleſs, their drift I could ſhew t'ye,
Went only to teach courts of juſtice their duty:
Theſe words inoffenſive no ſooner were ſpoke
Than his Lordſhip's right hon'rable pate it was broke,
This was paying a pretty fair price for a joke:
But Adminiſtration, my Lords, had no bowels
Of pity or commiſeration; for how elſe
Could they ever have kept this unfortunate Peer
In the Tower of London mew'd up a whole year,

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of the deſtruction of himſelf and the monarchy. To this fact a reſpectable French writer adverts, who, ſpeaking of the clement reign of Louis, obſerves: "Pendant cet intervalle de tems l'abus des lettres de cachet étoit devenu preſque imperceptible, et le plus facheux effet qu'elles avoient eu alors, ça été de ſauver Mirabeau de la corde."—*Obſerv. du Chev. de la Bintinaye.*

* With regard to the forbearance and lenity of the late Miniſters in exerciſing the powers put into their hands by the acts for ſuſpending the Habeas Corpus, let their Lordſhips judge from two inſtances which he would ſelect out of many: the one, that of a Noble Lord tried for a few improper words inadvertently uttered in a court of juſtice. The Noble Lord had been ſentenced to a twelvemonth's impriſonment in the Tower. Had any period of the time been abridged or remitted? No; he continued in the Tower the whole time.—*Courier.*

† "Our armies ſwore terribly in Flanders," quoth the corporal, "but nothing to this."—*Triſtram Shandy.*

The ſarcaſms levelled at the right hon. and honourable ſwearers at Maidſtone, will be found extremely futile. Their procedure is completely juſtifiable on a principle laid down by Butler, viz.

——"In all courts of juſtice here
The witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But *make oath*; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms."—*Hudibras.*

And

And our Whiggery ſcar'd, who a little more guarded
Have been ſince they found it was—"Proximus ardet?"
The other ſad caſe for your conſideration,
Is the caſe of a Duke, my right noble relation *:
His Grace a few ſentiments chanc'd to expreſs,
Which diſplay'd little wit, and of prudence ſtill leſs;
But I 'm ſure to his words you 'll free pardon accord,
For the Duke, when he ſpoke 'em, was drunk as a lord,
And whenever he 's brim full of port and October,
He talks juſt as I do myſelf when I 'm ſober:
Beſides, I 'll avouch that it ſignifies not
What traſh a man vents when his brains are red hot,
If, when once they grow cool, on the ſtool of repentance
He ſits down, like the Duke, and recants ev'ry ſentence.
'T is well known, 'midſt his jollyfications and mirth
My Lord Duke 's the moſt affable creature on earth.
When to pledge him I 've fail'd (I 'm no very great drinker),
He would, juſt as well pleas'd, hob and nob with a tinker.
Shall a nobleman priz'd for ſuch rare condeſcenſion,
Who "illuſtrious George Waſhington" happen'd to mention,
And toaſted "King Mob" with the Whigs round their bowls,
At a Miniſter's pleaſure be call'd o'er the coals?
For this mighty offence,—who 'd believe it? his Grace,
Lord Lieutenant ſo late, was diſmiſs'd from his place †:
And his regiment, the beſt that the realm ever had,
Their brave Colonel have loſt—I may call him their dad:
Since, nurs'd up by his Grace's attentions paternal,
Ev'ry man he commanded took after his Col'nel,

* The other inſtance was that of a Noble Relation of his, who, at a public convivial meeting, had indiſcreetly let drop a few imprudent words, but which, when he became more *cool*, he was extremely ſorry to have uttered: and it was well known that the Noble Duke, in the hours of feſtivity and ſocial mirth, was extremely *affable*, and perhaps occaſionally unguarded in his expreſſions.—*Courier*.

† For this mighty offence his Majeſty's Miniſters immediately removed the Noble Duke from the Lord Lieutenancy of the county. Miniſters did more, and which greatly hurt his Noble Relation's feelings, they deprived him of his command of a regiment of militia, the beſt militia regiment in the whole kingdom, which, by his uncommon attention, the Noble Duke had made them, and was conſidered by them as a father.

Who transform'd to a hero each flincher and coward,
And would teach him to drink, ay, and fight like a Howard.
These, my Lords, you muſt grant, are tyrannical dealings,
They have wounded my Moſt Noble Relative's feelings;
Their authors to brand I can ſcarce find expreſſions:
(Our late Miniſters, mark me, I mean, not our freſh ones.)
On this ſubject I fain would have ſaid a great deal*,
But pray let me—ſo much for my country I feel
In each artery, tendon, pulſe, muſcle, and nerve,
For ſome future debate my finale reſerve!
For, my Lords, when an orator's brain's in confuſion,
His feelings oft ſave him a ſcurvy concluſion:
You're too candid, I'm ſure, to regard as a trick
This parade of my feelings, when juſt in the nick
They're ſo well introduc'd to enſure the ſalvation
Of the drums of your ears from a hum-drum oration,
And from liſt'ning to vapid effuſions exempt ye,
Of a heart that is full, and a head that is empty.

June 29.

THE HANDBILL OF A GARDENER IN MASQUERADE.

SYLVESTER Horticol, gardener, informs the nobility and gentry, that he is provided with a large aſſortment of native and exotic ſeeds and plants, which he will ſell at the moſt reduced prices. He begs leave particularly to recommend the following, as well worth the attention of his friends and the public:

A new ſpecies of laurel, from Egypt, very rare, but, it is hoped, will flouriſh in our climate: the original plant grows on the tomb of the brave Abercromby. The laurus Alexandria, a beautiful variation of the above, is ſhortly expected.

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* He would add, the Earl ſaid, a few more obſervations; but, after pauſing a moment or two, he clapped his hands to his breaſt, and ſaid, he felt ſo much for his country, and was ſo much overcome by his feelings, that he could proceed no farther.—*Courier*, *June* 20, 1801. N. B.

N. B. The common Britiſh laurel has been found of late to require the *ſea air* to bring it to perfection.

No Portugal laurels are expected this year.

The true Britiſh oak, a hardy plant, that braves all climates.

The poetic bay, a plant very difficult to rear in theſe times.

A great variety of curious medlars.

Alſo a large collection of flowers and flowering ſhrubs, among which are the following: the maiden bluſh roſe; the roſe without a thorn—both very ſcarce; the ſenſitive plant, the ice plant, heart's eaſe, love lies a bleeding, touch me not, Venus's looking-glaſs, ladies' ſmock, London pride, none ſo pretty, two faces under a hood, bachelors' buttons, the bella donna lily, the cuckoo flower, flos Adonis, Narciſſus, the horned poppy, and a great variety of cockſcombs and painted ladies, which will be ſold cheap, as the market is overſtocked with them.

N. B. Mr. Horticol is an adept in the ſexual ſyſtem of Linnæus, and gives leſſons to young ladies on the loves of the plants, and all the occult myſteries of botany, without wounding the moſt ſcrupulous delicacy.

IMPROMPTU ON READING A CRIM. CON. TRIAL,

HON. MR. W——M *v.* LORD W——BE.

ONE Madan, thinking man with more could do
Than one good wife, propos'd his having two;
But W———m thought, as Fl——ce envoy, he
Might be excluſively indulg'd with three *!

Cheltenham, June 1. SNUG.

* Vide Trial.

A NEW DÆMON.

[From the Oracle and Daily Advertiſer.]

MR. EDITOR,

METHINKS I ſee your cheeks turn pale, lips quiver, and hands tremble at viewing the ſignature of your preſent correſpondent; but diſmiſs your fears; I mean you no injury, and, though a dæmon, will to you prove perfectly harmleſs. Foote, your Engliſh Ariſtophanes, has, in one of his moſt admired farces, given a tolerably accurate account of our family; though how he came to paſs me over in his liſt, is, I own, *deviliſh* odd, and only to be accounted for by reflecting that in his time I had not attained that enviable ſtate of pre-eminence over all my brother dæmons which I have at preſent acquired: for know, Mr. Editor, I am no leſs a perſonage than the *Dæmon of Crim. Con.!* 'T was I dictated the letters of a Noble Duke when he was all alone by himſelf at ſea. I contrived the bathing exhibition of a certain Baronet, not far from the Iſle of Wight. I conducted a recent affair in Dorſetſhire, and wrote thoſe tender epiſtles which were attributed to a Noble Marquis; and, in ſhort, have inſtigated all the faſhionable infidelities with which your columns have ſo frequently been filled. Nor is my influence wholly confined to the gay world. All ranks, all degrees, from the peer to the butler, confeſs my ſway; though, to own the truth, I am ſo particularly attached to *ton*, that, ſhould my practice in the lower ſphere increaſe, I have ſome thought of appointing a deputy. There are certain ſigns which are infallible omens of my ſucceſs. When a battered man of faſhion marries a young wife, I make my approaches about a month after the ceremony. When a huſband ſpends his evenings regularly out three times a-week, I whiſper in the lady's ear, "Such charms ought not to be neglected!" When a

daſhing

daſhing married man, to comply with the mode, keeps a miſtreſs, his lady, under my influence, begins to think of revenge. When I obſerve a wife who has the whip-hand of her huſband, or, in other words, ſports a curricle, I invariably ſet her down as my own. And to gaming I am ſo eſſentially indebted, that it would be the height of ingratitude to refuſe my warmeſt acknowledgments to Faro and all his hoſt.

You may, perhaps, think it ſtrange, when I inform you, it was I that ſet the prying cobler to watch; and that all the peeping, curious, inquiſitive Abigails act under my immediate direction; but your ſurpriſe will ceaſe when you reflect that we dæmons, after our purpoſes are anſwered, feel inexpreſſible pleaſure in leaving our votaries in the lurch! Being engaged in a ſervice of particular importance, but which I am at preſent unable to diſcloſe, I muſt now bid you farewell; though I cannot conclude without confeſſing the dread I entertain of the exertions of your Lord Chief Juſtice, who, I fear, will annihilate me; and whoſe penetration, ſagacity, and diſcernment, are too much even for *Pandæmonium*.

A DÆMON.

June 29.

A PHILOSOPHICAL APOLOGY FOR THE LADIES.

AN ODE—ADDRESSED TO LORD KENYON.

[From the Courier.]

Rufficus eſt nimium quem lædit adultera conjux—
Et notos mores non ſatis urbis habet.
Si ſapis, indulge dominæ, vultuſque ſeveros
Exue: nec rigidi jura tuere viri:
Et cole quos dederit (multos dabit) uxor amicos,
Gratia ſic minimo magna labore venit.

OVID. AMORUM L. iii. El. 4.

WHEN ſine emotions keenly touch
Your moral ſenſe, you cry "Too much!
My ſeat is ſtuck with thorns;"

CRIM. CON. bursts through connubial bands;
Oh for Briareus' hundred hands,
To weed these hydra horns!

Ah! Kenyon, let Minerva's lyre
Attune thy passions, sooth thine ire,
Thy ardent genius rule;
If plants and flow'rs, with sexual charms,
Fondly entwine their sentient arms,
Can flesh and blood be cool?

With philosophic Darwin * soar,
And De la Croix † read o'er and o'er,
Give Noy's ‡ sage maxims rest;
Shot from the Muse, a ray divine,
O'er the King's Bench again may shine,
And fire your classic breast.

Each fragrant plant, and blooming flow'r,
In am'rous bliss enjoy the hour,
And various pleasures taste:
So beauties sport away frail life,
And scorn the dull domestic wife,
Unpolish'd, dull, and chaste.

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* Sweet blooms Genesta in the myrtle shade,
And ten fond brothers woo the haughty maid:
Media's soft charms five suppliant beaux confess,
And hand in hand the laughing belle address;
Alike to all, she bows with wanton air,
Rolls her dark eye, and waves her golden hair.
The freckled Iris owns a fiercer flame,
And three unjealous husbands wed the dame.
Loves of the Plants, p. 45.

† Nunc florum sexus quæ monstrent signa docebo,
Forsitan hæc frater, tibi sunt placitura legenti:
Servat ubique suum constans natura tenorem,
Omnia quæ prolem generant genus omne virile,
Fæmineum genus, omne suos armantur in usus.
Ergo etiam et plantæ gaudent genitalibus armis,
Et sunt omnigeni totidem genitalia flores.
Connubia Florum, p. 45.

‡ "An elegant and elaborate collection of Latin phrases, sententious proverbs, and law maxims; such as *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; quoted by *one* of our acute and learned Judges as an apophthegm, old as the Classics; perhaps as old as Magna Charta itself."

Botanic

Botanic ſcience charms ſweet Miſs;
She views the flow'rs enraptur'd kiſs,
And rolls a ſparkling eye;
Anther and Piſtil ſhe explains,
And dear delicious knowledge gains—
Mamma ſits ſmiling by.

Ah! Jerry Taylor *, our wiſe age
Would ſtimulate your holy rage,
Your modeſty perplex;
Forbidden fruit on hawthorn blows;
Tulips to bluſhing maids diſcloſe
The dear exciting ſex.

On beauty's brilliancy we gaze,
And flutter round the lambent blaze,
Till Hymen crowns the dame;
Kind Nature's light ſhe then purſues,
The hov'ring lover fondly views,
And ſheds a glow-worm flame †.

Let woman ſpread her charms divine,
In glory riſe, in brightneſs ſhine,
Like lilies of the field;
Who neither toil nor ſpin—but kiſs,
Entwine in aromatic bliſs,
Bow their ſweet heads, and yield.

The fair ones, vers'd in lectur'd lore,
Chymic affinities explore,
By mutual paſſions ſmit;

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* "Virgins muſt contend for a ſingular modeſty; whoſe firſt part muſt be, an ignorance in the diſtinction of ſexes."—Jeremiah Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, p. 73.

† "The glow-worm is a female; and the male is a beetle, furniſhed with four wings. A ſpecies of phoſphorus, emitted from the body of the female, excites the attention of the male, who inſtantly darts down on her."—Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.

"How charmingly do theſe little amorous Heros and Leanders animate and illumine our hedges! Probably the Grecian fable was founded on the loves of thoſe animals."—Note from Bryant's Mythology.

Liquids,

Liquids, they ſee, each other fly,
If more attractive ſweets are nigh *,
And their firſt nuptials quit.

Then why impede the ſoft careſs?
Cry "Vive l'amour, & la jeuneſſe,"
Wing Cupid's vivid darts;
By Nature's law, the roving ſpouſe
Breaks her firſt tie, and maiden vows,
To join congenial hearts.

Let frolic truths your ſoul inſpire,
And glow with old Anacreon's fire,
To ſing theſe brilliant days;
When dear enchanting women rove
In the free Cyprian robes of love,
And ſcorn connubial ſtays.

Ye looſe-zon'd brides, ſo kind and gay,
Down pleaſure's path delighted ſtray,
While youth freſh roſes flings;
When envious time blaſts ev'ry grace,
Let cards ſupply the lover's place,
And ſhuffle knaves and kings.

Pellucid lawns around you flow,
As at the panting dance you glow,
Or with Curcuma † roam,
Where ſyren ſongs ſoft boſoms win;
—But charity, that covers ſin,
Veils the voluptuous dome.

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* "Lavender-water conſiſts of the oil of lavender diſſolved in ſpirits of wine: into a glaſs of water, drop a few drops of lavender-water; the ſpirits of wine will quit the oil, in order to unite themſelves with the water, and the oil being lighter than water will flow upon its ſurface. In both theſe caſes the ſpirits of wine are ſaid to have a greater affinity with water, than with camphor, or oil of lavender.—Watſon's Chemiſtry, vol. i. page 231.

† "Woo'd with long care, Curcuma, cold and ſhy,
Meets her fond huſband with averted eye;
Four beardleſs youths th' obdurate beauty move,
With ſoft attractions of Platonic love:
With vain deſires the penſive matron burns,
And like ſad Eloiſa loves and mourns."

Loves of the Plants, p. 69.

Dear

Dear Kenyon, move a moral bill,
Founded on woman's claims—free will,
That ſympathetic dames
On genial rites their thoughts may turn,
And throbbing hearts no longer mourn,
But melt in mutual flames.

Good David Hume, and ſage Fontaine *,
Philoſophize ideal pain,
And balm a cuckold's ſmart;
As bounteous wives beſtow a bliſs
The fondeſt ſpouſe can never miſs,
Why ſhould it grieve his heart?

Thus Sparta roſe on reaſon's plan;
No jealous freaks chagrin'd the man,
No ſpouſe gallants could ſue;
Our barb'rous code, mild Lloyd, refine,
Though you a Rhadamanthus ſhine,
Revive Lycurgus † too.

LADY FOLLY'S ROUT AND MASQUERADE.

WERE laſt night diſtinguiſhed by an aſſemblage of company, the moſt ſplendid that has this year been brought together at any faſhionable rendezvous at the court end of the town.

The lady of the houſe preſided with admirable ſpirit and addreſs over the amuſements of the evening. Her dreſs was prettily fantaſtic, and charmingly tranſ-

* Inſtances of licenſe daily multiplying, will weaken the ſcandal with one ſex, and teach the other, by degrees, to adopt the famous maxim of La Fontaine, with regard to female infidelity: "Quand on le ſçait, c'eſt peu de choſe: quand on l'ignore, ce n'eſt rien."—Hume's Eſſays, vol. i. p. 230.

† "When he had thus eſtabliſhed a proper regard to modeſty and decorum with reſpect to marriage, he was equally ſtudious to drive from that ſtate the vain and womaniſh paſſion of jealouſy, by making it quite as reputable to have children in common with perſons of merit, as to avoid all offenſive freedom in their own behaviour to their wives."—Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

parent

parent and looſe. There was a freedom and a gaiety, ſomewhat between artleſſneſs and affectation, in her manners, which encouraged the unbounded good-humour of her gueſts. Though not in a maſk, ſhe aſſumed, at times, the action of many different characters. Every gay eccentricity of dreſs, every enlivening boldneſs and ambiguity of language, every fantaſtic levity of movement, every free convivial indulgence, met her approving ſmile.

Among the maſks, there was none more diſtinguiſhed than the Hon. Mrs. Faſhion. She aſſumed, ſucceſſively, in the courſe of the evening, a variety of characters. She was now a daſhing young woman of quality, juſt accoutred for a morning ride in Hyde Park; now a dowager, fat, fair, and forty, opening her rout, or betting deep at the gaming-table; now a milliner exhibiting new dreſſes to a mob of pretty women; and now, in the very guiſe of Signora Vinci, with beau Peers ſimpering round her, and contending to ſhare her ſmiles. She aſſumed, in the latter part of the evening, the dreſs of a beauiſh horſe-jockey.—Some ſaid ſhe looked in this dreſs, not unlike to Sir H— V— T——. Others thought her appearance more like to that of Mr. B—r D——rs. The beſt judges, however, declared her to reſemble neither the one nor the other. In frolic, ſhe put on for a moment, the dreſs and aſpect of his Grace of Piccadilly; but ſhe no ſooner ſhewed herſelf in them, than the company affirmed, with one voice, they did not ſuit her. So ſhe retired, and changed them for the guiſe of a young ſoldier of rank, juſt arrived from Egypt, with a patch on his cheek, and his arm in a ſling.

Vice ſat for a while, as a gambler, at the firſt card-table. She concealed cards from time to time in her ſleeve; overlooked her companion's game; betted with unexampled boldneſs; writhed her features, and

muttered curſes as ſhe loſt: then, after loſing all her ready money, and ſtaking her credit as far as it would go, threw down her cards in a rage, and flung away, to put on the guiſe of ſome different character. She returned in the guiſe of Wantonneſs, and caſt looks of eager allurement eſpecially on all the married-men in the room. At laſt ſhe was ſuddenly miſſed. And one ſaid this Marquis, another ſaid that Viſcount, and a third ſaid a little goatiſh Baronet had been ſeen to go off with her.

Miſs Scandal's preſence greatly enlivened the party. She wore a train fantaſtically made of newſpapers freſh from the preſs. She was diſtinguiſhed by a rare volubility of ſpeech. She ſometimes tripped about from table to table, and whiſpered ſomething into every ear, as ſhe paſſed on. Sometimes ſhe ſpoke loudly and openly, with a wit which gave a charm to malignity, in abuſe of the perſons ſhe wiſhed to defame.

Affectation was there, in a dreſs in which the moſt remarkable novelties of the faſhions of Paris and London were fantaſtically united. From her feathers to her toe, there was not about her an article of dreſs, an attitude or feature, but with powerful expreſſion beſpoke her character.

Divorce came in, out of humour, and complained, that, in ſpite of all the pains of her gay mother, Crim. Con. ſhe was hooted away in diſgrace from courts both ſpiritual and temporal, nor in either Houſe of Parliament could find other than a moſt ungracious reception.

Oracle, June 19.

LAW v. JEKYLL.

[From the True Briton.]

JOE Jekyll has plenty of wit cut and dried;
Now he pertly diſplays it, now lays it aſide:

Like

Like the ale-wife's new cap that ſhe bought at the fair,
'T is too fine to be ſullied with ev'ry day's wear.
This ſame holyday wit, which oft ſparkles and blazes,
With his periwig oft'ner lock'd up in a caſe is;
And there, as no holyday 't was and no high day,
This great lawyer unluckily left it on Friday *:
So his cronies concluded, when little Joe Jekyll
Rav'd of ſcriptural haſhes, and prophet Ezekiel †;
But when "Maidſtone" eſcap'd him, whate'er ſuccedaneum
For wit he might boaſt, there was none in his cranium:
Yet, though wit he ſhew'd none, 't was a compliment kind
To his friends of the Shakſpeare to put us in mind
Of the ſcene where they took ſo much pains, upon oath,
To prove themſelves traitors, or blockheads, or both.
Then he chatter'd away, ſpite of reaſon and rules,
About miniſters' guilt, ay, and miniſters' tools—
"But ſoft," cried Sir Edward ‡: "a truce with your
ſcandal!
Prigs prate about tools they 're unable to handle:
If you take us for tools, I would have you to know
You ſhall ſerve us, at leaſt, for a whetſtone, friend
Joe §!"
Then he took him in hand, and with ſarcaſm and gibe,
In abundance regal'd little Joe and his tribe,

---

* Friday, June the 5th, when the Houſe of Commons were diſcuſſing the Indemnity bill a ſecond time.

† "The Report was a haſh made up of quotations from the prophet Ezekiel, &c."—Mr. Jekyll's ſpeech.

‡ Sir Edward Law, the Attorney General, who did not fail properly to employ the opportunity Mr. Jekyll gave him (by adverting to the Maidſtone trials), in beſtowing a plentiful flagellation upon that learned lawyer, as well as on his coadjutors, the other illuſtrious friends and ſworn advocates of the traitor O'Connor.

§ Mr. Jekyll may juſtly take for his motto, "*Fungar vice cotis*," ſince, like Shakſpeare's bulky knight, he is "not only witty in himſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men;" but if the compariſon of Mr. Jekyll with Sir John Falſtaff himſelf appear ſomewhat prepoſterous, we may, perhaps, with leſs impropriety, take for our diminutive counſellor's counterpart, Sir John Falſtaff's page, of whom he ſays, "I do here walk before thee like a ſow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. —2 Henry IV. A. 1. S. 2.

Till "*Obe! jam ſatis!*" they cried; but no leſs
Could he do than treat Joſeph with Benjamin's meſs.
Though of moſt kinds of tools you may venture to ſpeak ill,
Have a care how you meddle with edge tools, Joe Jekyll!
And perhaps, after all, you had better diſpoſe
Of ſtale wit and invective, like lots of old clothes,
If an Hebrew exiſts who will give you a ſhekel *
Of ſilver for all the bon mots of Joe Jekyll.

June 10.

BON MOT OF THE BAR.

MR. Erſkine, being indiſpoſed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll "that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—"I 'll give you an infallible ſpecific," replied the humorous Barriſter. "Get made *Attorney General*, my friend, and then you 'll have no *bowels* at all!"

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Tierney, "Folks ſay (I don't vouch it is true)
That Pitt is a juggler, and Addington too †:
But ſhould rumour myſelf and my colleagues arraign
For politic juggle and legerdemain,
I can ſwear with ſafe conſcience, not one of our ſet
Mankind ever took for a conjurer yet.

June 16.

* The worth of a ſilver ſhekel is as two ſhillings and three pence three farthings; which, though it exceeds the price of Joe Miller's Jeſts by the ſum of three pence three farthings, may be thought, by certain perſons, to fall ſhort of the preciſe worth of Joe Jekyll's; they will therefore be pleaſed to correct this eſtimate by the addition of two-pence farthing, and this, it is hoped, will be regarded as an unexceptionable admiſſion, as, by analogous reaſoning, it attributes half a crown's worth of wit to every Member of the Houſe.

† See Mr. Tierney's ſpeech on the Indemnity Bill, May 27, 1801.

THE QUERIST.

"LET Miniſters anſwer me queſtions a pair *,"
Cried Ty——tt, "and then I ſhall judge what they are."
But of Ty——tt himſelf, when he's brought to the teſt,
If a judgment you'd form, all inquiry's a jeſt:
Hear that Orator ſpeak; you'll no queſtion propound;
For that veſſels are empty, we judge *by the ſound.*

IMPROMPTU.

R——N, with wondrous *length of ears,*
Strange faculty! e'en *ſilence*-hears,
When ſtirring there's no mouſe;
But if he does, this truth is clear,
That *ſilence* he can never *hear*
While J——s is in the Houſe.

MUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUE BRITON.

SIR,

AMBITIOUS of being ranked among the paraphraſts of thoſe memorable Orations delivered by Mr. Jones, I beg a corner of your excellent paper for the following Verſification of his invaluable ſpeech on Mr. Yorke's motion, the 8th of June 1801, for the eſtabliſhment of a military College; hoping, that through ſuch a medium I may recommend myſelf to him, in the event of a vacancy, as *Poet Lauret* to that

* "I wiſh to know when the laſt adminiſtration ended, and when the preſent began; and this, becauſe I ſhall not be able to form a judgment of the adminiſtration of the Right Hon. Gentleman, unleſs he gives the Houſe that ſtatement."—Speech of Mr. T. T. Jones, on the motion for a vote of credit, Houſe of Commons, June 10, 1801.

moſt potent deſpot, the *Majeſty of the People*, in the performance of which duty few will be found more aſſiduous than

CHRISTOPHER CRAMBO.

THIS policy which emulates
The plans of continental ſtates,
And bids us copy what is right,
That we with greater ſkill may fight,
I cannot paſs without diſſent,
Or I, for once, might ſeem content;
So jealous am I of all meaſures
Intended to exhauſt our treaſures,
In adding ſtrength to Britain's hoſt,
Leſt France ſhould be undone and loſt:
Beſides, I hate a German plan,
And all the Pruſſians to a man.
If Miniſters had a deſign
That I my vote with theirs ſhould join,
They ought t' have roundly, boldly ſaid,
The ſcheme was hatch'd in Gallic head;
For though our troops might *fraternize*,
They 'd poltrons be to *Germanize*.
I now of Mr. Yorke beſeech,
That he, in ev'ry future ſpeech,
Will tell us peace can be procur'd,
And on a baſis firm ſecur'd—
Inſtead of making that event
Depend on Gallia's mild intent;
For this will ſerve to criminate
The miniſtry I ſo much hate.
And let me once for all entreat,
That he will not be indiſcreet,
And charge with enmity our foes,
Who wiſh no rancour to diſcloſe;
But, on the contrary, to ſtate
Exceſs of friendſhip from our hate.
If thus reſolv'd, he 'll try to ſooth
Our enemy in language ſmooth;
I will not till ſome future time
Impeach his motion as a crime:

But if 'tis urg'd, I wiſh to fill
A certain corner of the bill,
With clauſe to 'ſtabliſh upon *ſhore*
An inſtitution that may ſtore
Our boys with all they could attain
By ſerving years upon the main.

June 19.

A BRACE OF SIMILES:

OR, A PARLIAMENTARY DIALOGUE BETWEEN RICHARD AND HIS BROTHER THOMAS.

[From the Oracle.]

RICHARD.

IN St. Stephen's fam'd chapel, didſt ever, Tom, ſit?
Where the logical reaſoning and powers of Pitt,
Join'd with Harry's ſolidity, ſound ſenſe, and weight,
Have ſo oft turn'd the ſcale of a well-fought debate;
Where Fox once attended, though now gone aſtray,
Becauſe (what a ſhame!) he can't have his own way;
Where the flaſhes of wit and keen humour of Sherry
Are equally poignant, inſtructive, and merry;
Though I ſcarce keep the gravity due to the place,
When with manners quite careleſs and unconcern'd face,
I hear him in thundering eloquence ſtorm
'Gainſt *extravagant ſpending*, and preach up *reform*;
Where Jekyll, of care and dull ſorrow the killer,
Scorns muſty old records, and quotes from Joe Miller;
And Courtney ne'er ſhines with ſuch merited glory
As when, 'ſtead of a *reaſon*, he brings in a *ſtory*;
Where Aris, for all his miſdeeds and miſchances,
Has ſeverely been trimm'd by the youthful Sir Francis,
Who worſe than young prodigals' bills from their taylors,
Hates bolts, maſſy fetters, deep dungeons, and jailors;
Where Tooke, like a jockey conteſting a heat,
Though puſh'd, croſs'd, and joſtled, yet ſtill keeps his ſeat;
Where Tierney, well ſkill'd in abſtruſe calculation,
Talks of debt, ſinking fund, and the good of the nation;

Where

Where Lawrence weighs words, as a grocer weighs ounces,
And Grey, like a cracker, flies, jumps, skips, and bounces;
Where——

THOMAS.

——Stop, brother Richard, a truce with your clatter;
The place well I know: fewer words and more matter.

RICHARD.

Well, then, Thomas, without further amplification,
I'll directly proceed in straight forward narration:
You must know there are two grave M. P.'s in this House,
Who, like you and I, are not troubled with *nous*.

THOMAS.

Pray who, Dick, are they? I can't guess, let me perish!

RICHARD.

One ne'er opes his mouth but out blunders "El Arisch;"
And *the other* is bless'd with such exquisite ears,
That though all be silent, he still *silence hears*.
Now about these two worthies I 've bother'd my brain,
And at length have produc'd, Tom, of similes twain.
First, they 're like two young hounds, for when one opes his throat,
T'other 's sure to come after with loud babbling note;
And it often occurs, after racket and din,
That the scent they 've mistook, and deserve whipping in.

THOMAS.

Well hit off, brother Richard—the second now tell.

RICHARD.

They resemble two buckets that hang o'er a well.

THOMAS.

You can't expound that, Dick, I'll wager a crown.

RICHARD.

J——s *is sure to get up*, Tom, *when* R——n *sits down*.

THOMAS.

My wager I 've lost, so to Hatchett's let's frisk it,
The crown will just pay for a bottle and biscuit.

July 4.

TRANSLATION

OF A PASSAGE IN HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS, VERSE 223.—BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

WHERE unbrib'd juſtice lifts her even ſcale,
Where native rights and equal law prevail,
All-bounteous Fortune crowns the bliſsful place,
And joy and comfort ſmile on every face:
Prolific Peace ſwarms forth her myriad trains;
With life and motion glow the peopled plains;
The fiends of war great Jove's protecting hand
Forbids to roll their tempeſt o'er the land;
No ſhrieks of woe aſſail the ſtartling ear;
No breath of famine blaſts the blooming year:
O'er the gay ſcene no cloud of ſorrow low'rs;
Convivial joy leads on their circling hours:
Each undulating vale rich harveſts fill,
Flowers deck the mead, trees crown the waving hill;
Oaks from their boughs a ſhower of acorns throw,
Bees hoard their nectar in the trunk below.
Broad flocks that ſpread and whiten o'er the field,
Their fleecy tribute to the ſhepherd yield;
No raviſh'd matrons there, no ſpurious race;
Each ſire reflected in his infant's face:
Bleſs'd in th' abundance of their native ſtores,
No luſt of plunder lures to diſtant ſhores.
For lawleſs ſtates, who ſpurn each rule of right,
Their glory war, and robbery their delight,
All-righteous Jove, whoſe glance nor darkneſs hides,
Nor time, nor place, a vengeance due provides.
Whole nations oft their rulers' ſin atone,
And ſuff'ring millions rue the crimes of one.
Chill penury the ſpoils with ſickneſs ſhares;
And peſtilence but gleans what famine ſpares.
Each orphan parent mourns their children dead,
The race redeem'd by no prolific bed.
By vengeful Jove their armies pin'd and ſlain
In tainted camps or on the enſanguin'd plain:
Towns to one grave ſee yawning earthquakes ſweep,
And navies plunging in the foamy deep!

Dorcheſter Gaol, Jan. 27, 1801.

TO GILBERT WAKEFIELD, ESQ. A. B.

ON HIS LIBERATION FROM PRISON.—BY DOCTOR AIKIN.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

PURE light of learning, ſoul of gen'rous mould,
Ardent in truth's great cauſe, erect and free,
Welcome, O welcome! from thy priſon gloom,
To open air and ſunſhine, to thoſe boons
Which Nature ſheds profuſe, while tyrant man,
"Dreſt in his brief authority," and ſtern
In all the little jealouſy of power,
Reſtricts the bounty of a father's hand,
And ſcants a brother's bliſs.—But now 't is o'er,
And ſocial friendſhip, and domeſtic love,
Shall pour their healing balm; while conſcious worth,
With noble ſcorn, repels the ſland'rous charge
That brands imprudence with the ſtamp of guilt.
Meantime, diſdain not, learned as thou art,
To ſcan this world's great leſſons: high-rais'd hopes
Of juſtice, ſeated on the throne of pow'r,
Of bright Aſtrea's reign reviv'd, and Peace,
With heavenly truth and virtue by her ſide,
Uniting nations in a band of love,
Have faded all to air; and nought remains
But that dire law of force, whoſe iron ſway
The ſons of men, through ev'ry blood-ſtain'd age,
Has rul'd reluctant. When that Sage benign,
The Man of Nazareth, preach'd his gentle law,
And liſtening crowds drank honey from his tongue—
When Mars, Bellona, and the ſavage rout
Of gods impure and vengeful, ſhrunk to ſhades,
And reſcued man ador'd a common Sire;
Who could refrain to hail the bleſſed time
Of ſwords to ſickles turn'd, of gen'ral good
Pour'd in full ſtreams through all the human tribes,
And ſhar'd alike by all? But, ah! how ſoon
The glorious proſpect darken'd! when the croſs
Gleam'd direful, 'mid the hoſt of Conſtantine,
And took the eagle's place—when mitred prieſts
Mimick'd the flamen in his myſtic pomp,

And

And proudly bent around a deſpot's throne;
Then whilſt the name at Antioch firſt rever'd,
Ran conquering through the world, it loſt its ſenſe,
And join'd in monſtrous league with all the crimes
That force, and fraud, and lawleſs luſt of ſway
Inſpir'd to plague mankind. Then Goſpel rules
Were held an empty letter; and the grave
And ſpecious commentator well could prove,
That ſuch an holy, humble, peaceful law
Was never meant for empire. Thus relaps'd,
The human brute reſum'd his native form,
And prey'd again on carnage.
Ceaſe then, my friend, thy gen'rous hopeleſs aim,
Nor to unfeeling folly yield again
Her darling ſight of genius turn'd to ſcorn,
And Virtue pining in the cell of Guilt.
Deſert no more the Muſe; unfold the ſtores
Of fertile Greece and Latium; free each gem
From the dark cruſt that ſhrowds its beauteous beams,
And fair preſent them to th' admiring eye,
Arrang'd in kindred luſtre. Take ſerene
The tranquil bleſſings that thy lot affords,
And in the ſoothing voice of friendſhip drown
The groans, and ſhouts, and triumph of the world.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

ALAS! Britannia's hero ſlain—
Why tuneleſs hangs the lyre?
Alas! for Britain, once again,
Whoſe tears the ſtrain inſpire!
Where Egypt's daughters, wont to ſtray
In ever-ſmiling meads, by ſacred Nilus' ſtreams;
Whence come of arms the dazzling gleams
That on our eyes inceſſant play?
Ah! whence that ſound of warlike deeds
That Nile repeats through all his waving reeds?

Hufh

Hush trembling land! around thy shores
See Gallia pour her warlike host:
And hark! the British thunder roars
In dreadful echo round thy coast.
Great Nelson's conqu'ring arm in vain
With Gallic ruins strews the main;
For Lodi's victors gain the strand,
And rule with iron sway the prostrate land,
Triumphant for a while
O'er the fallen natives of once prouder climes,
In whom no more a tropic sun sublimes
The heart of courage, or the hand of toil.

At distance yet from these the thunder rolls,
Though clouds proclaim a tempest nigh;
Still no mutt'rings shake the poles,
Nor vivid flashes meet the eye!
And yet he comes! and prosp'rous gales
Expand the hero's swelling sails,
And waft to old Canopus' shore
Those oaks that still fair Albion's sons to glory bore;
On those proud heights
That o'er the strand
Control the fate of fights,
Gallia's fierce sons collected stand.
Old Neptune's frugal arm in vain
Had curs'd with shallows here his native reign:
But shallows, nor the hostile strand,
Nor missile wounds, nor death, control
The order of the martial band—
The men who breathe a British soul.
Unmov'd, they haste in dread array,
To wend to that proud shore their way;
Secure, if briny waves a passage yield,
On firmer soil to force the fortune of the field!

See our brave Britons! distant war
No more destroys them unaveng'd:
See! now they mingle, scar for scar,
And, lo! the fate of battle chang'd:
Through sinks of sand they scale the banks
That shelter Gallia's lapsing ranks.

Behold!

Behold! behold! your toil is done,
And with the ſteepy ſhore the day is won.
Again in fierce conteſt they meet,
Again the ſons of France retreat;
Though rich with Britiſh blood the ſoil,
The field, ye brave, is yours, and crowns your toil!
Aboukir falls—away, away!
Still lagging fortune claims a greater day!
In deepeſt ſhades,
Ere yet from high
Fair light the land pervades,
Or glimmers in the ſky,
Onward in ſilence come the foe,
The ſtedfaſt Britons wait below.
Again in dreadful ſhock they join,
Again fierce ſlaughter crimſons ev'ry line.
Now the impetuous ſons of France
On ev'ry ſide in fury rage;
Now the Britons firm advance,
And ſure deſtruction marks each lifted lance,
Where'er the foes engage.
Hark to the echoes round the ſhores!
War, in bloody purple, roars—
Horror her native ſelf aſſumes,
And o'er the combat nods her darkeſt plumes,
Where the Invincibles appear,
Us'd in battles great to guide,
And rule the tempeſt at its rudeſt tide;
Whom Lodi heard—and ſhook with fear.
But fierce as they,
Fell, as gaunt lions view their coming prey,
They meet a band of ancient name,
Long known in days and fields of fame.
Illuſtrious band!
Their country's pride!
The honour of their native land!
Still found where danger ſwells the tide.
Sent from theſe nervous arms, the foe
Feel of reſiſtleſs force the blow.
One common fate was all their fortune gave,
To ſhroud their honours in one common grave.

Worthy

Worthy the Britiſh arm—in duſt they lie,
Who fought for conqueſt—yet perſiſt and die.
Still the furious battle bleeds,
Mix'd are men and foaming ſteeds;
Fierce ſquadrons here the ranks confound,
And gallant Brions yield their breath.
Now all around
The fierce hoofs reſound,
And give the ranks to death.
But ſoon they cloſe,
Soon turn with tenfold fury on their foes!
Then fall, or die, or flee amain,
In fear-wing'd hurry o'er the plain.
The field is ours, huzza! huzza!
For the long honours of this glorious day!

What ſound was that? what ſtrain of woe!
More dread than clarion of th' approaching foe!
Louder and deeper—hark! it tears
With diſmal note our ears!
Alas! he falls in glory's hour!
Intrepid chief, the foremoſt ſtill,
Where the bloody furrows ſwell;
Reſolv'd, the ſoldier's toil he ſhares,
And like a youthful ſoldier dares:
Nor, taught by cooler prudence, ſhuns
The blow that Britain feels through all her ſons!
Alas! he falls in glory's hour!
Heav'n but the envious fate delays,
Till the full harveſt of the hero's praiſe!
Again the ſolemn dirge renew,
With briny drops the hearſe bedew;
Again repeat the ſolemn knell,
The ſound of ſorrow ſuiteth well!
And yet with glory crown'd he fell!
The friend of merit, by his country lov'd,
Honour'd by foes, and by high Heav'n approv'd!
His grateful country, to the hero gone,
Shall raiſe the ſtatue and ſepulchral ſtone;
Where ſpeaking marble ſhall repeat his name,
And living ſculptures trace his deeds to fame;

Around

Around the pile his well-earn'd trophies wave,
And a whole people's ſorrow wet his grave!
This the true mourning for the hero's fall,
Not the parade of pompous funeral.
Yet ſhall theſe honours and his deeds inſpire
In future embryo chiefs the ſoldier's fire;
Their little breaſts the ſacred flame ſhall own,
Shall beat for honour and demand renown.
Yet better omen'd to return,
Where joyful nations hail the finiſh'd war;
While as the trophies glitter from afar,
They throng a triumph—not bedew an urn!
Yet Britain, to her fartheſt times,
Where'er her ſons may war in other climes,
Th' Egyptian hero's name from fate ſhall ſave,
Rank'd with the foremoſt of her great and brave!

Oh! were the lyre by hands more artful ſtrung,
And his great deeds in ſtrains as forceful ſung,
Her lateſt children on the theme might dwell,
And from the favour'd verſe delight to tell,
Where matchleſs courage art and force defied,
And how the Britiſh fought when Abercromby died!
June 26.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

BY HARRIET WALKER.

OH why, Britannia, while thy heart beats high,
And triumph fits exulting in thine eye,
Why does thy breaſt with tender ſadneſs glow?
Why droops that wreath of cypreſs on thy brow?
Why are thy tears on thoſe green laurels ſhed,
Thy hand had twin'd for Abercromby's head?
Why mingled with thy ſighs a Biſſet's name?
So dear to valour—though ſo young in fame!
Ah! in the grief that clouds thy beauteous face,
The vet'ran's greatneſs, and his death I trace.
Greatly he fought—to guard his country's claim,
And by his proweſs gain'd her laſting fame.

Greatly

Greatly he fought—nor felt the fatal wound,
But ſought the conflict moſt where danger frown'd,
Triumph'd and died, the brighteſt, pureſt ſtar,
That ever ſunk beneath the gloom of war.
Sunk, did I raſhly ſay?—'t was then he ſoar'd,
Firſt truly ſeen, and ſeen to be ador'd.
The body languiſh'd—but the ſpirit ſhone,
Emitting beams of greatneſs all its own.
On Vict'ry's laurel'd couch he yields his breath,
And Glory gives him to the arms of Death.
His life the braveſt, beſt example gave,
And tears of gen'ral ſorrow bathe his grave.
But not with his great deeds expir'd the claim
Of Britiſh merit to tranſcendant fame.
Yet Sidney lives—through whoſe aſpiring ſoul
The genuine ſtreams of native courage roll.
Yet Sidney lives—on Honour's boſom rear'd,
To all the brave, and all the good endear'd.
His mild, yet dauntleſs heart, his glorious mind,
The great and gentle virtues have combin'd.
See where he ſtands, on Glory's rapid tide,
His country's fav'rite, and his father's pride;
Around his head the beams of triumph play,
Fill his fine eye, and light the victor's way.
To grace his youthful breaſt, the ſteril North
In wild profuſion put her laurels forth;
And, richly twining round their vig'rous green,
The ſpreading honours of the Eaſt are ſeen.
Then turn, Britannia, thy dejected eyes,
From that lov'd ſpot where Abercromby lies;
With cheerful hope thy darling champion ſee,
Devote his proweſs and his blood to thee:
That hand which rais'd thy ſtandard on the main,
Shall guard that ſtandard on th' Egyptian plain,
Till thy fair face its radiant ſmiles reſume,
And on thy breaſt the peaceful olive bloom.
Ye pow'rs benign! who round the warrior's head
The ſacred veil of kind protection ſpread,
From ev'ry ill Britannia's darling ſave,
Alike the hero of the land and wave.
Oh! may he live till ſilver honours grow
Around thoſe temples where the laurels blow;

And as, when ſoftly dies the ev'ning gale,
The ſweeteſt odours float along the vale;
So may his life expire, and leave at laſt
A train of glory where his ſpirit paſs'd,
To guide ſucceeding youth, like him to feel
The glow of mercy with the patriot's zeal,
In vict'ry's heat to claſp her gentle form,
And hear her whiſpers in the battle's ſtorm.
O Sidney, brave and dear! the Muſes' flame
Has ſoar'd to glory through thy cheriſh'd name;
Thy name alone the humble ſtrain can raiſe,
Thy ſmile will crown it with immortal praiſe.
That land, for wonders fam'd through ages paſt,
Has ſeen her proudeſt glory in the laſt.
Not the vaſt piles Egyptian labour rear'd,
Like Britiſh courage, make her name rever'd.
Long may her Nile upon his billows bear
The names to Egypt as to England dear—
Long may his waves with annual plenty flow,
And ſoon on either land the welcome olive blow!

ON THE SAME OCCASION:

INSCRIBED TO THE NOBLE LADY HIS VIRTUOUS WIDOW.

[Suppoſed by Mr. Capel Loft.]

HOW ſhould a veteran wiſh to die?
Where ſhould his ſcar-worn body lie?
Not upon the pale ſick-bed,
Where weak-limb'd infants droop the head,
Where Apoplexy's temple ſwims,
And coward Palſy lays his limbs,
And aged women yield their breath,
Without a ſtruggle, unto death.
Who in his lifetime liv'd with glory,
He ſhould die, and make a ſtory,
By the foe-man's bloody hands,
Fighting 'mid the armed bands,
Where heaps of ſlain compoſe a pile,
To darken all the land of Nile.

In

In age's honour, conqueſt's pride,
E'en ſo great Abercromby died.
With Afric, Europe joins her groans,
And Malta keeps the hero's bones:
Malta, ſtill famous for the tomb
Of brave Knights ſlain for Chriſtendom.
I will not blame thy human tear,
O Baroneſs of Aboukir!
There is a tear in virtue's eye,
Which pride of titles cannot dry;
Nor ſtatelieſt funeral exequies,
Nor a nation's plaudites;
Nor the tears of Chriſtendom,
Wept upon thy dear Lord's tomb;
Nor thy blood and name augmented
With what the heralds have invented,
Of founding pedigree and ſtate,
To ſoften o'er the wounds of Fate.

C. L.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL KNOX, AND CAPTAIN JEMMET MAINWARING, LOST IN THE BABET IN THE WEST INDIES.

By Henry James Pye, Eſq.

WHEN, 'mid the thunder of th' embattled field,
Their lives in Albion's cauſe her warriors yield,
The never-dying breath of virtuous Fame
To glory conſecrates each patriot name.
But ſhall no wreath of honour crown the brave,
Untimely whelm'd beneath the ſtormy wave?
Shall the firm veteran, who has dauntleſs ſtood
In many a ſcene of carnage and of blood;
Shall the bold youth, who hoſtile coaſts explor'd,
Where louder than the ſurge the battle roar'd;
Cold in the oozy caverns of the deep,
Sung by no muſe, in dark oblivion ſleep?
No!—they ſhall live to Fame, to Friendſhip dear—
Live ſtill in Valour's ſigh, and Beauty's tear.

June 18.

PROPOSED HISTORY OF WEEPING.

[From the Lady's Monthly Museum.]

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG all the subjects which philosophers and moralists have handled with so much discussion and improvement, I cannot find that there exists any essay or treatise on *weeping* or *tears*. My researches, however, on this subject have been very extensive; and I flatter myself that I have at length executed a work which will be of infinite importance to the present and to future generations. Yet knowing the many impediments literature has to struggle against from the price of paper and printing, I have very seriously weighed the consequences of embarking my fortune upon so vast an undertaking; and, by way of some probable security, I have deemed it most prudent to publish the work by subscription. Of the Prospectus, therefore, I enclose a copy, and hope you will favour me with a speedy insertion. I am, Sir, yours,

July 1801. THE AUTHOR.

PROSPECTUS

OF A HISTORY OF WEEPING,

From the Creation of EVE *to the present Time:*

Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate EYE of some ladies of the first distinction, who have made WEEPING their particular study; and illustrated with notes, annotations, and commentaries, by the most eminent hands.

The whole to be comprised in TEN VOLUMES FOLIO, or the *overplus*, if there should be any, given *gratis* to subscribers.

CONTENTS.

Vol. 1. Origin and antiquity of tears; state of tears before the flood.

Vol.

Vol. 2. Progreſs of weeping among the moſt ancient nations; origin of whimpering; with a diſſertation on the boarding-ſchools of the ancients.

Vol. 3. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notes of eminent blubberers. State of diſcipline, and progreſs of tears under the whip; diſſertation on the ſlave trade.

Vol. 4. Great Britain; arithmetical diſcuſſion of crying accounts, progreſs of tears in families, with a digreſſion on the metamorphoſis of "grey mares" into "better horſes."

Vol. 5. Hiſtory of coaches and carriages; how increaſed by crying; origin of fits and hyſterics; perſpective view of Long Acre.

Vol. 6. Riſe of white handkerchiefs, with an hiſtorical view of the Britiſh ſtage; calculation of the depth of tears ſhed at a tragedy; plan of a tragedy, with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

Vol. 7. On the uſe of onions at funerals; diſſertation on widows; exact meaſurement of a flood of tears.

Vol. 8. On the various cauſes of weeping; ingenuity of thoſe who weep without any cauſe; medical diſſertation on crying; encouragement of the Britiſh Senate to the importation of Hollands.

Vol. 9. On the crying ſins of the nation; effect of tears upon the works of Nature; poetical deluges; how far canals may be ſwelled by tears; true relation of a farmer's daughter who drove a mill while in love.

Vol. 10. On novel-writing; on tears divided into genera and ſpecies; ſalt tears, bitter tears, ſweet tears, weet-bitter tears; ſalt-delicious tears, tears half-delicious, half-agonizing, and other varieties, manufactured and diſtilled in the writings of the ne philoſophers. On ſentimental torrents, cataracts of ſenſibility, and water-falls of fine feeling. Concluſion.

The whole to be embelliſhed by engravings (by the firſt artiſts) of black eyes, blue eyes, and hazel eyes, in all the ſtages of crying, from the *gliſten* to the *ſob*. Portraits of eminent criers, from the originals in *water-colours*; views of noted *whimperers* in *diſtemper*; ground plans of *teaſing* ſchemes, with diſtant *proſpects* of *ſets* of *china*, *diamond necklaces*, and new *carriages*, &c. &c.

The price to ſubſcribers will be three guineas each volume; to non-ſubſcribers, four. A few copies will be printed on a ſuperfine *magna charta*, wire-wove and hot-preſſed, with proof impreſſions of the plates, priee ſix guineas each, and which, when bound *corio Mauritanico, foliis deauratis, lineis rubris, elegantiſſimè compact. per Kalthoeber*, will form one of the moſt ſplendid books ever preſented to the *eye*.

LACRYMANT REX ET REGINA.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. i. p. 567, octavo edition, I find the following ſentiment:

"Talking of marriage in general, he (Dr. Johnſon) obſerved—Our marriage ſervice is too refined. It is calculated only for the beſt kind of marriages; whereas we ſhould have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many."

If there were many matches of convenience, Mr. Editor, at the time this was ſpoken (1769), it will not be denied that there are at leaſt as many now, and that I am not guilty of impertinent obtruſion in offering this ſentiment to the conſideration of your readers, ſince it is a matter either of faſhion or neceſſity to ſubject crim. con. to every ſpecies of diſcuſſion. I am ſorry, however, that in the curious work from which the above is taken,

taken, I cannot find more to the ſame purpoſe. The ſentiments of ſuch a man as Dr. Johnſon would have been highly valuable, but he has left the propoſal for reforming our marriage ſervice in the ſimple form of a ſuggeſtion in general terms. I ſhould have liked to know in what way a liturgy for matches of convenience could have been drawn up. Undoubtedly that muſt have conſtituted its chief merit, which is ſo often mentioned as the opprobrium of many acts of Parliament, their being looſely worded.

Our anceſtors appear to have thought little of poſterity when they fixed matrimony as a buſineſs for life, and in ſuch ages of barbarity perhaps we are not to wonder that they made no allowance for matches of convenience, nor were able to foreſee the poſſibility of ſuch caſes. Whether the learned Doctor, whoſe words I have quoted, would have propoſed that matrimony ſhould become of a temporary tenure, a ſhort leaſe, or a ſpecies of tenantry at will, I am not able to decide; but it is not unfair to ſuppoſe that he entertained ſome notion of that kind, and it is not difficult to conceive, that a form of agreement for a ſhort term may be as eaſy to draw up as for a long; but our preſent ſervice binds all alike; and from the vaſt change that has taken place in our more liberal ideas on this ſubject, the words "love, comfort, honour, and keep her in ſickneſs and in health, &c. obey, ſerve, &c. &c." are become myſteries, or ſo obſolete as to be unintelligible, and we ſubſcribe them as the clergy are taught to ſubſcribe the thirty-nine articles—not as articles of belief, but of peace, becauſe the church enjoins them in that character.

And now I have mentioned the thirty-nine articles, I am not quite ſure that laxity in the one inſtance may not have induced it in the other. Moſt of our eminent dignitaries, from Paley to Prettyman, allow that the articles are to be ſubſcribed only as articles of peace,

peace, but not to be underſtood, believed, or preached —and I am afraid, Sir, that many gentlemen when ordained to be huſbands, conſider the ſubſcription to the regiſter merely as a compliance with an injunction which has no neceſſary connexion with the vows that preceded; and if obligations ſo ſacred as theſe are to be entered upon in this way, I cannot help being of opinion that there would be juſt as good a ſecurity for the performance of the duties of the huſband and the paſtor, if they were to ſubſcribe Cocker's Arithmetic, or the London Directory.

But leaving this ſubject to thoſe whom it may more immediately concern, let us advert to the poſture of affairs at the concluſion of the firſt ſeſſion of the Imperial Parliament. Expectations were held out, that renewed diſcuſſions on crim. con. would introduce new laws, and that what was planned in the preceding ſeſſion would be finiſhed in this. But theſe expectations have been miſerably diſappointed, and it is utterly impoſſible to conjecture why. That one ſeſſions ſhould be allowed to elapſe, was highly proper, that men might have time to turn the ſubject in their minds; and it might be equally proper to wait for the arrival of the Iriſh members, who were ſuppoſed capable of throwing ſome light on the ſubject; but why further delay? A preſſure of more important buſineſs cannot well be pleaded in excuſe: for what buſineſs can be more important than that in which all are concerned, either in fact or in proſpect? Nor will it be ſaid, I hope, that the buſineſs of the Committee on Scarcity took up too much time, for we have it upon the authority of a noble Marquis, perfectly competent to judge, that an attention to the price of wheat is not incompatible with the purſuit of an intrigue, and that, while he was bargaining for the honour of a huſband, he had not forgot what paſſed at Reading market. It is a great miſtake, that a man cannot attend to more objects

objects than one at a time. Blockheads perhaps cannot, but to men of ingenuity it is eaſy. Hence we ſee that an invaſion of ſocial order does not interfere with the duties of religion, and that ſome men can extend their piety ſo far as even to compoſe a litany for crim. con. and turn a lover's perſuaſions into collects.

Remiſs, however, as our legiſlators have been on this ſubject, I yet hope that we may be able to repeat the adage, "What is delayed is not loſt." A vaſt maſs of experience and evidence of facts has been contributed by the voluntary zeal of ſundry parties who allowed none of the uſual ſcruples of pride, character, family, &c. to interfere with the more imperious duty of giving every information to the public on a ſubject of ſuch general importance. When crim. con. was firſt debated, there were many differences of opinion, which will probably be now decided. It was, in particular, queſtioned how far public licentiouſneſs might go, and that, I humbly apprehend, is pretty nearly determined. If it be not, it is not the fault of thoſe who have lately ſtated their caſes in the courts of law, and who, to do them juſtice, ſeem to be above all the ſubterfuges of concealment, and have, with aſtoniſhing ingenuity, united the ſimplicity of candour with the exceſs of profligacy. If our legiſlators cannot from ſuch facts, added to their own experience, form a maſs of knowledge ſufficient to ground new laws upon, I know not where they can obtain clearer lights.

I obſerve it has lately been diſcovered (to uſe the newſpaper phraſe) that crim. con. is travelling from the parlour to the butler's room, and the kitchen, &c. and this ſome affect to conſider with a degree of ſurpriſe. Why we ought to wonder at this, is itſelf a wonder. I grant that people of faſhion, by adopting crim. con. into the liſt of their faſhionable amuſements, may have given it a certain eclat; or probably, as they ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, may have refined it from the vulgar, and dignified it by high example in high places. But this promotion, Mr. Editor, like other promotions, does not alter the nature of the thing. Are we to be told that education is neceſſary for crim. con. that no man can make a cuckold who cannot read Ovid in the original; that it is neceſſary to have been brought up at the Univerſities, and to have received a degree, before a man can prefer his friend's wife to his own? The union of gallantry with learning had better not be attempted, if it reſts for proof upon certain epiſtolary correſpondence. I know few butlers, and not many footmen, who cannot ſay their prayers, and remember the price of wheat. What then is there to exclude poor ſervants from imitating their maſters? Is a certain rank in life neceſſary? One would almoſt ſuppoſe ſo from obſerving, that upon a compariſon of crim. con. with the table of precedency in Blackſtone, the former ſeems to move in an aſcending ſeries. But even this, I truſt, will not be uſed as an argument, unleſs indeed men of rank are determined to keep all kinds of wickedneſs to themſelves, by way of demonſtrating to the world the bleſſings which may be derived from the privileged orders. I do not ſay they have demonſtrated this, but every true Jacobin muſt admire the induſtry with which they carry on the proceſs.

But while ſome affect to wonder at crim. con. among the lower claſſes, others take comfort from it; they think it will bring it into diſgrace, and that it will go out of faſhion like caſt-off clothes. This I very much queſtion. We ſtill hear of duels, and yet ſhopkeepers and apothecaries have fought duels. The boys in the ſtreets gamble for nuts and oranges, and yet we hear of pharo banks and E O tables. Chimney-ſweepers and butchers' boys run their aſſes againſt each other, and yet the glories of Newmarket and Aſcot are not eclipſed. The fear of ridicule has much abated of

late

late years. Ridicule indeed is so incorporated with self-love, that, "strange, unnatural, and uncouth" as the connexion may be, there are many who had rather be laughed at than not noticed. And then consider, Mr. Editor, if a man fears neither the censure of a Kenyon, the eloquence of an Erskine, or the indignant verdict of a jury, how can we expect that he will be affected by the gallantry of his footman, or the frailty of his kitchen-maid? As to what has been said of the conduct of even the wives of taylors, it only proves, if it proves any thing, that no part of mankind is safe in these wicked times.

I have other thoughts to suggest on this subject during the vacation; but I have extended the present letter to a sufficient length. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Doctors Commons, July 10, 1801. A CIVILIAN.

HORNS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE expected, with the greatest impatience, a second dissertation upon crim. con. from your learned correspondent in Doctors Commons. The Civilian certainly displays no common share of wit, penetration, and research; and were there any prospect of his again coming forward, I certainly should not have obtruded myself upon your notice. But I fear he thinks himself degraded by writing upon a topic so familiar.—Turning aside from the law of families, he is probably preparing a treatise upon the contraband trade between nations. If he thinks this species of illicit commerce a more dignified subject for his pen, his views of dignity are surely erroneous. That writer deserves most respect whose writings are most useful to mankind; and does

does not the illegal intercourſe to which the Civilian lately turned his attention, prevail much more univerſally than the other? are not its conſequences more fatal, and is it not far more difficult to check it? There is here, to be ſure, no diſpute concerning what ſhall conſtitute *contraband;* but all is obſcurity, doubt, and contradiction, when we come to conſider the moſt proper means to put a ſtop to it, and the puniſhment to be inflicted upon thoſe found guilty of carrying it on. Could his talents, then, have been more worthily employed than in elucidating a ſubject ſo important and intereſting, a ſubject which comes *home* to us all?

Conſidering it then the duty of every one to exert himſelf to the utmoſt to bring about this devoutly to be wiſhed for conſummation, even I am tempted to trouble you. One recommendation, however, as a champion in this holy warfare, I ought to inform you I poſſeſs:—I am *experienced,* I ſpeak of things *quorum magna pars fui.* You do not ſuppoſe, Sir, that I announce myſelf as celebrated in the annals of gallantry. Alas! all my experience I have acquired as a *patient. Haud ignara mali*; I was ſeparated from my firſt wife by act of Parliament, and though I have no legal proof of the infidelity of my preſent, it has been long whiſpered in the gay world that the horns which I ſhed when *Soit fait comme il eſt deſiré* was pronounced over my divorce bill, have been ſince replaced by others ſtill more luxuriantly branching.

Now, Sir, it has often puzzled me (and till this preliminary doubt is ſolved it is impoſſible for me to proceed to the more ſublime parts of the ſubject); I have never, I ſay, been able to conjecture why theſe ideal ornaments have been ſuppoſed to deck the forehead of myſelf and my unfortunate brethren. When I have ſtated my doubts and my difficulties, ſome more enlightened correſpondent may mercifully point out

out the origin of this aggravation to our ſufferings, and we will then ſubmit to it with greater patience.

The mode of expreſſion is by no means uncommon. It often ſaves a circumlocution, and always takes off from the triteneſs of plainer phraſeology. Thus we ſay a man has got a ſilk gown, a red hat, or a blue riband, when he is made a king's counſel, a cardinal, or a knight of the Bath. Theſe, however, and a thouſand other phraſes of the ſame kind, all evidently refer to badges of office, and clearly point out the nature of the new appointment. But what connexion can be traced between cuckoldom and horns? Though a black ſilk gown, from its colour, its pliancy, its ſmoothneſs, and its ruſtling noiſe, is emblematical enough of a king's counſel, it muſt be confeſſed that in a red hat there is nothing very deſcriptive of the privileges and duties of a member of the conclave. But then let it be conſidered that by all cardinals, a red hat has been, and is worn, and that it conveys to them the dignity of cardinal, as much as the great ſeal, when delivered by his Majeſty, conſtitutes him who receives it Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Is it then, or has it ever been, the cuſtom to bind the brow of the cuckold with horns, as the conqueror at the Nemean games received a chaplet of parſley, and the ancient hero, upon his return from victory, was crowned with laurel? It is only metaphorically that *my* forehead can be ſaid to have been thus adorned; and, though my reading upon this ſubject has been pretty extenſive, I have not been able to diſcover a trace of this cuſtom having prevailed in any country or any age. Had it been known among the Greeks or Romans, ſhould we not have had an ode from Pindar, celebrating the coronation of ſome cornuted Greek? would the ceremony have been paſſed over in ſilence by Horace and by Ovid? I confeſs that in a modern author there is a paſſage which ſeems to over-

turn my poſition, and which may be thought by ſome completely to clear up the myſtery. Fielding mentions that a gypſey king puniſhed one of his ſubjects who had winked at his wife's infidelity, by making him wear a pair of ſubſtantial, corporeal, *bona fide* horns. Now we have only to ſuppoſe that this occurrence actually took place; that the practice prevails generally among the gypſeys; that it had been tranſmitted to them by their progenitors, the ancient Egyptians; that the cuſtom was remarked by Pythagoras, or ſome other Grecian ſage, in his travels into Egypt; that the phraſe alluding to it was by him introduced into the Greek language; that this phraſe, like many others, paſſed through the medium of the Latin, into the dialect of the northern nations, who overran the Roman empire; and that thus all over Europe, to *wear horns*, means *to be a cuckold*. To ſome antiquaries and etymologiſts, theſe ſuppoſitions would be nothing: but ſeeing that they are all completely deſtitute of proof, rather than follow the theory they would ſupport, I ſhall contentedly wear my horns in ignorance all the days of my life.

But though there is no reaſon to believe that the practice ever prevailed generally in any nation, the expreſſion may have taken its riſe from ſome particular inſtance, in which it may have been believed that the horns actually appeared. And here immediately preſents itſelf the ſtory of Actæon and Diana. In the whole range of the heathen mythology there is ſcarcely a more famous fable; and, if this expreſſion can be referred to it, all muſt confeſs that we ſay a *cuckold wears horns*, exactly in the ſame way that we ſay of a fine woman, *ſhe would have carried off the golden apple. Horns ſprung from the head of Actæon!*—granted. But on what account did they ſprout? Becauſe he had been cuckolded? *Non conſtat* that he was ever married. Actæon, fired with culpable curioſity, invaded the privacy

privacy of Diana, and by her was turned into a ſtag. What analogy is there between the two caſes? Beſides, Actæon is well known to have been a Theſſalian 'ſquire, who ruined himſelf by keeping too many dogs. He was, therefore, ſaid to have been devoured by his hounds; and may not this be aſſerted with truth of many who follow his example? The ſtory of his rudeneſs to Diana is the addition of an after-age, and was not framed probably till long after *cornutation* was well known. The *virgins* had envied the liberty procured by the *matrons* from the ſaying, that, when a huſband detected his wife in a criminal intrigue, horns ſprung from his forehead; and to procure themſelves the ſame privileges, one of them, more lively than the reſt, had ingrafted this fable upon that of Actæon and his dogs.

In the courſe of this inquiry I was in hopes that I ſhould have derived great aid from ornithology. I had heard that there was ſomething very uncommon in the manner in which cuckoos rear their young, and I thought that the male cuckoo had been he who conſidered as his own the bantlings hatched from the eggs of other birds, received into the neſt by his wife. Now, Sir, the cuckoo, like the owl, has two ſtrong feathers which ſtand erect upon his forehead; ſo that you would have had here at once the etymology of the word *cuckold*, and the origin of his *horns*. But upon conſulting Buffon, I find it is the female cuckoo who drops her eggs into ſtrange neſts; and that, inſtead of palming upon her huſband a ſpurious iſſue, ſhe gives to others thoſe young ones of which he is actually the father. Unleſs, therefore, *cuckold*, which now means the cuckold*ee*, had formerly ſtood for the cuckold*or*, this theory muſt be abandoned. And in ſupport of this conjecture, I can urge but a ſingle argument, viz. that a difficulty would thus be cleared up which has long puzzled the wiſeſt heads. Why a cuckold, who

in the eye of reaſon, doubtleſs, is an object of commiſeration, is nevertheleſs univerſally deſpiſed, appears altogether inexplicable: but, if we ſuppoſe that the word originally ſtood for the poiſoner of domeſtic happineſs, it will follow that the meaning of it had been but partially changed, and that the infamy which attached to it in its primary ſenſe remained when it was uſed to denote the much-injured huſband. From this tranſmutation, too, it may have come to paſs that the odious character of a ſyſtematic ſeducer is now reckoned ſo reſpectable, and is ſo generally courted.

But however pleaſing this ſyſtem may be to my own feelings, however honourable to the fraternity, I confeſs my mind remains unſatisfied. I am ſtill inclined to think a *pair of horns* muſt have ſome ſymbolical meaning yet undiſcovered. The moſt common uſe of a horn in this way is to ſignify plenty. But no ancient ſtatue is repreſented with two *cornucopias;* far leſs are there any made *unicorns* by having the one allotted them fixed in the forehead. To crown all, how ſhould the good things of this life be ſuppoſed moſt abundant to that man who has been robbed of his moſt precious treaſure? I allow there are men who have grown rich upon cuckoldom; but it is to be hoped that their number is ſmall, and the horned tribe includes as well thoſe who have been deprived of their honour in the virtue of their wives by the villainy of others, as thoſe who themſelves have baſely bartered it for gold. Were horns aſcribed only to the latter claſs, the explanation wou'd be highly ingenious, and completely ſatisfactory; but, alas! I am ſaid to wear horns myſelf; *I*, whoſe fortune, I fear, is ſquandered upon the authors of my diſgrace.

A horn is likewiſe an emblem of power and majeſty, as might be proved from various texts of Scripture, if in a diſquiſition of this kind it were lawful to introduce them.

them. But to what purpoſe would this proof be adduced? *Crim. con.* horn, inſtead of making a man more reſpected, lays him open to the ſneers of every fop and every witling. He is aſhamed to ſhew his face, his friends diſown him, and his influence rapidly declines. It would have anſwered much better if a couple of horns joined together had been generally uſed as a *butt*. We are the mark for the ſhafts of ridicule and the daggers of malignity. Some well-meaning friend may interpoſe, and urge that we are ſaid to receive horns when our diſgrace is made known, becauſe we are then armed with power to take vengeance upon thoſe who have injured us. But I aſk, whether theſe taunting words are ever uſed in ſo noble a ſenſe? I would likewiſe deſire him to recollect, that while ſome upon their coronation ſhoot the wretch who has diſhonoured them, and have their marriage diſſolved, there are others *(that I ſhould add to the number!!)* whoſe *horny honours* are equally thick upon them, and who have no means of redreſs.

Shall it then be ſaid that our horns indicate that we are now on a level with the brute creation? In one reſpect I allow that this preſent from our wives does ſo reduce us. It proves that, like other cattle, we have no reaſon to expect conſtancy from thoſe with whom we ſpend a happy moment, and on whom we laviſh our endearments. Other analogy between our ſituation and theirs, I ſee none. We do not always become ferocious; but often remain calm, tender-hearted, and forgiving. We do not, like thoſe to whom we are likened, conſole ourſelves for the loſs of one female in the embraces of another: more frequently do we ſpend our lives in lamentation, and forſwear the ſex. It is to be lamented, that the expreſſion of a *pair of horns* is ſo vague. Had it been ox's horns, ſome probable reſemblance might have been traced between him whoſe wife deſpiſes him, and this degraded

animal. But the expreſſion is, a *pair of horns*, and bulls have horns, ſtags have horns, tups have horns, and goats have horns: we are more deeply involved in darkneſs, the farther we proceed.

Obſcure, however, as the ſubject is, I am not without hopes of yet ſeeing it elucidated. But as I have already, I fear, encroached too far upon your limits, I ſhall for the preſent here bid you adieu.

If this meets with your approbation, you may expect to hear from me ſoon again.

——— *Square*, Yours,
Auguſt 1, 1801. CORNUTO.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE juſt peruſed a long and intereſting letter of your correſpondent CORNUTO, and if my delaying to ſend a continuation of my former communication has produced no worſe effect than Cornuto's letter, I ſhall think myſelf very fortunate. I would not, however, have him to ſuppoſe, that while I am ſilent I am inactive. The ſubject before us requires much deliberation, and to be able to beſtow that upon it, I have determined to reſign for a time every other employment *in our line*. I cannot, with many of my brethren, turn aſide from the law of families to the law of nations. I find one ſpecies of contraband goods quite ſufficient for my powers of reſearch, and I am greatly miſtaken if ſome confuſion of ideas has not ariſen *in our court* from gentlemen handling ſo many ſubjects at one time. In fact, we have ſaid ſo much about *neutral bottoms* and *free bottoms*, that I am afraid we often forget what we are talking about, and ſtranger not very well acquainted with our language may

may miſtake *mare liberum* and *mare clauſum*, for two ladies of very indifferent character.

I aſſure your correſpondent, therefore, that I have not been remiſs on the ſubject which ſeems to run ſo much in his *head*, although I am not yet quite prepared to reſolve all his doubts. The origin of *horns*, about which he ſeems ſo much perplexed, is involved in deep obſcurity. That a weapon of *defence* ſhould have been placed on the head, when all defence is too late, involves an abſurdity which it will not be eaſy to explain. Yet horns are certainly of great antiquity: they are at leaſt coeval with our college. In the precincts of Doctors' Commons, there has been time immemorial a tavern, the ſign of which is *the Horns*. It is not mere locality that could have joined two things ſo unlike as a tavern and a ſpiritual court. We do not find the like analogies in other places. There is no *Verdict Tavern* in Palace Yard, nor *Special Jury Chop-houſe* in the vicinity of Guildhall. I have ſome difficulty, however, in tracing horns much higher than Doctors' Commons. It is uſeleſs to go to the Greeks and Romans. We know little of the Prerogative Court of Athens; and ſtill leſs of the Roman proctors.

And, Sir, you will no doubt remark with me that the principal difficulty of tracing the origin of horns, ariſes from the erroneous manner in which the attempt has been made. We have gone to hiſtory for information, when we ſhould have been ſtudying metaphyſics, for *horns* are only a metaphyſical idea, and therefore it muſt be very difficult to trace an idea of fancy through the annals of imagination. By looking into Biſhop Berkeley's ſyſtem, we gain, however, ſome light. He maintained that the ſun and moon, earth and ſea, our own bodies, and thoſe of our friends, are nothing but ideas in the minds of thoſe who think, and that they have no exiſtence when they are not the objects

objects of thought. And something of the same kind was long before his time taught by Des Cartes and Malebranche, and will admirably apply to the immateriality of horns, the existence, size, and number of which must, upon this principle, depend entirely on the mind. *Credo quod habes, et habes.* Of late, indeed, it has been supposed that they are more substantial and even cumbersome; for an ingenious mechanic offers hats to gentlemen that do not weigh more than an ounce and a half, and are recommended as particularly light and pleasant to those who have already too much on their heads. But I reserve the more full discussion of this subject for a future opportunity, of which I hope the recess from Parliament will afford me many.

As to what your correspondent has so feelingly remarked on the sneers and taunts to which gentlemen of his fraternity are exposed, it is a complaint of long standing, and indeed wholly unaccountable on the principle of justice. I am sorry to say, that the world is very deficient in sympathy; and to this it is owing that a fit of the gout, a robbery on the highway, or a case of *crim. con.* are ranked among the ridiculous distresses of human life. In some measure, indeed, certain gentlemen have been enabled to retaliate by such a rich gilding of the capitals, as to excite envy and emulation; and I believe the late discussions in the Senate were honestly meant to take away the reproach entirely, although it may be doubted whether this can be done by mere legislative power. When law and prejudice are at variance, it is easy to see which will get the better.

On this subject, however, I wish to hint to your correspondent, that gentlemen in his situation are in part to blame for the ridicule thrown upon them. They have neglected to avail themselves of the safety of association, and the strength of confederacy. They

are

are confeſſedly a numerous body; why then not a united body? Why not incorporated in ſuch a manner as to preſent a dauntleſs front to the ſneers of the world? Why not lay their heads together in the manner of the ancient *teſtudo?* What could reſiſt the firm, compact, and impenetrable ſhield of a corneous conſiſtence? Then, Sir, recollect that to their acquired ſtrength are added the faſcinating and powerful circumſtances of rank, title, and wealth; circumſtances ſo ſingularly entwiſted in the fate of cuckoldom, that they have ſometimes been found to operate as cauſe, and ſometimes as effect. Conſider, likewiſe, that at a time when abſtract principles of government, the rights of man, French liberty, and I know not what beſides, have ſeparated men into hoſtile parties, *here* is a point on which all are agreed. A liberal ſpirit has diffuſed itſelf over the whole ſyſtem of cuckoldom, unfettered by political prejudices. The ladies, the prime movers in this buſineſs, to their immortal honour be it ſpoken, have diſdained to contaminate intrigue with politics. They are not of that claſs,

> "Who, born for the univerſe, narrow the mind,
> And to *party* give up what was meant for mankind."

Of this independence of ſpirit, this philanthropy of frailty, ſome late trials have afforded moſt pleaſing inſtances; and who can tell whether it may not tend to ſoften the aſperities of party rancour, to teach the Whig a new mode of ſupplanting the Tory, and give the Tory a *title* more than he had the ambition to aſk?

Againſt ſuch a confederacy, what could be oppoſed by the ſneers of the giddy, the gravity of the moraliſt, or the precept of the divine? *Defendit numerus* would be the unanſwerable argument to the cenſures of vulgar minds: and that the number of "unfortunate gentlemen" has increaſed, and is increaſing, we have from

from the higheſt authority, although there are ſome who contend that the increaſe is rather in quality than in quantity. Reſerving this point to be diſcuſſed hereafter, I may be here permitted to aſk, if there *are* doubts upon the ſubject, why did we loſe the opportunity of taking the population of cuckoldom, when that of the reſt of the nation was taken? How eaſily might it have been done? All that was neceſſary was to draw two more lines in the ſchedule, the one entitled *Cuckolds*, the other, *Perſons employed in Cuckold-culture*. The pariſh officers could have had no *extra* trouble on this head; becauſe, if the maſter of the houſe were from home, his lady could have given the requiſite information, or indeed any of the neighbours, who, it may be obſerved, are remarkably converſant in ſuch matters.

If it be objected that this fraternity would be too numerous for one club, or one place of meeting in the metropolis, I anſwer, that there is no neceſſity for their meeting in one place. I am not for covering the waſte lands with club-rooms, nor for knocking down the partitions which divide the houſes in our ſquares. That has been done pretty well already. No; the ſociety might be divided into lodges like the Free Maſons, or into diviſions, claſſes, &c. each conſiderable town to be provided with one at leaſt, with perhaps the title of the *Criminal Correſponding Society*. The principal meeting from which all diverge, as radii from the centre, to be of courſe in the metropolis; and I have, indeed, ſeldom been at court, or the opera, or a faſhionable rout, without fancying that I ſaw ſomething of the kind already eſtabliſhed. But the more complete organization of this ſociety, as it is a matter in which the nation at large, and particularly the ariſtocracy of the country, is concerned, muſt be the ſubject of further conſideration.

Doctors' Commons,
Auguſt 8, 1801.

I am, Sir, yours,
A CIVILIAN.

REMARKS

REMARKS UPON NOTHING.

[From a Paris Paper.]

IN ſpite of the wit with which the eyes of our fair readers generally inſpire us, we cannot deny that we are on ſome occaſions afflicted with ſuch a degree of mental ſterility as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all ſmart or entertaining. What muſt we ſay under ſuch circumſtances? *Nothing*, reply our fair readers. That is preciſely what we have now reſolved to do. But you will ſay that *Nothing* is a very inſignificant ſubject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *Nothing* is at preſent every thing. May not the greater number of the voluminous romances which conſume ſo much paper, and ſtuff the ſhelves of ſo many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *Nothing?* Are they not made of *Nothing?* Are they not ſold, or at leaſt are they not read, for *Nothing?* What is obtained from reading them? Literally *Nothing*. How many people are there now-a-days, who, though originally *Nothing*, have, after being for a moment ſomething, again relapſed into *Nothing?* What is there in moſt caſes in thoſe pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours? *Nothing*. The young Olympe pleads for a divorce from the old Geronte, to whom ſhe was married laſt year. What is it he has been doing during the year of their marriage? Why truly he has been doing *Nothing*. What does the prude Orphiſe, who exclaims ſo loudly againſt naked boſoms, conceal under her triple fur? Why, ſhe conceals *Nothing*. Can you conceive any thing more witty and ſpirited than Mr. Sheridan's comedies, or more dull and inſipid than the monſtrous farces of Kotzebue? *Nothing*. Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate ſtock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miſer, more light than the vows of a lover,

lover, more dull than the verſes of Small P——s? Still the anſwer is *Nothing*. You ſee then that *Nothing* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what has every thing? But *Nothing* has nowhere ſo great an influence as over the fair ſex. They know how to pleaſe with *Nothing*. With *Nothing* they play off all their attractions. A *Nothing* vexes and conſoles them; a *Nothing* puts them out of humour, and the ſame *Nothing* reſtores them to cheerfulneſs; a *Nothing* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleaſure and amuſement. But we will not longer treſpaſs on your patience with *Nothing*; and therefore we ſhall here cloſe our remarks on *Nothing*.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. ORACLE,

I SEE often in your paper explanatory letters and paragraphs, intended to rectify miſrepreſentation and vindicate innocence. May I hope that you will not refuſe to me the juſtice you do to ſo many others?

No perſon alive was ever more cruelly loaded with unjuſt reproaches than I am at this moment.

You muſt know, Sir, that, of all the benefactors of poliſhed mankind, I am, perhaps, the kindeſt and the greateſt. I give livelineſs, ſtrength, and delicacy, to every ſenſe; I expand and exalt the imagination; I give to the underſtanding vigour and active energy; I ſupply all the varied abundance which ſuſtains and delights human life. In my company alone are the young educated in innocence, health, and a conſtant flow of ſprightly joy. I preſerve middle life in guiltleſs and beneficent activity; I provide a balmy ſolace for the infirmities and the ſickly caprice and languor of

of old age. Are you weary of the noiſy buſtling ſociety of my ſiſter, TOWN? how earneſtly do you then all languiſh to return to me! On me has Nature laviſhed all her beſt bounties: to my ſiſter remain only the fopperies of Art. All the *Vices* haunt her company, and are encouraged by her favour: the *Virtues* delight to dwell with me in retirement. Mine are all the charms of *Love* and *Joy: Affectation*, looſe *Wantonneſs*, and *Riot*, attend my ſiſter. I need not to proclaim what advantages I enjoy; they are univerſally confeſſed: this very ſeaſon, this very month, this very week, the companions of Mrs. TOWN are univerſally deſerting her to retire with me.

But it is in vain, Sir, that I receive them with ſmiling cheerfulneſs, and contribute all I can for their amuſement. I lead them on delightful excurſions, to view my ſequeſtered mountains, vales, and lakes. I conduct them to the ſea-ſhore, and bid them drink new health, and brace the languid frame by immerſion in the green ſea-waves. I deny not the horſe-race, though anxious to diſcourage gambling. I ſhear my ſheep, yoke my oxen, make my hay, and prepare to cut down my corn to give them innocent pleaſure. All this, and much more, I do: yet, ſtill ungrateful, they already call me dull, odious, vulgar, inſipid, with a thouſand other epithets alike unpleaſing and undeſerved. To hear them, you would think they fought my company only to revile and inſult me. They are inceſſantly ſtriving to gain new admirers to my corrupted ſiſter, TOWN. They refuſe to be amuſed by my kindeſt attention; they pollute every ſcene to which I lead with the vices and follies that made them, in the ſociety of Mrs. TOWN, unhappy. They convert the horſe-race to an occaſion of gambling; they conſume the night in riot, and the day in languid ſloth; they bring minds and habits incapable of reliſhing the pleaſures I offer, and the purſuits to

which I call them; and then they impute, falſely impute, their *ennui* to malicious ſorceries practiſed by me againſt them.

Sir, I entreat you, by that candour for which your paper has been ever diſtinguiſhed, to publiſh this caſe, and vindicate my fair fame to the world. So ſhall my kindeſt hoſpitalities attend you, whenever you occaſionally ſteal from the buſtle of Fleet Street to follow Father Thames to where his ſtream is unpolluted by the ſewers of London and Weſtminſter, and where his banks are freſh with native verdure.

July 15. THE COUNTRY.

A LETTER FROM THE TOWN.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you have thought proper, by admitting the *rural wailing* of your correſpondent "THE COUNTRY," who calls herſelf my ſiſter, to libel me, and attempt to depreciate my acknowledged ſuperiority, I demand your attention, whilſt I convince your readers of the falſity of what that inſignificant *mope* has preſumed to utter. What are the mighty pleaſures ſhe boaſts of beſtowing? Purling ſtreams, ſhady groves, cooing doves, yellow corn-fields, &c. may ſuit a diſappointed old maid, or a growling cynic; but the young, the gay, the animated, and the beautiful, will prefer blazing wax-lights to the ſilvery moon, an enlivening dance to a dull ſtroll, the Banti and the Vinci to the ſinging of birds, dear tantalizing Faro to Pope Joan, and the ſpirited language of *ton* to the tedious drawling of the curate's deaf wife, or a detail of recipes, made wines, ſalves, preſerves, and pickles, from an antiquated Lady Bountiful. *Your* reputation, Mr. Editor, is likewiſe implicated with *mine*; for can it be credited that any one can be ſo devoid of taſte as to

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prefer the dull accounts of fat cattle, thunder-ſtorms, blighted fruit, runaway ſhopkeepers, extraordinary births, and all the *mirabilia* of a country newſpaper, to the fire, fancy, whim, humour, and ſprightly intelligence that diſtinguiſh "*The Oracle of Faſhion?*" I am ſure you will ſay *no*; and, if you did not, you would act moſt ungratefully, conſidering the high eſtimation in which I hold you, and the very flattering tokens of partiality you are continually receiving from me. To be ſure, there are ſome dull ſouls who drink ſtrong beer inſtead of champagne, who hazard their necks (no great venture though!) in purſuing a ſtinking fox, and run away from the ſociety of an accompliſhed woman: but theſe are not the men who give a zeſt to diſſipation, though, to do them juſtice, I muſt confeſs they very frequently "ſet the table in a roar."

Were I inclined to boaſt, I could ſpeak very handſomely of myſelf. No youth can be ſaid to have completed his education till he *knows the Town*. Old debauchees are proud of relating their youthful feats, in order to *prove their knowledge of the Town*. Sons are inſtructed by their fathers' *experience of the Town*. The plodding trader conceives it the higheſt compliment you can pay him to praiſe his ſkill *in the ways of the Town*; and the fair ſex honour me with ſuch diſtinguiſhed marks of their affection, that it would overflow your columns were I to enumerate the names of thoſe *ſweet* creatures who are *upon the Town!* Much more could I ſay in my own praiſe on the pleaſures of the Town, the improvements of the Town, the faſhions of the Town, &c. &c.; but you know, Mr. Editor, *a Town education is apt to render one modeſt!*

Mrs. COUNTRY has thought proper to ſet forth *her virtues* in a very exalted ſtrain of panegyric, but is entirely ſilent on the conſtant employment ſhe has for the *ſtocks*, *whipping-poſt*, *white ſheet*, and *ducking-ſtool*,

and has let fly a malicious ſhaft at *my vices*, without reflecting how infinitely they are overbalanced by my *unbounded charities*, both *public* and *private*, which have rendered me the wonder of the world!

The inanimate votary of rural inſipidity has alſo declared, that at this ſeaſon of the year I am daily deſerted by the world of faſhion; but to this I give the moſt decided contradiction; I am "*hic et ubique*;" for wherever a Gordon or a Devonſhire leads, they are not only *accompanied* by the Graces, but invariably *followed* by

July 17. "THE TOWN."

ODE TO GEORGIANA DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

(ON THE 24TH STANZA IN HER POEM, ENTITLED, "THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD*;")

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-ſtrung arm that firſt preſerv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.")

[From the Morning Poſt.]

I.

LADY, Splendour's foſter'd child!
And did *you* hail the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell?
O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure,
Whence learnt you that heroic meaſure?

II.

Light as a dream, your years their courſes ran;
From all that teaches brotherhood to man,
Ah! far remov'd from want, and hope, and fear!
Enchanting muſic lull'd your infant ear;

* See Spirit of the Public Journals, &c. Vol. iv. p. 350.

Obeiſant

Obeiſant praiſes ſooth'd your infant heart,
Emblazonments and old anceſtral creſts,
With many a bright obtruſive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from Nature! Gorgeous veſts,
That veiling ſtrove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands, and the pleaſurable wine,
Were yours, unearn'd by toil; nor could you ſee
The unenjoying toiler's miſery!
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hail'd the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure,
Whence learnt you that heroic meaſure?

III.

There crowd your finely-fibred frame
All living faculties of bliſs;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreath'd with lambent flame;
And, bending low, with godlike kiſs,
Breath'd in a more celeſtial life!
But many of thy many fair compeers
Have frames as ſenſible of joys and fears;
And ſome might wage an equal ſtrife,
(Some few, perchance, to nobler being wrought,)
Corivals in the plaſtic powers of thought.
Yet theſe delight to celebrate,
Laurell'd war and plumy ſtate;
Or in verſe and muſic dreſs
Tales of ruſtic happineſs.
Pernicious tales! inſulting ſtrains!
That ſteel the rich man's breaſt,
And mock the lot unbleſt,
The ſordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore muſt be
The doom of ignorance and poverty!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
Hail'd the low chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure,
Whence learnt you that heroic meaſure?

IV.

You were a mother! that moſt holy name,
Which Heav'n and Nature bleſs,
I may not vilely proſtitute to thoſe
Whoſe infants owe them leſs
Than the poor reptile owes
Its gaudy parent fly!
You were a mother, at your boſom fed
The babes that lov'd you! you with laughing eye
Each twilight thought and naſcent feeling read,
Which you yourſelf created! O delight!
A ſecond time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans!
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch or taſte, by looks or tones,
O'er the growing ſenſe to roll,
The mother of your infant's ſoul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
A moment turn'd his awful face away;
And as he view'd thee, from his aſpect ſweet,
New influences in thy being roſe,
Bleſt intuitions and communions ſweet,
With living Nature in her joys and woes!
O Lady! thence you joy'd to ſee
The ſhrine of ſocial Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'T was thence you hail'd the platform wild,
Where once the Auſtrian fell
Beneath the ſhaft of Tell!
O Lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleaſure,
Thence learnt you that heroic meaſure!

THE SHEARER; A BRITISH IDYL.

ADDRESSED TO HIS GRACE THE [LATE] DUKE OF BEDFORD. BY EDWARD ATKYNS BRAY, ESQ.

[From the True Briton.]

WITH partial ear, oh! liſt mine artleſs ſtrains,
Of power, I fear, to pleaſe but ſimple ſwains,
Thou, who, ſo bounteous, each ſucceeding year,
When ſmiles fair June, with hoſpitable cheer
Welcom'ſt the gueſts that throng thy feſtive board,
Fraught with each dainty Woburn's plains afford;
When he whoſe breaſt the arts of peace can prize,
'Mid war's alarms ſees with approving eyes,
Bred on thoſe fertile plains the bleating herd
Yield their full fleeces to the ſhearer's hand.

THE SHEARER.

SYLVAN, a youth, who twice nine ſpring had ſeen,
Whoſe mind was fair and genius in his mien,
Ne'er threw his arms a parent's neck around,
But, happy lot! a ſire in Anſelm found—
Anſelm, an aged and a worthy man,
Who truſted to his care his fleecy train.
Once at the dawn of day he ſtrayed the mead,
(Where ſtemm'd by rocks Dove's ſilver waters ſtray,
Roam'd o'er the heathy hill and ſtarthy vale,
And lofty tors, where cradles nod the gale.
Whilſt with his voice his ſheep-dog he'd the air,
To gather to a flock his fleecy care,
And drive them to the plains, with culture gay,
Where hoarſe-voic'd Tavy winds its downy way.
Led by his daughter, fair as morn's bright hue,
Anſelm, who heard the herdſman's pipe from far,
Came with a ſmile the youthful ſwain to greet,
Who felt his breaſt at Phœbe's preſence beat.
The youth ere long beneath an oak they ſpy
A rural circle, near the murmuring ſtream,
Who, as they wheeled for the ſimple play
Their ſhining ſheers, ſtruck the ſprightly lay,

The ſturdy ruſtic ſeizes now the dam,
Whilſt on the margin bleats the anxious lamb,
And hurls her headlong in the foaming wave,
From duſt and heat her curling fleece to lave:
Another leaning o'er the rock below,
Where, 'mid the ſhallower tide, the ruſhes grow,
Graſps his ſtrong arms her panting breaſt around,
And gently lifts her on the ſandy ground;
Where, whilſt ſhe bleats, and ſtill with terror quakes,
Swift from her ſides the miſty drops ſhe ſhakes.
High o'er the reſt, the ram his head uprears,
And claims dominion by his ſtrength and years,
But boaſts his vigour and his age in vain,
For, with a ſtronger arm, the luſty ſwain
Graſps the curl'd weapon of his lofty head,
His proudeſt rivals oft behold with dread,
And lays the captive proſtrate on the ground,
Where, 'mid his bending knees triumphant bound,
In vain he ſtruggles; from his panting ſide
The boaſtful conqueror ſtrips his woolly pride.
The virgin, ſeated on a fleecy throne,
(In regal robes no fairer maid e'er ſhone,)
Fondles her favourite lamb, and ſometimes deigns
To view the labours of the youthful ſwains.
Each ſighs in ſecret that the lovely fair
Him may ſelect the favourite lamb to ſhear.
She with a bluſh to Sylvan gives the prize,
And joy and gratitude illume his eyes,
When ſecret glances to the maid he ſteals;
Nor aught his triumph to the reſt reveals.
The pitch to boil, they ſtir the riſing flame;
Stamp on their cloſe-ſhorn ſides their maſter's name,
And from the pen releaſe the bleating train,
Reft of their fleecy load, to brouſe the plain.
The labour o'er, their vigour to repair,
The feſtive board they ſpread with rural fare.
Cloſe to his left young Sylvan Anſelm plac'd,
(Her father's right whilſt lovely Phillis grac'd,)
And, pointing to the flock that rang'd the mead,
Turn'd to the youth, and cried, "Yon woolly breed,

That

That rove the dales where Tavy loves to flow,
I to thy father's gen'rous friendſhip owe—
The long-loſt partner of my youthful days,
Whom, whilſt I live, my lips ſhall joy to praiſe.
Sylvan! in thee remembrance loves to trace
The ſoul-fraught features of his manly face:
Like thee, dear youth! he pour'd his rural ſtrains,
That claim'd the plaudits e'en of envious ſwains.
" Once, at a village wake, he tun'd his lay,
And bore the prize, a pregnant ewe, away;
But liv'd not long his triumphs to enjoy;
For ſoon the ſheep, and thee, his infant boy,
To me entruſting with his lateſt breath,
(His only wealth,) he clos'd his eyes in death!
This flock, the offspring of the fruitful ewe,
Sylvan! is thine—and juſtly is thy due.
Take, too, my daughter; nor the gift deſpiſe,
A gift it fits thee more than all to prize.
I long with joy have mark'd your mutual love,
And ſent, for its increaſe, my pray'rs above."
He kiſs'd and gave her to the raptur'd ſwain;
With flowing goblets, whilſt the feſtive train,
Amid the bluſhes of the yielding fair,
Invok'd Heav'n's bleſſings on the youthful pair.

June 23.

THE ANGRY PARSON.

BY SIMON SIMONY, ESQ.

[From the Oracle.]

SIMON *moralizeth very prettily upon Fame—Telleth a Tale—And concludeth with a Dinner.*

SAY, what is Fame?
An empty name!
A ſound! a breath! a fleeting ſtory!
Th' intrepid thief by deſp'rate deeds,
The hero who for honour bleeds,
Th' inſpir'd votary of the Nine,
Nay—*(Quis credat?)*—the *Divine!*
Alike are candidates for glory.

Thus

Thus Hiſt'ry's page (believe me 't is no hoax)
Lauds Julius Cæſar, Alfred, and Guy Faux;
And thus doth Grub Street join, in doleful ſtrain,
Bruiſing Divines, with Nymphs of Drury Lane.
About the firſt a pretty tale I 'll tell—
Ye ſons of Alma pray obſerve me well.

As paſſing yeſterday through Cath'rine Street,
A Rev'rend Gentleman I chanc'd to meet;
A low'ring frown his troubled mind reveals—
A brace of greyhounds follow'd at his heels—
Emotions dire appear'd to ſhake his frame,
And, lo! I heard him angrily exclaim:—

"Shall *I*, of whom all *Eſſex* rings;
Shall *I*, of whom the *Herald* ſings;
Shall *I*, of men the moſt unyielding;
Shall *I* (my wits are almoſt ſcar'd)
Be by a ſaucy wag compar'd *
To Parſon Trulliber in Fielding?
He, or I 'm very much miſtaken,
Gave up his mind to curing bacon,
And boaſted of his large fat hogs;
But, *I* build houſes, *I* drain bogs,
Make *turnpike-roads*, and breed *moſt famous dogs!*
Nay, ſince I give to Ocean laws,
Since land I 've torn from Neptune's jaws,
Since at *my* word the angry waves are mute,
Egad! I 'm greater far than King Canute!
I know that envious folks will ſay,
I ſhake the elbow, alias, play;

"But may I change to Jew or Perſian,
If theſe be not moſt odious lies;
For *Gaming* I ſo much deſpiſe,
The very name of *Gamble* 's † my averſion!

"My youthful ſallies to expoſe,
And rare adventures to diſcloſe,
To ſome, perhaps, may prove amuſing;
But if the ſaucy rogues perſiſt,
They ſoon ſhall feel my weighty fiſt,
And own I 've not forgot my *bruiſing*."

* See Debates in the Houſe of Commons, June 19, 1801.
† This probably has ſome alluſion to a clerical living in Eſſex.

Thus

Thus having given his paſſion vent,
His Rev'rence ſwore he would be merry—
So call'd "a Coach!" and jocund went
To Hertford Street, to dine with Sherry.
Monday, 22d June 1801.

EPIGRAM.

Compliments they bandy
Sweet as ſugar-candy.—ANON.

T'OTHER day at St. Stephen's, as Sherry held forth
On the virtues, the morals, exertions, and worth,
Of a certain Divine, who to no man will yield
In compoſing a ſermon or ploughing a field—
Who has talents ſo various, 't is hard to declare
If in courſing or preaching his merit 's moſt rare—
Who gravely inveighs againſt gameſters and jugglers—
And has clear'd a whole county from deſperate ſmugglers—
In ſhort (not to ſpeak of his Rev'rence by halves),
A man who has civiliz'd e'en Eſſex calves!
All this, in fine words, and moſt eloquent ſtrain,
As Sherry repeated again and again,
Jekyll tipp'd him the wink, and ſaid, "Pray haſt forgot
The di'logue that paſs'd 'twixt the *kettle* and *pot*?"

SLY BOOTS.

JOBSON'S WIFE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

OLD Jobſon had a ſcolding wife,
The torment of his weary life,
For nothing could her tongue reſtrain;
All day ſhe brawl'd, all night ſhe ſwore,
He talk'd and talk'd—he could no more;
And yet 't was all in vain!

Abroad to ev'ry neighbour's door
The ſame loud din old Martha bore;
And dreadful was the angry ſtrain.
All ſorts of ſayings ſhe would uſe,
Still Jobſon gentle means purſues,
And ſtill 't was all in vain.

At fair, at public houſes, ſhe
Was always brawling ſure to be;
The villagers aloud complain.
At church ſhe flouted, frown'd—her look
Made the poor parſon drop his book—
For preaching was in vain.

At meals poor Jobſon dar'd not eat,
For ſauce of rage would ſpoil his meat,
And daſh his cup with grief and pain;—
Without the door his plate he laid,
And ſilence ſought beneath the ſhade—
But ſtill 't was all in vain!

Did Jobſon wear his Sunday clothes,
Loudly the ſtorm domeſtic roſe,
Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry main;—
With furious eyes and ſhrilly tongue
The cottage-roof was loudly rung—
For yielding now was vain.

Poor Jobſon on his pillow ſought
A vacant hour from buſy thought,
And tried to dream of bliſs again;—
But, oh! the ſhrew, with clamour ſhrill,
A curtain-lecture gave him ſtill—
And dozing was in vain.

One day a ſudden illneſs came,
And death aſſail'd the ſcolding dame,
And bade her rage at length ſubſide;
The neighbours would a Doctor ſend,
But Jobſon ſaw his ſorrows end,
For ſoon his vixen died!

"Alas!" ſaid he, "I knew that death
Alone had pow'r to ſtop her breath,
And eaſe my weary heart of pain;
Then let each huſband learn from me,
That when a wife a ſhrew will be,
To ſtop her courſe is vain.

"E'en let her go; nor think to ſtay
By Doctors' aid her ſtormy day—
Nothing but death can make her ſtill;
Weary, and worn with fruitleſs ire,
The fierceſt tempeſt will expire—
If Nature has her will!"

THE ALTERNATIVE.

[From the Oracle.]

FEELING the ſwift approach of death,
As Sylvia drew her parting breath,
She call'd her weeping ſpouſe,
And begg'd he 'd bleſs his dying wife
With pardon, for her ill-ſpent life,
And breach of marriage vows.

With jealous rage poor Damon torn,
At unexpected growth of horn
Moſt vehemently griev'd;
He promis'd Sylvia, if ſhe 'd die,
He would moſt cheerfully comply,
But threſh her if ſhe liv'd.

June 24. PATIENT GRIZZLE.

IRISHISM.

"WHO lives there, honeſt friend?" ſaid a travelling ſtranger,
As on through the county of Antrim he ſped;
And who fancied that houſes *ſhut up* implied danger.
"*Lives* there?" anſwer'd Teague; "why, a man that is *dead!*"

"When did he die?" quoth the ſtranger, more gaily;
Teague paus'd—ſcratch'd his caxon, ſo ſtraight and ſo ſleek—
Then replied, "By my conſcience! my jewel, why really,
If he 'd liv'd till to-day, he 'd been dead a whole week!"

Stockton upon Tees. ****

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

[From the Albion.]

GOVERNOR A—s acquaints his friends and the public, that *ſingle* men may be accommodated with apartments, in a moſt deſirable part of Coldbath Fields.

Fields. The ſituation perfectly *retired*, *cool*, and *ſilent*; free from the noiſes of *children*. The rooms entirely void of *ſmoke*. The houſe being rather *confined*, the number of lodgers is neceſſarily limited to *two thouſand*. Terms may be ſeen, and entrance be had, *for a word's ſpeaking*. Apply any day at the D—e of P———d's Office.

N. B. The apartments command a proſpect of a *fine hanging wood*—Within half an hour's ride of *Newgate*.

June 17.

ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY,

(THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.)

[From the Oracle.]

GENIUS of Anarchy! go flap thy wings
On this thy favourite day,
And ſing in fierce tumultuous lay,
The fall of order, and the death of Kings;
And you too, Jacobins! her darling boys,
I know ye dearly love a little noiſe,
Go ſwell your boiſterous throats,
Clap your conſpiring hands,
Rally your broken bands,
And make the air re-echo with your notes.

This is the day on which, with might and main,
(Finding all honeſt, virtuous arts in vain,)
You tried, by ſowing diſcord and ſedition,
T' improve your hopeleſs, deſperate condition:
So have I ſeen the nimble-finger'd ſcout,
On watches, jewels, rings,
And ſuch-like tempting things,
Gaze in the Theatre with fond deſire;
And if the owners keep a ſharp look-out,
Change quick his battery, and roar out "Fire!"

Then what a glorious, profitable huſtle!
Filches, like Jacobins, delight in buſtle.

But,

But, Meſſieurs, if you wiſh to ſpare
Your pretty carcaſſes a banging,
Go breathe a more congenial air,
Skip nimbly o'er to France,
There you may ſing and dance,
But here, upon my ſoul, they talk of hanging.

JOHN BULL.

A LUCKLESS DUPE.

SUNDAY, ſaw my fair Corinna—	Admiration.
Monday courting, hop'd to win her;	Adoration.
Tueſday found her rather cruel;	Mortification.
Wedneſday match'd her—din'd on gruel;	Retaliation.
Thurſday we were very kind;	Reconciliation.
Friday articles were ſign'd;	Preparation.
Saturday in wedlock buckled;	Conſummation.
Sunday I was made a ———.	Coronation.

EPIGRAM.

"BY proxy I pray, and by proxy I vote,"
A graceleſs Peer ſaid to a Churchman of note;
Who anſwer'd, "My Lord, then I'll venture to ſay,
You'll to Heaven aſcend in a ſimilar way!"

SUPPLIES IN ALEXANDRIA.

(ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH ACCOUNTS.)

[From the Times.]

AS many perſons have teſtified ſurpriſe or incredulity reſpecting the aſſertion of General Menou, that Alexandria is victualled for ſeveral years, it is neceſſary to inform them, that before the Firſt Conſul took his departure from the flouriſhing colony of Egypt, he convened a Grand Council of the Sçavans, and invited them to invent the means of preſerving the ſtores which

he had previouſly collected in the Delta, and which he deſtined to ſupply that garriſon for ten years, if the cowardly Engliſh ſhould land before it.

Citizen Monge immediately undertook to convert twenty thouſand head of cattle into beef and mutton mummiſy, according to the ancient method of the Alexandrians, and with the very compound remaining in the catacombs: theſe carcaſſes were accordingly ſpiced and boxed up for the ſiege.—Citizen Piis, another philoſopher, offered to ſmoke ſixty-five millions of quintals of corn from the oil of crocodiles, an experiment which has moſt happily ſucceeded, as not a rat has eaten of it whoſe carcaſs has not inſtantly been found, and it agrees perfectly with the republican ſtomachs. Theſe ſtores, therefore, may be relied upon. And as the whole of the Lake Mareotis has been freſhened by an eaſy proceſs ſent out by the Inſtitute from Paris, the garriſon is abundantly ſupplied with fine water, with which General Hutchinſon inadvertently has inſulated the place.

Whatever apprehenſions were entertained from the plague, have been removed by Citizen Corriſart, who has been promoted to the rank of Chief Phyſician to the Conſul, for his admirable ſkill in applying and rendering practical the ſublime diſcovery of Mr. Godwin, the great Engliſh philoſopher. He propoſed, that the whole garriſon ſhould take an oath not to conſent to die under the plague, or under any preſſure or infirmity, during the ſpace of ten years; and as it is demonſtrated by that great man, as indeed it was by the pious Condorcet before him, that no man can die without a cowardly conſent and connivance with his diſeaſe, the republican troops were called out upon the parade; and inſtead of ſwearing, as they had often done, to die for their country, they now ſwore to live for it during ten years; and one regiment voted itſelf immortal by acclamation.

The

The *Moniteur* was not therefore guilty of the ſlighteſt exaggeration in pronouncing Alexandria impregnable, as ſoon as the banks of the Lake Madée were levelled by the indiſcretion of the enemy. A moſt excellent brewery has been ſet up from the corn, though ſome of the *petit-maitres* and officers of the old regime affect to ſay it has a flavour of the crocodile oil; but the mummy-ſoup is univerſally allowed to be excellent, and the aromatic antiſeptic quality of the compound has preſerved the troops from all attacks of the *dyſentery*.

MONGE, Cadet.

From the Lazaretto at Toulon, the 1ſt of Meſſidor, year 9.

Pour Copie conforme. F. CHAPPE.

July 24.

INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF IMPERIAL APOPLEXIES.

[From the Times.]

BONAPARTE intends, as it is reported, to erect a cenotaph to the memory of his friend Paul, whoſe merits he was ſo "formed to appreciate." Doubtleſs, the Chief Conſul has deeply felt his loſs, and the manner of it. The Inſtitute has been ordered to prepare a report upon the cauſes of ſudden death in great men, and upon the remote and immediate cauſes of apoplexies. Citizen Monge, the celebrated Sçavant, who returned with the Conſul from his flouriſhing colony of Egypt, is decidedly of opinion, that condenſed air exploded in a tube behind ſmall ſpheres or globules of lead, *pulvis arſenicus*, *oxyde* of ſteel, *cultrum guillotinicum*, and other chemical matters or proceſſes, well known to the philoſophers of the revolution, are all of the apoplectic kind. There is alſo, he thinks, an aquatic apoplexy, which has been very epidemic in the neighbourhood of Nantz; and Citizen Tallien, it is ſaid, inoculated thouſands for the apoplexy at Bourdeaux.

IMPROMPTU

ON A SUDDEN EXIT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

GENIUS of apoplectic grace,
All hail thy quiet, midnight art,
Which made P——l's au—cr-tic face
The ſable colour of his heart!

Amidſt the curſes of a land
Should ſuch another monſter riſe,
Oh! quickly ply thy throttling hand,
And cloſe the tyrant's blood-ſhot eyes!

BOW-STRING.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1801.

[From the Albion.]

TWO Hibernian admirers of a charming woman ſhall quarrel about her, and when they ſhall be on the point of deciding their title by a duel, ſhe ſhall ſay, "Your diſpute diſtreſſes me; and, to reconcile you, I have choſen a third lover, and will have nothing to do with either of you more."

Three authors ſhall paſs three hours together without criticiſing each other's works. This phenomenon will perhaps never appear again, after ſuch good-humoured authors as Cumberland, Morton, and Reynolds, ſhall ceaſe to exiſt.

Reports ſhall be propagated at a certain watering-place, to the diſadvantage of a moſt virtuous woman of faſhion, while one of conſummate gallantry ſhall be panegyrized for her chaſtity.—Reputations!—they are ſo many lottery tickets, diſtributed at the office of Public Opinion.

An *elegante* of the firſt order ſhall go half naked, while her coachman ſhall be ſuffocating in the month of Auguſt, within the cumbrous circumference of a double

double milled great coat with half a dozen capes; and her lapdog ſhall ſleep in ſheets of ſky-blue and roſe-coloured blankets.

The evenings on the Steine of Brighton, and the Pier at Margate, ſhall be brighter than in any preceding year. The beaux ſhall run after beautiful belles, juſt launched from the boarding-ſchool, and on coming up ſhall find them ſeptuagenary grandmothers going to prayers.

A pretty ruſtic, of ſeventeen, will come to town to take care of a grand houſe in one of the ſquares, during the abſence of the family in the country. She will cry for two days after her mother, the cows, and her couſin Nelly, and in two months ſhe ſhall have wit, faſhion, and equipage, a houſe, and a thouſand admirers. Mr. Scrip ſhall call her the conſolidated fund of his omnium. A handſome face is ſometimes as good as a bank in London.

A young buck ſhall ſpend his whole fortune, and ſhall diſcover, on the firſt day of Michaelmas term, that he paid 2000*l.* for a girl who was not worth a crown; 2000*l.* for horſes that he never rode; 3000*l.* for a houſe and premiſes in which he never lived; and 4000*l.* for ſervants, without being half ſo well ſerved as his valet's valet de chambre.

As faſhion always accommodates itſelf to the ſeaſon, hats ornamented with fruits will ſucceed to thoſe now adorned with flowers, and nothing will be more common than to ſee an *elegante* carrying on her head, pears, peaches, and ananas, like a Covent Garden baſket-woman.

There will be ſome mournings: but ſome balls will diſſipate the ſorrow. Life is a conſtant vibration between laughing and weeping.

July 24. MERLIN.

WHAT

WHAT A CONTRAST!

[From the Oracle.]

NOTHING is more common than for the inhabitants of a large city to give erroneous accounts of its magnificence, &c. to thoſe who reſide at a diſtance. As an additional proof of this metropolitan propenſity to exaggeration, we ſhall preſent our readers with an extract of a letter from a French country gentleman, written to a friend on his firſt viſit to Paris.

"I arrived a few days ſince, my dear friend, in this immenſe city, which has been deſcribed to me as the handſomeſt, the richeſt, and of courſe the moſt elegant in the world. But quitting the carriage in the Fauxbourg St. Marcel, and perceiving nothing but dirty narrow ſtreets, and inhabitants reſembling a colony of beggars, I could not forbear exclaiming, '*What a contraſt!*' I had been told, that the Pariſians were polite, modeſt, and temperately gay; but I had not advanced ten paces, when the tumult, uproar, and clamorous exclamations of the populace nearly deafened me, and produced ſuch a confuſion in my mind, that I had hardly recollection to ejaculate '*What a contraſt!*'— Eſcaping as quickly as poſſible from this ſcene of noiſe, I made the beſt of my way to the faſhionable part of the town in ſearch of an hotel, and perceiving one inſcribed 'The Hotel of Peace,' I immediately took up my abode there. Hardly had I entered, before the moſt terrible din that imagination can conceive invaded my ears; I really thought the whole houſe was coming down. Throwing up the window, I perceived the police officers had arrived, the hotel was ſurrounded with people, and the ſtreet crowded. With ſome difficulty I learnt that the maſter of *the Hotel of Peace*, after a very ſevere conteſt, had been ſoundly *threſhing his wife*, and that, though this couple loved each other to diſtraction, they regularly fought once a day. I ſhut down the

the window, whiſpering to myſelf, '*What a contraſt!*' and ſet off in queſt of other lodgings.—The *Hotel of Providence* took my attention, and I engaged a room there; but, thanks to *Providence*, I could not procure a ſingle thing I called for. The interior of the houſe beſpoke the greateſt miſery, and afforded ſuch *a contraſt* to its name, that I quitted it in diſguſt, and entered the '*French Hotel.*' Supper being ſerved at the inſtant of my arrival, I took my ſeat at the *table d'hôte*, with about twenty others; and as I am naturally of a communicative diſpoſition, I had no ſooner concluded my meal but I attempted to enter into converſation with my companions, who, to my great ſurpriſe, made no other return but by ſigns and geſtures. Conceiving, however, that their appetites were very voracious, and that they did not chooſe to converſe during ſupper, I waited the removal of the cloth, when I renewed my interrogatories, but could not obtain a ſingle anſwer, and at length diſcovered that not a perſon in company underſtood me, and that the '*French* Hotel!' contained only *Germans*, *Ruſſians*, and *Dutchmen*. Calling for a candle, I went to bed, exclaiming, '*Here's a contraſt!*' And the next morning entered a coffee-houſe, over the door of which was the ſign of *Hope* leaning on her Anchor. Flattering myſelf that I had at laſt found a comfortable reſidence, I ordered chocolate; but had ſcarcely finiſhed it when I heard the report of a piſtol, and was informed on inquiry, that the maſter of the *Hope* coffee-houſe, driven to *deſpair* by unexpected misfortunes, had blown out his brains.

"This was *a contraſt* with a vengeance, and I am now fully convinced that the Pariſians expreſs themſelves by contradictions, and that in their vocabulary

Peace	means	*Noiſe*,
Providence	—	*Miſery*,
French	—	*Any other language*,—and
Hope	—	*Deſpair.*"

July 21. PETITION

PETITION AND REMONSTRANCE OF THE LATE MEETING OF OXEN, IN SMITHFIELD,

AGAINST STRAW HATS AND STRAW PAPER, &c.

TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

May it pleaſe our gracious Maſters,

FROM time immemorial, *wheat* has been appropriated as a chief article of food to your Worſhips; and the *ſtraw* to us, your humble friends and faithful ſervants. The Bible bears witneſs to our ancient right. Is it not ſaid—*He eateth ſtraw like an ox?* A claim ſo modeſt was in ancient times never conteſted. Crowns of thorns, crowns of bays, crowns of laurel, were in uſe; but never a heroine of antiquity thought of putting on *a crown of ſtraw*.—Wax, plates of metal, the bark of trees, the leaves of the papyrus, wood, ivory, and rolls of parchment, were employed as vehicles for writing: but never a man thought of robbing us of our forage, to make books of it.

Even the rudeſt nations have ſtill equally reſpected our rights. Neither Goth nor Vandal ever took away our *ſtraw*—not the Abyſſinians, who cut us up alive for *ſteaks*—not the reformers of literature, who introduced ſo many new uſes for our hides—not the comb-makers and ſpoon-makers, who turn our bones and horns to ſuch good account—nor the Moors, Portugueſe, and Spaniards, who ſo haraſs and torture us in bull-fights—nay, not even the London butchers, from whom our race has ſuffered greater injuries than from all the reſt of the world together, ever thus invaded our rights, or deprived us of our favourite proviſions.

No; may it pleaſe your Worſhips—it was reſerved to an age of inventions and revolutions, to a time when you are alſo deprived of your *wheat*, to rob us of our *ſtraw*. Who would have ſuppoſed, that the fine women

women would, in cruelty to us, have contrived to wear *ſtraw on their heads?* We refuſed not a little, to ſerve, now and then, as a crown to a madman. We could even grant a portion for a ſimple ruſtic hat to a milk-maid. But who would have imagined that our patience, after all it had ſuffered in a thouſand ways, was to be ſo much farther abuſed; that all the women in the kingdom, high and low, ſhould have thought of wearing head-dreſſes cribbed from our ſtalls? You complain, that by covering their heads with *hair-powder*, they conſume prodigious quantities of that wheat-flour, which it were much better to uſe in bread for the poor among yourſelves. How much ſhall not we complain, that our food is taken out of our mouths, to be miſapplied in the ſame manner?

But this is not all:—We were more than half ſtarved by the devices of the women; and now, to leave us not a ſtalk of *ſtraw* over the whole country, ſome evil-minded perſons are contriving to manufacture it into *paper*. Only reflect on the conſequences! What is there half ſo much abuſed among you as paper? And how immenſely will the waſte increaſe, when it may be had of *ſtraw?* You ſhall ſee it applied to a thouſand uſes which were never before imagined for it. Every fool of Grub Street will confidently pretend that he has a better right to the uſe of *ſtraw* than we. Nor will the matter reſt here. The fine gentlemen may ſoon come to have their *half-boots*, and the fine ladies their *ſilks* and *laces*, made of the ſame material. And your people who conſume their all in dreſs, will be ready to pinch not only their own *backs* and *bellies*, but *ours* likewiſe, that they may make themſelves fine.

Would your Worſhips only think, that with your ſtraw paper and ſtraw head-dreſſes, you are, in fact, conſuming your milk, butter, cheeſe, and beef—you would certainly pity your own caſe, if not ours. But if

you

you reſtrain the diſtilleries, if you diminiſh the conſumption of hair-powder, if you forbid the weavers to waſte ſo much ſtarch in dreſſing their webs, you will, in compaſſion for us, impoſe equal reſtraints on the irregular conſumption of ſtraw.

If you do, may you never want butter to your bread, cream to your tea, nor cheeſe to give a reliſh to your porter.

May it pleaſe your Worſhips to take this our caſe into your immediate conſideration, and grant the deſired relief:

So ſhall your Petitioners ever low.

(Signed) In name of the great Prize Ox, and five hundred of his brethren, delegates from ſtalls and dairies in different parts of the kingdom.

[*Oracle, July* 24.]

EXTRAORDINARY SALE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR account, ſtating that M. P. Andrews, Eſq. had purchaſed the houſe, furniture, &c. of Lord Gr——e, is not accurate. The following articles ſtill remain to be diſpoſed of:

No. I. An artificial forehead, richly corrugated with frowns, and other official inſignia. It would make an excellent *maſk* for a *gentleman*, or the ſkin might be found uſeful in mending the inſtep of a Heſſian boot, or a goffreeing machine. This article, it was ſuppoſed, would have gone with the houſe, being conſidered a *fixture* to the premiſes.

No. II. A large quantity of *fuſtian*, vulgarly called "Sputter and rant," ornamented with figures, flowers, and ſtriking views of France and Ireland in the moſt *terrific* ſtyle. A ſingle yard of this ſtuff ſent over

as a curiosity to M. Talleyrand, cost several millions.

No. III. A most curious *escape-ladder*, called *Catholic Emancipation*, invented by a private gentleman of the name of Pitt: its efficiency has been completely ascertained by the following experiment. The leader of a certain gang was admitted by the *back-stairs* into the greatest house in town, where he advanced from *story* to *story*, until he mounted so high that every body thought he must fall and break his neck; yet, with the aid of the escape, he and his party descended safely into the street.

Several very valuable tracts, consisting of a new edition of the *Academy of Compliments*, dedicated by permission to the First Consul: "Practical Essays on *experimental* Philosophy, enforced by the *Evidence of Facts*." "A Treatise on the *Vigorous*," to bind up with Burke upon the "Sublime and Beautiful," &c.

The above articles cost upwards of two hundred millions, but will be disposed of considerably under prime cost, the owner having given up business, and having no further occasion for them. They are well worth the notice of the new Minister, as they have been known to supply means to carry on the war, when all others had failed.

N. B. Some of the above articles being missed within these few days, this is to give notice, that all persons in whose possession they shall be found, shall be banished from polite society; and all pawnbrokers, and others, are desired to take care that they do not receive the same, in pawn, or otherwise.

TIMOTHY JUST-A-GOING.

Bidwell Street, July 2.

THUNDER-STORM.

[From the Albion.]

SIR,

YOU have aſtoniſhed many of your readers who are not acquainted with the wonderful effects produced by lightning, by relating the caſe of a lady in Goodman's Fields, whoſe gold ear-rings were torn from her ears, and melted, during the ſtorm on Tueſday laſt, and ſhe remained unhurt. But this is nothing to the caſe I am going to relate: a great electrician in Weſtminſter, during a late thunder-ſtorm on the Continent, ſet his apparatus to work, which attracted a great deal of lightning to it, and not only melted ſeveral tons weight of pure gold in his experiments, but by the exploſions ſcattered it all over Europe, and it was picked up by many people of the firſt rank, who can vouch for the fact; beſides which, during the continuance of the ſtorm, he alſo turned an immenſe weight of the ſame metal into paper!!!—nay, do not ſtare, Mr. Editor; the fact is ſo, and I can bring you thouſands of people of undoubted veracity, who will ſwear to it. The ſame electrician, during his reſidence in Weſtminſter, invented a machine, which he aſſures the public will turn the above-mentioned paper into ſolid pure gold again, in leſs than fifty years; but I am not prepared to bring forward any one perſon of ſound judgment who has any faith in this aſſurance. I am yours, &c.

July 4. K. S.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

WRITTEN BY MR. WALLER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IN theſe ſoft tints behold a peerleſs Lord,
Who ſerv'd no faction, and who broke no word;

For

For whom an empire's pious prayers aſcend—
Britannia's refuge, and Hibernia's friend!
Diſdainful of each miniſterial feint,
No frown could fright him, and no title taint;
An honeſt Briton, who had ſenſe and grace
To love his Sov'reign—yet reject a place!
Let others, fond of viſionary praiſe,
Hatch new Utopias, and new Babels raiſe,
With healing ſchemes a deadly breach create,
And ſap the foundeſt pillars of the ſtate!
Be this your lot: maintain one manly part,
Purſue the dictates both of head and heart;
Then think the praiſe applauding conſcience brings
Beyond the ſhout of mobs or gift of kings.
Like ſome wiſe pilot, that in evil day
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ſteers his way;
The faithleſs deep explores with ſteady eyes,
Keeps the mid courſe, and ev'ry danger ſpies;
So you, my Lord, purſue the happy mean,
And ſhun each horror that beſets the ſcene;
Arts that miſlead, and perils that devour,
The howl of faction, or the gulf of pow'r!

July 24.

EPITAPH ON MISS POLLY WHITEHEAD:

FOR A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

HERE ſleeps a maid in hope again to riſe,
That once was fair of form and pure of mind!
Living, ſhe wip'd the tear from many eyes;
But, dying, left no legacy behind!

Polly with frugal hand was wont to lend
That aid which wealthier dames would not beſtow;
In her each author found a ready friend,
And bookſellers their all to Polly owe!

Stateſman, if ſober thought can reach thy head—
If thou for female worth couldſt ever feel,
If ever, muſing on your midnight bed,
One thought of woman through your breaſt ſhould ſteal;

Then know, though now repentance comes too late,
Your acts in Polly rais'd the virgin-ſigh:
Oh, think of Polly Whitehead's hapleſs fate—
For by your hands did Polly Whitehead die!

But bookſellers, although they loſt their trade,
Still Polly lov'd in memory of the paſt;
And rais'd this buſt, in honour of the maid—
For bookſellers were grateful to the laſt!

ADDRESS TO JULY.

BY MR. T. STOTT, OF DROMORE, IRELAND.

SWART ruler of the ſultry ſummer's day,
Whom laſſitude and languor ſtill attend,
As flow up yonder blue ethereal path
Thy radiant car aſcends, beneath this bow'r,
That Nature's hand in wild luxuriance weaves,
That Lagan's Naiads long have fondly nurs'd,
Let me retire; and whilſt the ſickly ſcene,
Smit by thy fervid influence, droops around,
Cheriſh the ſoothing faculty of ſong,
Nor yield my lyre to lethargy and thee!
The warrior chief*, whoſe celebrated name
Thy bright eſcutcheon proudly ſtill diſplays;
He, whom in time a trembling world obey'd,
At once the boaſt and bane of ancient Rome!
Under thy ardent auſpices firſt drew
The vital fluid, and, if Hiſt'ry's pen
Has faithfully pourtray'd his character,
Much of thy hot and haughty temper too,
His mind partook. Where'er ambition led
His hoſtile footſteps, victory purſu'd,
And warlike nations wither'd as he went.
But having reach'd the zenith of renown,
And graſp'd the faſces of deſpotic ſway,
Envy beheld him with a jealous eye,

* Julius Cæſar.

And

And Freedom frown'd—ſure preſage of his fall.
Then dark cabal and grim conſpiracy
Began to ſap the pillars of his power
With deep and deſperate progreſs; till at laſt
Aſſaſſination ruſh'd with ruffian ſpeed
Upon him, unprepar'd to meet the blow,
And bath'd his rival's ſtatue in his blood.
Each modern Cæſar, whoſe ambition ſoars
Beyond the limits juſtice has preſcrib'd,
May learn from this aſpiring Roman's fate,
What hazards haunt unbounded luſt of pow'r.
No devotee of Bacchus, round whoſe heart
The pow'r of thirſt extends her ſpongy ſway,
Delights in drinking more, dry month! than thou
The ſtream that murmur'd o'er its pebbled path
To thy parch'd palate ſcarce ſupplies a draught;
And with diſmay the ſhepherd ſees how ſoon
Thou canſt exhauſt the copious reſervoir,
On which he lately founded all his hopes
Of never-failing beverage for the flock.
The plumy partners of the ſhrinking lake
Lament thy inroads on their reedy haunts,
And lead their brood far from the fenceleſs ſhore,
Where freakiſh youth and idleneſs reſort,
To chaſe and plague them with offenſive noiſe.
But in the ſplendour of thy burning beam,
The inſect race rejoice: in ev'ry ſhade
The buzzing ſwarms their airy gambols hold,
And, iſſuing thence in ſtrong detachments, oft
Annoy the weary trav'ller on his way.
Fierce Sirius, rous'd by thee, erects his creſt,
And, like a cockatrice, with venom'd eye,
Athwart the pale horizon ſhoots his fires,
Diſpenſing dire diſeaſe to man and beaſt.
Ah! hapleſs he, who, on the boiling main,
Where torrid, equinoctial rays deſcend,
Now falls the prey of cruel *calenture* *.

* A diſtemper incident to ſailors in hot climates, under which they imagine the ſea to be a green field covered with flowers, groves, &c.

As on his ſick brain the delirium works,
He fancies all around him he beholds
Green lawns, enamell'd meads, and ſhady groves;
Then, ruſhing forth, by the deluſion led,
To wander through the fair inviting ſcene,
He tumbles headlong o'er the veſſel's ſide,
And ſinks, to riſe no more!—Oh may the Hand
That guides the progreſs of the varying year,
Extend its guardian ſhadow o'er the heads
Of our brave countrymen, who now expos'd
To all the rigours of thy tropic reign,
Aſſert the glory of the Britiſh name
On diſtant Nile's inhoſpitable ſhore!

ORIGIN OF THE MORNING BLUSH.

BY MR. STOTT.

AS Tithonus reclin'd on the couch of Aurora,
Juſt like ſome fond bee on the ſoft lap of Flora,
"Of ſweet kiſſes," ſhe cried, "love, ſtill give me ſome more ah!
Let Time, as he will, jog for me."
But the youngſter, quite tir'd now with kiſſing and toying,
Replied—"My dear, riſe! or the Sun will be prying;
All Nature, like me, is grown weary with lying,
And longs much thy fair face to ſee."

At this cold unexpected remonſtrance and warning,
With a look that beſpoke diſappointment and ſcorning,
Up ſtarted the beautiful Goddeſs of Morning,
And left her dull ſweetheart in dumps:
"O good morrow!" ſays Phœbus, with brows ſomewhat hazy,
"Miſs Aurora, I ſee you 're inclin'd to grow lazy."
"Miſter Sol," ſhe replies, "with your gibing be eaſy"—
Then into his chariot ſhe jumps.

So off the pair drove, juſt like brother and ſiſter;
The day grew ſo bright that mankind never miſs'd her;
Nor would any have known that Tithonus had kiſs'd her,

If

If Cupid the ſecret had kept;
But he, in a talkative fit, told his mother,
And ſhe, quite unable ſuch ſcandal to ſmother,
Of the goſſipping goddeſſes ſoon told another,
Till at length to Fame's knowledge it crept.

Now as Fame ſuch high characters loves moſt to worry,
This news put her breaſt in a wonderful flurry;
She ſnatch'd up her trump, and flew off in a hurry
To ſound it on every ſide:
Aurora, perceiving her name was thus blaſted,
Reſolv'd, that, as long as this earthly ball laſted,
Her face ſtill, while taking her daily trip paſt it,
A veil of deep crimſon ſhould hide.

Hence ariſes the beautiful bluſh we diſcover,
When Morning the mountain's dim ſummit peeps over;
Reflection ſtill flaſhes the cheek of the lover—
Still her grief for detection remains;
In vain each fond cloud the ſhy nymph now addreſſes,
She ſeems e'en to ſhun her attendants' careſſes,
And, while they with roſes and pearls braid her treſſes,
Her tears oft beſprinkle the plains.

LONDON SUMMER MORNING.

WHO has not wak'd to liſt the buſy ſounds
Of Summer's Morning in the ſultry ſmoke
Of noiſy London? On the pavement hot
The ſooty chimney-boy, with dingy face,
And tatter'd cov'ring, ſhrilly bawls his trade,
Rouſing the ſleepy houſemaid. At the door
The milk-pail rattles, and the tinkling bell
Proclaims the duſtman's office, while the ſtreet
Is loſt in clouds impervious. Now begins
The din of hackney coaches, waggons, carts;
While tinmen's ſhops, and noiſy trunk-makers,
Knife grinders, coopers, ſqueaking cork-cutters,
Fruit-barrows, and the hunger-giving cries
Of vegetable venders, fill the air.
Now every ſhop diſplays its varied trade,

And

And the freſh ſprinkled pavement cools the feet
Of early walkers. At the private door
The ruddy houſemaid twirls the buſy mop,
Annoying the ſmart 'prentice, or neat girl
Tripping with band-box lightly. Now the ſun
Darts burning ſplendour on the glitt'ring pane,
Save where the canvaſs awning throws a ſhade
On the gay merchandiſe. Now ſpruce and trim,
In ſhops (where Beauty ſmiles with Induſtry)
Sits the ſmart damſel, while the paſſenger
Peeps through the window, watching ev'ry charm.
Now paſtry dainties catch the eyes minute
Of humming inſects, while the limy ſnare
Waits to enthral them. Now the lamp-lighter
Mounts the tall ladder, nimbly vent'rous,
To trim the half-fill'd lamp; while at his feet
The pot-boy yells diſcordant: all along
The ſultry pavement the old clotheſman cries
In tone monotonous, and ſidelong views
The area for his traffic: now the bag
Is ſlily open'd, and the half-worn ſuit
(Sometimes the pilfer'd treaſure of the baſe
Domeſtic ſpoiler,) for one half its worth,
Sinks in the green abyſs. The porter now
Bears his huge load along the burning way,
And the poor poet wakes from buſy dreams.
To paint the Summer Morning.

FORMERLY AND TO-DAY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

FORMERLY the hair was worn ſo long, that a general council thought proper to proſcribe that faſhion, in compliance with a paſſage of St. Paul againſt long hair; and we have ſince had ſquare wigs, long-tailed wigs, pig-tailed wigs, full-bottomed wigs, folio wigs, bag wigs, pigeon-winged wigs, ſpaniel-eared wigs, horſeſhoe wigs, lapdog wigs, wigs *à l'Eſpagnole, à l'Anglaiſe, à la conſeillère, et à la Greque*, &c. &c.

To-day

To-day we have generally adopted a more convenient and ſimple mode of wearing the hair, which ſaves time and expenſe, does not ſoil one's clothes with greaſe or powder, and facilitates the perſpiration of the head. This is the faſhion *à la Romaine*, or *à la Titus*.

Formerly no perſon, young or old, man or woman, could appear in public without ſpectacles. They did not wear them for the purpoſe of aiding their ſight: for, when aſked to read any thing, they requeſted permiſſion to take off their ſpectacles.

To-day the young people who uſe glaſſes wiſh at leaſt to eſcape the fatigues of war, by pretending to be ſhort-ſighted.

Formerly long beards were the faſhion, and the clergy were ſo much attached to this ornament, that they were the laſt to leave it off. This faſhion became obſolete; Francis Olivier was obliged to get himſelf ſhaved before he was admitted to a ſeat in Parliament.

To-day long beards are ſeen only on thoſe who cannot afford to be ſhaved, and on the Ambaſſador of the Ottoman Porte, who would not be ſhaved for any money.

Formerly thoſe who took ſnuff at church were excommunicated.

To-day we take ſnuff at maſs, without dreading excommunication.

Formerly ſugar-plums were ſo much in vogue, that no one appeared in public without a box of them. The Duke of Guiſe had his ſugar-plum box in his hand when he was killed at Blois.

To-day ſugar-plums are confined to the children; and, if they are at all uſed by their elders, it is only at chriſtenings, and on particular holidays.

Formerly, becauſe Louis XIII. had an extreme liking to gingerbread, every beau had his pocket filled with it, and preſented ſlices of it to the ladies with the moſt ceremonious gallantry.

To-day gingerbread is to be ſeen only at the church-doors, in the ſtreets, and at country fairs.

Formerly it was the faſhion to wear long cravats which hung down to the waiſt. This was followed by the frugal faſhion of a ſingle fold of muſlin, cloſely tied behind.

To-day the neck moves freely in a large cravat, which completely fills up the ſpace between the chin and the collar-bone.

Formerly books, writings, and even letters on the moſt common occaſions, were ſtuffed with an infinity of quotations. Varillas ſays, that Montluc, when writing to Charles IX. not having room in his firſt letter for all the extracts he had prepared, wrote a ſecond letter, filled with eight pages of quotations.

To-day our young authors do not perplex us with Latin or Greek; and if this cuſtom ſhould continue a little longer, it may, perhaps, be more ſtrictly proper to call Greek and Latin the *forgotten* than the *dead* languages.

July 3.

SPORTING.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old bachelor, and, having nothing to do, generally ſpend my time in ſtrolling from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, gleaning curious anecdotes, and liſtening to various converſations. My peregrinations have been confined to the city till yeſterday, when, entering a faſhionable tavern to the weſtward, I ſeated myſelf in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were debating with great earneſtneſs. One of them exclaimed, "Depend upon it, Jack, the *breed of Potatoes* is worth any money, I 'd give a cool thouſand myſelf."—This rather ſurpriſed me; but, conceiving the youth to be an *Hibernian*, I waited till another

another ſwore, that "he would not give ſixpence for Sir Charles Bunbury's *Froth*, though he thought he kept ſome of the prettieſt *fillies* in England." I was preparing to vindicate the worthy Baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "Who 'll go and ſee *Moll Roe take her ſweats?*" I had ſcarce time to wonder what this meant, before another rejoined, "You know nothing about it; I was preſent when *ſhe was covered*, and I'll wager fifty pounds *Cælia is breeding*." Shocked at this indecent aſſeveration, I put on my hat to depart, when one of the company aſked me "if I thought the *Maid of the Oaks* was miſtreſs of my weight?"—This put me out of countenance; but imagining it to be a faſhionable *hoax*, I reſeated myſelf, to hear the end of this ſingular diſcourſe. A youth, whom I had not before obſerved, gravely remarking, that he thought "Jenny Spinner" could carry thirteen ſtone better than "Miſs Pratt," was ſtopped by a companion aſking him which he preferred, "Penelope or Lais?"—Whilſt I was wondering what poſſible compariſon could be drawn between the illuſtrious wife of Ulyſſes and a courtezan, a gentleman entered the room, and informed the company, that with great difficulty "Miſs Fury" had beat "Dick Andrews." This was the only intelligence that pleaſed me, as it proved the Amazonian ſpirit of our Engliſh ladies; but whilſt I was exulting in the defeat of "Dick Andrews," and blaming his want of gallantry in fighting with a woman, a ſmart youth, in new boots, vehemently ſwore, that though "John Bull was *well bred*, he had no *bottom!*" This ſo incenſed my Britiſh blood, that I lifted up my ſtick with an intention of chaſtiſing the young ſpark for his impudent aſſertion, when the myſtery was explained by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inſcribed in large letters, "*The Racing Calendar.*" Yours, &c.

Friday, July 24. ANTHONY ODDFISH.

ST.

ST. SWITHIN.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

FOR the information of your *learned* readers, I beg leave to inform them, that St. Swithin, whom ſome of the papers have repreſented as a *lady*, was a *gentleman*, and ſome time Biſhop of Wincheſter, in the ninth century. He is ſaid to have been a man of great piety and learning, but records are ſilent as to that *particular propenſity* of his, which is ſo frequently complained of by our farmers. Matthew of Weſtminſter gives a long liſt of miracles performed by him, but ſays nothing of his annual *liquidation*. He mentions, indeed, that he once *converted* a baſket of *broken eggs* into *whole ones*, which was certainly very wonderful, and much more uſeful than turning fair weather into foul.

A life of this great patron of bad ſeaſons is yet a *deſideratum* in literature. Might I take the liberty to ſuggeſt to George Chalmers, Eſq. A. SS. that it would be a work worthy of his talents? This biſhop ſtands very much in need of an *Apology*, and perhaps a Supplement to that Apology, or an Appendix to that Supplement. A quantity of *leaden* pipes ſufficient to carry off his water, would be a national work exceeding all that we have heard of the great aqueducts of antiquity. Mr. C. would likewiſe confer an obligation on the public, if he would inform them why his Lordſhip's *complaint* was ſo accommodating as to comply with the *new ſtyle?*

I am, Sir, yours,

July 18. ANTIQUARIOLUS.

SALE BY AUCTION.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I inform you that I was a chief partner in the poetical firm of Della Cruſca, Anna Matilda, and that brilliant phalanx of poets who illuminated the world ſome time ago, you will probably recollect having read many of my moſt aſtoniſhing and ſuper-excellent performances. Evil days, however, have at length come upon us; we have been partly laughed out of notice, and ſome of us have, by dint of perſeverance, fairly written our ſchool down. You will probably recollect, Sir, that the baſis of our poetry was *epithet*—none of our *ſubſtantives* were allowed to ſtand by themſelves, but were gravely accompanied by a weighty *adjective*, as you may ſometimes ſee a tiny Miſs followed in her ſhopping excurſions by a tall footman. Of theſe epithets I have yet left a large collection, which I am diſpoſed to ſell by auction, either together, or, what perhaps would be preferable, in ſmall lots, for the accommodation of families and individuals. I can aſſure you, that although they have often been uſed, they are as *good* as new; and, I will venture to ſay, will appear to as much advantage twenty years hence as they do now. Although *our ſchool* may be at preſent under a cloud, it is probable it may revive at ſome future period, and our language be again involved in all the charming obſcurity of ſentimental expletives and epithets. In the mean time I ſend you my catalogue, arranged in two columns for the benefit of *your* columns, and you may print them in the uſual letter, although, when we print them in our poems, we generally uſe ſmall and great capitals, *italics*, and !!! plenty of notes of admiration !!!

CATALOGUE, &c.

Senſate minds	Undulating lights
Ditto boſoms	Sapphire ſtreams

Embowering woods
Tranſlucid days
Whiſpering ſhowers
Quivering throbs
Eagle-wafted cars
Air-born viſions
Dank boughs
Ditto leaves
Filmy mantles
Dark-orbed lids
Sparry ſides
Dimpling tides
Treaſured tears
Gnarled boſoms
Pulſate brains
Filmy vapours
Ditto wings
Brawling currents
Quivering boſoms
Sparry grots
Curling incenſe
Sphery thrones
Thyme-embroidered grove
Muſky air
Murky hour
Ever-bliſtering ſhame
Luſtrous lids
Tufted groves
Tepid channels
Carnaged brave
Gelid caverns
Willow-margined ſtreams
Shadowy dreams
Plumy race
Obtruſive clouds
Bloſſomed ſprays
Filmy curtains
Tangled mazes
Richly-budding ſprays
Dew-beſprinkled heaths
Arrowy ſhowers
Soft-linked notes
Lurid caves
Lucid tears
Feathery hours
Gadding ſtems
Dappled ſkies
Luſtrous hues
Mental ſpheres
Glowing hours
Livid clouds
Goſſamer veils
Dank poplars
Wafting wings
Luſtrous tints
Velvet ſods
Bland portals
Tip-toe pleaſures
Light-heeled graces
Rippling ſtream
Yelling ſtorms
Breezy hills
Lucid rills
Roſeate dye
Withering anguiſh
Feathery chains
Rifted pines
Leafy beds
Daiſied plains
Weedy banks
Glimmering glimpſes
Pebbly ways.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

A DELLA-CRUSCAN.

P. S.

P. S. I have to requeſt that your compoſitor will be very correct in the printing of theſe articles. It is very difficult to mend the errors of the Della Cruſca ſchool; I intend this catalogue as an exerciſe for children on "words of two or three ſyllables." I think I hear the miſtreſs ſaying, "Come, Anna Matilda, caſt a *glimmering glimpſe* on this paper, and let me ſee if you can ſpell *murky hours*. Laura Maria, what *filmy vapours* keep you ſo long on the *pebbly way?* Why don't you come to your *leafy bed?*" &c. &c.

Auguſt 28.

SIGHTS.

[From Little's Poems.]

GOOD reader, if you e'er have ſeen,
When Phœbus haſtens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their treſſes green
Dancing upon the weſtern billow;

If you have ſeen, at twilight dim,
When the lone ſpirits' veſper hymn
Floats wild along the winding ſhore;
If you have ſeen, through miſt of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the ſpangled green;
If you have ſeen all this, and more,——
God bleſs me! what a deal you've ſeen!

EPIGRAM

BY THOMAS SANDERSON, ESQ.

DICK on his wife could not beſtow
One tear of ſorrow when ſhe died;
Her *life* had made ſo many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried!

ON A MODERN THRASO.

HOW kind has Nature unto Bluſter been,
Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntleſs mien;
Gave tongue to ſwagger, eyes to ſtrike diſmay,
And, kinder ſtill, gave legs—*to run away!*

Woburn. P.

HOMO VERMIS.

"MAN IS BUT A WORM."

WE all are creeping worms of th' earth:
Some are *Silk-worms*, great by birth;
Glow-worms ſome, that ſhine by night;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite;
Some are *Muck-worms*, ſlaves to wealth;
Maw-worms ſome, that wrong the health;
Some to the public no good-willers,
Canker-worms and Caterpillars:
Round about the earth we 're crawling;
For a ſorry life we 're ſprawling:
Putrid ſtuff we ſuck; it fills us;
Death then *ſets his foot*, and kills us.

L. C.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holieſt hymn;
But her brow and her boſom were damp with affright—
Her eye was all ſleepleſs and dim!
And the lady of Elderſlie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had ſhook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board—
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now

"Now ſing ye the death-ſong, and loudly pray
For the ſoul of my knight ſo dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For a night-mare rides on my ſtrangled ſleep:—
The lord of my boſom is doom'd to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears ſhall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderſlie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an Engliſh tower
Had the dirge of her champion ſung!
When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr ſlain,
No anthem was ſung at his holy death-bed;
No weeping there was when his boſom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken ſpear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hoſts of a thouſand were ſcatter'd, like deer
At the blaſt of the hunter's horn;
When he ſtrode on the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land!
For his lance was not ſhiver'd on helmet or ſhield—
And the ſword that ſeem'd fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
For his long-lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er ſung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderſlie!
But the day of his glory ſhall never depart;
His head unentomb'd ſhall with glory be palm'd;
From its blood-ſtreaming altar his ſpirit ſhall ſtart;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

A BRITON'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

[From the True Briton.]

BRITONS, who in rapt'rous ſtrains
Of Agincourt's and Creſſy's plains
Oft have ſung; to foreign chains
You who ne'er have bent the knee;
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour—
See the front of battle lour—
See approach falſe Gallia's pow'r—
Rapine, chains, and ſlavery.

Who will be a traitor—knave?
Who would fill a coward's grave?
Who ſo baſe as be a ſlave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee:
Whom ſhall Gallic threats appal?
Fly to glory's ſacred call—
Freemen ſtand, or freemen fall;
Gallant Britons—on with me.

Children, wives, and parents dear,
Yours our generous toils to cheer;
We wave the ſword, we point the ſpear
For you, for law, and liberty:
Though Gallia vaunt, though Auſtria fail,
Though ten-fold perils aye aſſail,
Still ſhall Britiſh arms prevail—
Alone ſhall Britain conq'ror be.

By Hibernia's cries and moans—
By England's wrongs—by Europe's groans—
Parent earth!—O take our bones,
Drink our blood—or keep us free:
Lay the raſh invader low;
Ruffians fall in ev'ry foe,
Freedom ſtrikes in ev'ry blow:
Freedom! who'll not bleed for thee?

On injur'd Egypt's moiſten'd ſand,
See how ſhrinks the hoſtile band
Cruſh'd by Britain's vengeful hand!

What

What then, here, ſhall be their fate?
Think, brave youths, on Sidney's fame,
On Abercromby's mighty name,
And let each ſtroke in blood proclaim
Equal valour, equal hate.

Soldiers! own a glorious part:
God of battles! ſteel each heart,
Courage, ſtrength, and fire impart:
Now to our high deſtiny,
"Fall or conquer."—Bluſh, O Sun!
Shouldſt thou ſee us backward run,
Till the bloody conteſt's done:
Sound—To DEATH OR VICTORY!

June 15.

SONNET ON CHATTERTON.

O CHATTERTON! fair Genius' eldeſt born!
Thou who, oft ſtraying Avon's banks along,
Pour'd forth ſo ſweet thy wildly warbling ſong,
With clouds o'ercaſt aroſe thy cheerleſs morn!
Ill couldſt thou bear th' unfeeling taunt of Scorn,
The chilly hand of Want:—beneath the darts
Of Obloquy, and Envy's helliſh arts,
Too ſoon, alas! thy ſpirit ſunk forlorn!
Thy features wore the pallid hue of care,
Thy bloodſhot eyeballs ſtarting from thine head,
By fits caſt round dread Frenzy's vacant glare,
And thy torn heart with throbbing anguiſh bled.
Raſh youth! the direſt wrath of Heaven to dare,
And drink the bitter draught that gave thee to the dead.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH EPIGRAM *.

ON Sunday I firſt ſaw my fair,
On Monday I courted the dame,
On Tueſday *hauteur* was her air,
On Wedneſday mine was the ſame;

* See page 171.

On

On Thurſday we came to agree,
On Friday our raptures were high,
On Saturday married were we,
And on Sunday a cuckold was I.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN REMNANT, ESQ. OF WOOLWICH.

HERE 's a *remnant* of life, and a *remnant* of death,
Taken off both at once in a *remnant* of breath.
To mortality this gives a happy releaſe,
What late was the *remnant* proves now the *whole piece.*

AMICUS.

THE HONEY MOON.

[From the Courier.]

SERENE and tranquil was the night,
The night that cloſ'd the ſummer day,
And brilliant ſhone the moon, and bright,
And ſoft and tender was her ray.

"How like our loves!" the huſband cried,
As on his arm Louiſa hung—
Scarce had Louiſa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

"This moon, how like our love, my dear!"
He ſaid, and claſp'd her round the waiſt;
"'T is pure, and perfect, and ſincere,
Tender, and true, and warm, though chaſte."

Time flew—the youthful pair again
Enjoy'd at eve the ſtilly vale;
The moon ſtill ſhone, but in the wane,
Her form leſs round, her face more pale.

"This too is like our love, my queen!
For though leſs radiant and leſs bright,
Yet ſtill o'er all this ſylvan ſcene
She ſheds a ſoft and pleaſing light."

Louiſa

Louiſa bow'd her beauteous head,
And yet a ſigh eſcap'd her breaſt;
Perhaps the fair one would have ſaid,
She lik'd the firſt bright moon the beſt.

Time linger'd; yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib'd:
And now leſs perfect, yet ſtill fair,
The moon, alas! two horns deſcrib'd.

"This too is love," Louiſa ſays,
"The love, my dear, that life adorns:
Perfect at firſt, it ſoon decays,
Decays, and ends at laſt in horns."

July 22.

EPIGRAM.

"MY wife 's ſo very bad," quoth Will,
"I fear ſhe ne'er can hold it;
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine 's worſe," cried Phil;
"The jade has juſt now ſold it!"

A. M.

EPITAPH FOR A SHREW.

HER huſband begs you will paſs ſoftly by,
For, if ſhe hears you ſpeak, *ſhe 'll make reply.*

INSCRIBED ON AN ATTORNEY'S GRAVE-STONE, ON WHICH THE INITIALS WERE CUT VERY DEEP.

INITIALS *juſt*, for well ye ſhew
How *deep* he was who lies below.

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is ſo ductile, learned chymiſts ſay,
That half an ounce will reach a wondrous way:
The metal 's baſe, or elſe the chymiſts err,
For now-a-days a guinea won't go far.

Mark Lane. T. D.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

AS a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each arm
Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,
Exclaim'd in theſe words, of which Quin was the giver—
"You 're my gizzard, my dear; and, my love, you 're my liver:"
"Alas!" cried the fair on his left, "to what uſe?
For you never ſaw either ſerv'd up with a gooſe."

L. M.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH EPITAPH.

A GLUTTON renown'd
Lies under this ground,
Who for ever to eating was prone:
Before his laſt breath
He 'd e'en have eat Death;
But there he found nothing but bone!

DRINKING *verſus* THINKING;

OR A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

MY merrymen all, that drink with glee,
This fanciful philoſophy,
Pray tell me, what good is it?
If ancient Nick ſhould come and take
The ſame acroſs the Stygian Lake,
I gueſs we ne'er ſhould miſs it.

Away, each pale, ſelf-brooding ſpark,
That goes truth-hunting in the dark,
Away from our carouſing!
To Pallas we reſign ſuch fowls—
Grave birds of wiſdom! ye 're but owls,
And all your trade but mouſing!

My merrymen all, here 's punch and wine,
And ſpicy biſhop, drink divine!

Let's

Let 's live while we are able.
While Mirth and Senſe ſit hand in glove,
This Don Philoſophy we 'll ſhove
Dead drunk beneath the table!

Ecrnot.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE a tailor of Bagdat—as *honeſt* a wight
As ever in cabbaging cloth took delight,
And a very good Muſſulman—*out of his ſhop*,
With a conſcience that was of his virtue the prop—
Dreamt he heard the loud trump at the end of the world,
And ſaw the broad ſtandard of judgment unfurl'd.
'T was compos'd, in his guilty conceit, of the patches
Of his cuſtomers' goods that he 'd laid under hatches.
Of this dreadful phenomenon waking he ſpoke,
Vowing no more to mutilate tunic or cloak;
Enjoining his journeymen all, ſhould they find him
Once relax, of *the banner of ſhreds* to remind him!
Ah, the frailty of nature! A week had not paſt
Ere a yard of *pink* ſilk *to perdition was caſt!*
"Maſter, think of your ſoul," cried the ninth of a man,
"And *the flag of all colours*—Be juſt, if you can."
"I will," ſaid the taylor, "but *this* lovely tint—
Yes, I fancy I now ſee the flag—was not in 't.
If I add only *this*, as becomes me in duty,
Not the rainbow itſelf can ſurpaſs it in beauty!"

C.

The following *Jeu d'Eſprit* on a Lawyer, who lately wrote a political pamphlet, and teaſed all his acquaintances with citations from it, while he was preparing it, is attributed to Mr. Jerningham.

THE BARRISTER IN LABOUR.

I CHANC'D t' other day in my rambles to meet
That imp of a lawyer ſo ſwoln with conceit:

He

He hail'd me, and ſaid, with a voice out of breath,
" I 've toil'd through ten nights, it will ſure be my death.
My pamphlet—my pamphlet!—this child of my brain
I 'm now bringing forth with excruciating pain:
My poor head how it beats!—my damnable proſe
Will ſend me to PLUTO—My throes—oh, my throes!"
Thus ſpoke the law dolt in a terrible fuſs:
Parturiunt montes et naſcitur mus!
True Briton, July 23.

HISTORY OF THE DEVIL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

STEPPING into my bookſeller's ſhop a few days ago, I was ſurpriſed at ſeeng a publication on the counter, entitled, " The HISTORY of the DEVIL!" On inquiry, I found it was written in the beginning of the laſt century, and, as it is ſuppoſed, by Daniel de Foe; but this is uncertain, for Daniel was too wiſe a man to put his name to a book that was likely to offend *Government*. I learned, however, that no work of the kind has ever ſince appeared, which to me, who am much concerned in the honour and intereſts of literature, appeared very wonderful. That there ſhould have been no continuation of the HISTORY of the DEVIL, in the lapſe of a whole century, a century too diſtinguiſhed for his extenſive agency, and of which he might ſay *Magna pars fui*, is wholly unaccountable. If, indeed, one conſiders only the events of the laſt thirty years, a continuation of this hiſtory muſt appear a *deſideratum* in the library of every gentleman who wiſhes to underſtand the politics of the times, and the ſecret ſprings and movements by which the great machine of Government is worked; and I will venture to ſay, that without ſuch a publication all our knowledge muſt be lame and imperfect, and our attention be uſeleſsly directed to ſecond cauſes,

to

to Pitts and Cobourgs, when the great and prime mover is kept out of ſight. Why is it that the world has agreed to ſet ſo high a value on private memoirs, but that they contain many particulars of the agency of the perſonage above mentioned in the revolutions of empires and changes of cabinets?

Revolving this ſubject in my mind, I determined that this ſhould no longer be a *want* in our libraries, and drew up a *proſpectus*, which, as I do not pretend to be able to run the riſk of print and paper, I preſented to a meeting of the principal bookſellers, called by me for the expreſs purpoſe. I began with expatiating to *the trade* on the honour and advantage they would derive from this ſpirited and liberal undertaking; that it would contribute not leſs to fame than to fortune; and that, although too great an undertaking for one man, it would be nothing for ſuch a capital as the London bookſellers could command. I dilated at great length and with infinite preciſion on what this work ought to contain—that its chief object would be, to trace effects to their real cauſes; to ſtrip miniſters and ſtateſmen of the perſonal and intrinſic merit to which they pretended, ſhew by *whom* they were ſecretly guided and directed, *who* prompted the plan, and *who* gave the execution; and, in a word, as a great act of national juſtice, to give the *Devil* his *due*, to eſtabliſh his property in the wiſdom of councils and ſenates, to point out by what means he convinced majorities, and ſilenced opponents, and in what manner he rendered wars neceſſary, and peace impracticable. And after a ſpeech of two hours and a half, which was liſtened to with profound attention, I ſubmitted the proſpectus, and deſired any gentleman that thought proper, might give his opinion, and ſtart objections, if he had any; adding, however, that I hoped, if they choſe to adopt the plan, no unneceſſary delays would take place, as it was a work the public

very much wanted, and, for want of it, were going on blindfold, and, what was worſe, believing every thing they heard.

Having ſat down with ſome conſciouſneſs of ſuperior and animated eloquence, I prepared to repel objections, ſhould any ariſe, which, however, like all ſanguine projectors, I thought impoſſible. For ſome time a deep ſilence prevailed; at length, one of the trade aſked if I did not think my plan would interefere with the *Univerſal Hiſtory?*

"Undoubtedly, Sir, my plan will in part *be* an univerſal hiſtory; but you will pleaſe to obſerve, Sir, that the Univerſal Hiſtory to which you allude is, in the firſt place, little better than a detail of annals——"

"A very good book, Sir; we have ſold two editions."

"I do not doubt that; but I ſay, a dry detail of annals without ſecret hiſtory: the *prompter* never once appears. But what is of more importance, let me obſerve, in the ſecond place, that more than twenty years are elapſed ſince the laſt edition of that work was publiſhed, and it has not a word either of the American war, or the French revolution."

"Then, Sir, your work may, after all, be only a continuation of the Univerſal Hiſtory."

"Nay, gentlemen, we ſhall not quarrel about names. I have no objection to your calling it 'The HISTORY 'of the DEVIL, *being* a *continuation* of the UNIVERSAL 'HISTORY,' yet, as mine is a diſtinct plan, I think they ought not to interfere."

Chairman.—"We have no objection to embark in this plan, but we have ſometimes been taken in by gentlemen propoſing the like ſchemes, who had no materials to work upon. Shall you want many books?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir, ſome books will be neceſſary. A man, for inſtance, would never think of writing a 'Hiſtory

'Hiſtory of the Devil' without a complete ſet of the *Parliamentary Regiſters* (DEBRETT *nodded*), the Votes of the Houſes, &c. &c. But we muſt truſt principally to private memoirs and manuſcripts."

"Nothing, we hope, in Governor Aris's line?"

"No, gentlemen, I ſhall for my own ſake avoid all connexion with matters within his comprehenſion, or that of the Attorney General. The utmoſt riſk (which is not yet illegal) will be hurting the vanity of certain politicians, who will in my work be robbed of the merit of thoſe plans, ſchemes, budgets, expeditions, and other things of which they are apt to be proud, even when they are moſt puzzled to defend them, and when themſelves, inſtead of anſwering their opponents, wiſh to ſend them to the DEVIL. I believe if we looked a little more *that way*, we ſhould not be ſo perplexed to explain matters as we are. I ſee an honourable gentleman who holds a high rank in the city. I flatter myſelf he will agree with me, that even *city* politics may be illuſtrated by the ſame kind of reference." (Alderman CADELL *ſmiled.)*

"I hope, Sir, you don't mean to ſay any thing about cabinets and privy councils, and them *libel* ſort of things."

"Nay, Sir, you would not expect I ſhould raiſe a *ſtructure* without a *foundation*. I ſhall certainly be very cautious, as I have already engaged—but the character of my hero muſt be my principal object, and I muſt not let that be injured by the pretenſions of his inferiors."

"Whereabouts do you mean to begin?"

"Why, Sir, as the work is intended for the benefit of the preſent generation, and the ſtateſmen thereof, and as we have ſcarcely a man in the preſent or former adminiſtration, who could put on his own breeches during the American war, I mean to fix on a period ſince that; and I am the more deſirous of doing ſo, as

the prominent parts of my hero's character have been particularly conſpicuous ſince. I am not at a loſs where to *begin*. I *am* puzzled indeed where to end—however, at the concluſion of our laſt volume we can ſay, *To be continued.*"

"But pray, Sir, do you intend to confine the work to our own country?"

"By no means—I ſhould be ſorry to evince ſo much partiality. In truth, gentlemen, I could not be ſo narrow-minded, if I would. Beſides an epiſodical detail of what the Devil has been doing in France, could I with any face call mine a *complete* hiſtory of that perſonage, and forget that we ever had *allies?*"

All.—"Oh, certainly not—No—No."

"No, gentlemen, I can eaſily prove that my hero has made the tour of Europe to ſome purpoſe; and as we have on more occaſions than one borne his expenſes, it is but right we ſhould have ſome hiſtory of his travels. Theſe cannot be unintereſting; and I have farther to propoſe, if we find ſuitable encouragement, to publiſh ſome account of him as a *family-man*. I flatter myſelf that many a 'gay and gallant Lothario' will be glad to own his obligations to him, when matters come to be properly explained. But of that more hereafter."

"Pray, Sir, do you mean to impute every thing to the Devil?"

"By no means—That is what I was about to add. The chief purpoſe of my hiſtory is to clear up and vindicate his character, eſpecially from the paltry pretenſions of certain perſons, who have all his wickedneſs without his genius, and who have done incredible miſchief lately to the nations on which they have been inflicted as puniſhments. It muſt not be denied that he has often employed improper agents (by the by, I ſhall want a complete ſet of *Court Calendars*), who have bungled his work ſtrangely, and, when he has

once

once got them fixed down to a job, thrown up their work in a *huff*, and left it to be botched by the 'prentices. All this must be explained, and, as we say, 'the saddle placed on the right horse;' the jackdaws of office must be stripped of their borrowed plumes, and the honour of my hero vindicated from such awkward imitations and clumsy rivalships."

After some more conversation on this subject, and the removal of a few trifling objections, we concluded our present meeting, with a resolution to publish by *subscription*, as the safest mode, not doubting but that our work will be graced with a list of the greatest names of modern times. Politicians will see that "it comes home to their bosoms and business;" and there are none of the subjects of these kingdoms, I trust, who will not feel some interest in the history of a personage, to whom they owe not only their present situation, but, perhaps, their future prospects.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

August 27. EBENEZER QUILDRIVE.

MINISTERIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

STROLLING t'other evening through Downing Street, I stumbled upon a small bundle of papers lying in the carriage way, and being no less actuated by curiosity than a Mussulman by superstition to pick up every loose fragment whether of print or manuscript I meet with, I put the whole in my pocket. Upon examining them after I got home, I had no reason to repent my curiosity; and if the contents of this packet should be as gratifying to your readers as they have proved to myself, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble I have had in decyphering the manu-

ſcript, which unfortunately was very much injured from being trodden in the mud. But though this accident has rendered the original of what I now ſend you a faithful copy, ſcarce legible in ſeveral parts, this is not the full extent of the calamity. A very conſiderable portion of this curious document, I fear, is irrecoverably loſt to the world. This misfortune impoſes upon me the painful duty of offering a few remarks in explanation. This duty, indeed, to moſt editors of ſuch a literary and political curioſity, would have been a ſource of infinite comfort and delight; for I have obſerved that ſuch gentlemen view calamities of this nature as Mr. Shandy did the evils of life, as affording opportunity to ſhew their wit, eloquence, and learning. But in truth I am not one of theſe laborious commentators, and I ſincerely regret that my author could not in this matter have ſpoken for himſelf.

You will perceive that the annexed forms part of a letter which I have no doubt was written by a certain miniſter to his "reſpectable" ſucceſſor at the time when the conſcience of the former, to the aſtoniſhment of all Europe, was reported to be troubled with the vapours. I will not anticipate its contents, but it is evidently intended for the inſtruction of Mr. A. in the myſteries of ſtate. Rarely has it fallen to the lot of man to obtain a ſecret of ſuch extenſive utility as that which I now generouſly communicate to my fellow-citizens. It contains a full digeſt of ſtate-craft, and comprehends "the whole duty of a miniſter." I have ſtrong reaſon to believe that the leaves which are loſt were dedicated to unfold the myſtery of that extraordinary reſignation which took place in January laſt, but I deſpair of being able to recover the remainder. What is left, though abrupt at the commencement, embraces a vaſt deal of ſtrange and intereſting matter. It indeed diſcloſes opinions of men and

things

things ſo different from thoſe we have heard from the ſuppoſed author in public, that ſceptics may diſpute the authenticity of the manuſcript. With theſe I ſhall not condeſcend to hold diſpute, convinced that all impartial men will find internal evidence of the conjecture I have boldly advanced.

Having ſaid ſo much by way of introduction, all that remains for me is to tranſcribe my manuſcript, beginning with the firſt complete ſentence:

"You will be convinced," it continues, "from theſe circumſtances, that I was reduced to that alternative which our friends ſo deeply deplore. But regret is too late: all that is left us is to prevent the fatal conſequences of a reſolution, perhaps precipitate, but now irrevocable. You have generouſly offered to devote yourſelf in this cauſe, which, permit me to ſay, is your own as much as it is ours. You muſt be aware how much the intereſts of our whole confederacy would have ſuffered, had thoſe men * been called to hold thoſe ſtations which while you occupy with oſtenſible command, we are all equally ſworn to defend.

"I am ſenſible that your ſituation will be awkward: I agree that your objections to ſuch an adminiſtration are plauſible. But conſider the purpoſe of ſuch a miniſtry, and you will ſee that what in one view is objection, in another is recommendation. You know what we want. It is not a ſpirited, able, independent miniſtry—that would ruin the whole ſcheme. Thoſe we have pointed out are well enough to head the parade. They are not required to fight the battle. If they are obedient, and conſcious of their imbecility, they will juſtify our choice. In truth, thinking

* Who are thoſe men, and why they are ſo formidable to the miniſterial junto, will be ſeen in the ſequel.

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meanly enough of the ſpirit of thoſe who have long acted with us and under us, I queſtion whether men of greater connexion, talent, and independence would have been found to accept the vacant places. They muſt have either timorouſly ſhrunk from the taſk, or haughtily rejected *our* conditions. But you know that the men you are aſſociated with are as little able as diſpoſed to reſiſt. They are ſenſible of their own weakneſs; and if ever they forget themſelves a moment, they can be diſmiſſed with as much eaſe and as little delicacy as the loweſt clerk in their reſpective offices. There is one exception to this common character. Perſonally and politically we have no kindneſs for *that* individual, but his aſſociation will be of infinite ſervice. His name will give you ſome reſpectability in the public opinion. He will diſcharge the duties of his department with equal capacity and zeal: while in the cabinet he will interfere little with general meaſures, and will be altogether unacquainted with the conduct or the end of private intrigue. I grant that it requires ſome command of countenance to read the liſt with gravity. But what though Lord H——y is ignorant of foreign politics, he can ſign a diſpatch, and make a ſpeech of pompous inanity once in a month in the Houſe of Commons. After the D—— of P——, it is indifferent who has the home department. Why Lord H—— was appointed war ſecretary, or C—— Y—— ſecretary at war, or why the one or the other was preferred rather than another, are queſtions which you and I are not bound to anſwer. I omit to mention your own ſkill in finance. I could have wiſhed, indeed, that you had more readineſs on that ſubject.

"I think I know ſomething of the men in this country, both IN and OUT of doors, as we term it; and truſt me that even this adminiſtration, with our aſſiſtance, will go on ſmoothly. What though the brains

brains be knocked out of the cabinet, as Sheridan obſerved the other night!—A vizor needs no brains, while it conceals the head where the brains are lodged. This brainleſs miniſtry is our VIZOR!—Moſt people will gueſs that we are behind; and I have no fear that we ſhall carry our purpoſe triumphantly at laſt. Many will ſupport you, becauſe you are miniſter; all our friends will do it by command. Some you muſt cajole. The fools of our ſide muſt be carried by a little artifice, and the knaves are too wiſe to rebel. Bating a little mortification you may ſometimes experience in the Houſe from the petulance of wit or the acuteneſs of argumentation, I may congratulate you on a ſituation, for the period you muſt continue to hold it, as eaſy and pleaſant as you could wiſh.

"In truth, you were ſomewhat too timid and diffident on this occaſion. An eminent ſtateſman has expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at the ſmall ſhare of wiſdom which is to be found in the government of nations; and the reſult of my own experience entitles me to wonder at leaſt as much as Count Oxenſtiern. I could give you illuſtrations in abundance, but you are acquainted with the hiſtory of my own adminiſtration. You have pledged yourſelf to act on our principles and ſyſtem. In giving this pledge, you acted rightly. Indeed it was neceſſary that you ſhould lay claim to ſome principles by adoption, as you have none your own progeny. To ſpeak plainly, had you not taken care to announce this in good time, the public muſt have been ſtrangely puzzled to conjecture what ſort of principles or opinions you had of your own! You have taken up, therefore, a ſet of ſecond-hand principles ready cut and dry, not quite ſo good as new in-de d, but not ill ſuited for hard ſervice. But it is fitting that I ſhould proceed to fulfil my promiſe in fully explaining thoſe principles for your information,

your daily uſe, and your perpetual reference. I ſhall do it with the fidelity which friendſhip demands, and with as much perſpicuity as I am capable. For once I will endeavour to overcome that ſalutary habit of diſſimulation from which I have derived ſo much advantage, and ſhall be clear and intelligible, unleſs, like my great model, ſo unjuſtly loaded with infamy by an undiſcerning poſterity, the practice of equivocal diſcourſe has condemned me to be obſcure, even when I wiſhed to be underſtood."

Thus far I had tranſcribed when I came to a part of the MS. ſo ſoiled and defaced that I could ſcarce make it out; and, as it may coſt me ſome time and labour, I ſhall content myſelf for the preſent with ſending you the foregoing ſcrap. This I do the more willingly, as I find the whole would be too long for publication on one day.

I am yours, &c.

Auguſt 20. VERAX.

(CONTINUED.)

SIR,

WITHOUT farther preface I ſend you the continuation of the MS. inſtructions to the new miniſter, which ſo fortunately fell into my hands.

"I may remark, generally, that the qualities of a prime miniſter of this country, either as to talents or principles, are no longer to be eſtimated by the examples of former periods, or by the peculiar character and diſtinction claimed by the Britiſh conſtitution. It might be ſuppoſed that in a government admitting a conſiderable ſhare of popular influence, ability would be the chief recommendation—and in a free conſtitution, a love of liberty an indiſpenſable requiſite. But if our government differ in its forms from other monarchies, the miniſter needs care as little

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for freedom as Richelieu or Mazarine. On the contrary, to increaſe the facilities of adminiſtration, it ought to be his endeavour to repreſs public ſpirit, and to narrow privileges too well fitted to thwart his deſigns. There was a moment in my life, ſhort, fleeting, which would long ere this have been obliterated from my remembrance but for the ill-natured reproaches of party malice, in which I held other opinions. But the leſſons of Dundas, the practice of the Treaſury, maturity of judgment, and inevitable experience, have convinced me that there is a much ſurer foundation for the power of a miniſter than the reputation of his talents or the liberality of his principles.

"There have been times too in which a miniſter of this country was permitted to indulge only that noble and godlike ambition which aims at power for great and glorious ends. To ſuch a miniſter the conſtitutional ſpirit of his internal adminiſtration, the wiſe and dignified ſyſtem of his foreign policy, obtained the true ſupport of the public, without ſiniſter arts or corrupt practices. To cultivate and improve the advantages of peace; in war to employ the national ſtrength with energy, vigour, and ſucceſs; were the ſureſt claims to public confidence. But an art of government far more ſhort, eaſy, and practicable, has been invented and carried to perfection. Ambition has ſunk to ignoble ends, and it avails itſelf of little means. It is not the great and glorious exerciſe of power, but its preſervation, that actuates the ſoul of a miniſter. The paſſion, like avarice, while it has ſunk ſo far as to be ſatisfied with the means inſtead of the ends, has become vulgar and ſordid. It no longer addreſſes itſelf boldly to the people—it no longer deſies oppoſition by fair diſcuſſion, or confounds accuſation by open trial. A miniſter muſt tamper and bargain with his judges. He muſt enliſt and ſalary his compurgators—he muſt pack his jury—

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he muſt cover himſelf with all the chicanery of forms, and defend himſelf with the paltry quibbles of a petti-fogger.

"Fortunate it is that a miniſter indifferent or hoſtile to the conſtitution, diſtinguiſhed at home as the patron of obnoxious and deſpotic laws, abroad without credit or influence, in war without glory or ſucceſs, may find 'a way to riſe—a ſafe and ſure one.' Such a miniſter muſt hate, no leſs than he muſt fear, the high tone, the manly ſpirit, the inquiring habits, of a free people. He muſt dread that popular voice which the minions of a court deſpiſe, but which almoſt always ſpeaks truth, becauſe it is prompted by the feeling within. He will not, indeed, oppoſe that voice when it is wrong, becauſe to do ſo requires courage and integrity. But he will avail himſelf of all errors and all deluſions, to compaſs his own purpoſes. He will equally inflame the frenzy of the people, or flatter the delirium of kings. But above all, it will be his conſtant aim to ſubdue and degrade the public mind. He will endeavour to annihilate that enlightened, connected maſs of public opinion, which is the true conſervatory of freedom. He will extinguiſh what cannot be ſeduced, and deſtroy what cannot be purchaſed. He will appeal excluſively to an imperfect and inadequate repreſentation, while he is undermining that natural repreſentation which alone rendered the artificial one tolerable. Nay more, he will intimidate and interdict men from that free open aſſembly, in which the ſocial ſpirit of liberty can expand, and in which its juſt dictates can be fully expreſſed. By reſtraining the freedom of public meeting; by loading the preſs with impoſts, and ſurrounding it with ſnares; by overawing the aſſociation of liberal men, and obſtructing the means of intercourſe and concert, the public opinion is ſilenced, and the ſentiment of independence extinguiſhed. Thus, in fact, the

the efficient democracy of the country is deſtroyed. Deprived of its ſource and ſupport, the artificial democracy veſted in the Houſe of Commons, is utterly frivolous and nugatory as to the ends of its inſtitution, or rather, indeed, becomes the firmeſt and the leaſt obnoxious auxiliary of miniſterial authority.

"Upon a diligent review of the laſt fifteen years, you will remark how regular, ſyſtematic, and deciſive, has been the policy of Adminiſtration in the proſecution of this object. I do not ſpeak of laws expreſsly intended to regulate the political privileges of the people. Theſe are notorious in the treaſon and ſedition laws, the ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus, and other meaſures which it is needleſs to enumerate. But look alſo at the meaſures of finance, in which the pockets and the privileges of Engliſhmen loſe in equal proportions. See the mode of collection, vexatious or arbitrary; ſee ſpies and informers reared up and regimented, fit in their ſeaſon, as they are called upon to ſerve in a trial of a revenue cauſe, or in a ſtate proſecution at the bar of the Old Bailey.

"Having ſucceeded in humbling and ſubduing the people at large, and opinion in the maſs, you will then find it eaſy to tempt, to ſeduce, and to gain over thoſe who are the leaders, and frequently the organs of public opinion. In truth, men eminent for rank or talents in a country like this, are important only as they are ſupported by the public confidence and eſteem. What is a great peer, or a wealthy commoner, without the alliance of the nation? The only true influence and weight he enjoys is derived not from his immediate dependants, or his family intereſt, but from the public love and approbation, conſpiring with the limited influence of property and rank, and adding to the benefit of family diſtinction the ſtamp of perſonal eſteem and individual character. It is of infinite importance, therefore, to diſſociate that claſs

of men from the people. The effect of this artifice is, in every view, extremely beneficial. By depriving the great or the wealthy of the energy, ſpirit, and confidence which numbers inſpire, they are reduced to a ſtate of abſolute nullity. On the other hand, the people are deprived of confidence in men, who, with equal or even leſs merit, will generally have the preference as leaders. A miniſter thus neutralizes the oppoſition of thoſe moſt fitted to control his miſchievous deſigns, and to expoſe his meaſures to reprobation.

"It will perhaps be ſufficient on this point to refer you to the ſucceſsful endeavours I employed to attain the object which I now recommend to your attention. The fact is the beſt commentary upon the principle, as well as its beſt illuſtration. With a nobility, numerous enough by my care to form a very populous aſſembly, mark how little ſpirit and energy there remains in the maſs of hereditary legiſlators. See how little pains they take to acquire that influence with the people, that can give weight to the part which individually they may chooſe to act in the public ſervice. It has been my good fortune to excite in that body a jealouſy of the people, which wonderfully contributed to the ſtability and to the eaſe of my own adminiſtration. What need I ſay farther, when you have ſeen our meaſures, whatever they were, ſufficiently protected in the Upper Houſe by the inſupportable dulneſs of Lord Grenville's oratory?

"If you are deſirous to ſee the effect of this artifice in the detail of its application, look at its ſucceſs upon the Whig party, and you will there ſee the benefit of this eternal maxim, *divide et impera*, upon which I never ceaſed to act for a moment. You will there perceive the operation of this diviſion in ſeparating the natural autocracy from the people, ſtripping the one of ſtrength, the other of counſel. Obſerve it, then, in its application, as it ſeparates men from each other,

as

as it inſpires diſtruſt, as it degrades individual characters. You well know how little influence the ſchiſm of the Whig intereſt in place had upon the wheel of Government. In that vain elevation, they neither could carry good meaſures, nor prevent bad; though, to ſay the truth, they entered with ſuch alacrity into all our plans, that they ſolicited the principal ſhare of odium in every violent reſolution. But in the aſſociation they irrecoverably forfeited their influence with the nation. They were forced to remain as inſtruments in our hands, or be thrown off unpitied and unregretted. The only honeſt man among them was obliged to forego ſtation in order to preſerve his character. The reſt are now left entirely at our mercy. They have no alternative but to be ſubmiſſive as dependants, ſince they can never hope to be formidable as adverſaries.

"This, you muſt confeſs, is a cheering view of miniſterial ſtation. What is to be apprehended by a Treaſury abounding in all the means of influence, from the feeble, ill-ſuſtained efforts of a people without ſpirit, an ariſtocracy without independence, men of rank without reputation, and all without mutual concert and eſteem? Do you think we have much to fear while we can keep things in this train? I cannot doubt that you know too much of St. Stephen's chapel, to be very much alarmed at the noiſy conteſts of debate. Our troops are too well inured to diſcipline to be frightened from their propriety by the pomp and circumſtance of ſuch inglorious war. They are not to be diſcompoſed by an aſſault that only rends the ear, while they know that the ſolid chambers of the Treaſury are proof againſt ſuch a battery.

"You muſt have already ſurveyed with pride and ſatisfaction that well-garriſoned fortreſs of which you are now the temporary governor. If you muſt defend it to extremity, you are nobly provided for the ſiege.

With what rapture muſt you have contemplated the ſtrength of that citadel, to which time, that devours every thing elſe, adds ſolidity? With what wonder and admiration muſt you have examined thoſe inexhauſtible magazines which are renewed and recruited by the profuſion with which they are drained? How muſt your heart ſwell with conſcious pride to ſee the armoury you poſſeſs, filled with every offenſive and defenſive weapon? See ranged in ſplendid glittering array, peerages to ſeduce the ſhallow and the vain! See places and penſions, to catch the needy and the ſervile! See contracts, and jobs, and loans, to fix the ſordid and the avaricious! See the light but ſubtle influence of promiſes and hopes, to draw the unprincipled and the dependant! Laſt of all, ſee the immenſe and ponderous ſtore of lies and calumnies, to mangle and diſable thoſe ſtout and reſolute few who may dare to wage the unequal conteſt! Thus impregnably fortified, what have we to dread from external attack? A miniſter thus armed ſeems as invulnerable as if thrice dipped in the infernal Stygian wave! Nothing can overthrow him but ſome low courtly art; nothing touch him but ſome weapon tipped with poiſon from his own laboratory, and ſhot by a coward's hand. There, indeed, my fears ſometimes ariſe. But there too I have ſhut every avenue to ſurpriſe, and adopted every precaution of ſecurity.

"Having reaſſured you by an encouraging diſplay of your ſtrength and reſources, I can with greater freedom point out ſome of the weak points of your poſition, and inſtruct you how, with the means we poſſeſs, they may beſt be defended. This will complete your inſtruction, and ſupply you with a perfect ſyſtem of miniſterial tactics. Thus arranged and provided, I could, without anxiety, addreſs you in the words of the poet—

I decus, I noſtrum, &c.

fearleſs

fearleſs of the dangers which you may encounter in your career. But when you reflect that your better genius watches inceſſantly for your ſafety, when your protecting parent divinity hovers over you unſeen to ward off every threatening danger, let apprehenſion be totally diſpelled. Under theſe auſpices, can you doubt that you will meet the reward of devotion ſo rare, and a political piety more than filial?"

Upon calculating the contents of the reſt of this paper, Mr. Editor, I find that I ſhould treſpaſs too much on your ſpace were I at once to tranſcribe the whole; but in a day or two I hope I ſhall be able to ſend it to you fairly written out. I am, &c.

VERAX.

(CONCLUDED.)

SIR,

I NOW ſend you the third and laſt *livraiſon* of the MINISTERIAL INSTRUCTIONS. Whether the packet contains any thing more, worthy of being communicated to the public, muſt be aſcertained by a more minute examination than my attention to the preſent morſel allowed me to beſtow.

"You cannot be ignorant that the French revolution has for theſe ten years paſt been the grand regulator of all our foreign and domeſtic politics. Every ſtep we have taken at home or abroad has neceſſarily been the conſequence of the opinion we formed of that event, and the ſyſtem it ſuggeſted. Againſt the principle of that revolution, before experience, or rather provocation, had tried its temper, all the courts of Europe, without intrigue or cabal, unanimouſly conſpired. There was no need of argument or ſeduction to excite deteſtation of a revolution which of itſelf awakened every narrow ſentiment and every ſelfiſh fear. It was not the evil which was predicted, but the good that

that might have followed from the French revolution, that gave diſguſt and terror to thoſe governments which proſcribe every veſtige of political liberty.

" But, though the potentates of the continent happily had no need to conſult any adviſers but their indignation againſt the French revolution, and their determination to overthrow it by force of arms, a different conduct was impoſed upon the miniſters of this country. It was neceſſary to ſeem to be in the right, and to procure plauſible juſtifications of a meaſure previouſly decided. The war was reſolved upon when the Emperor and the King of Pruſſia entered into the conteſt: they expected the aid of this country, but they knew that prudence compelled us to wait till we could avail ourſelves of the pretences which were created by artful practices againſt the enemy. At the time when the Emperor took the field, the people of this country would not have become parties to the war; they did not dread the principle of liberty, nor were they diſpoſed to envy that bleſſing to their ancient rivals. It was of infinite importance that our allies on the continent ſhould firſt attack the French nation. A nation the moſt keen and lively in their feelings, under the dominion of the paſſion for liberty, in its nature quick, jealous, and unbending, neceſſarily reſented the infinite provocations directed againſt them from every court of Europe. Every artifice was employed to inflame the ſpirit of the French people by inſults, which, though not the ſubject of diplomatic complaint, were, in all the circumſtances of the caſe, real attacks and ſubſtantial injuries. When to theſe, military preparations were added, the French nation could not but ſee, that, already the object of hatred, they were deſtined to be the objects of hoſtility to the ſovereigns of Europe. Their paſſions being artfully excited; the reſentment, the pride, and the enthuſiaſm of liberty being roufed, it was foreſeen that their dictates,

tates, neceſſarily leading to a deviation from ordinary forms and cuſtomary remonſtrances, would be diſplayed with a conſiderable portion of violence, menace, and indiſcretion: it was eaſy, then, for the confederates to juſtify their conduct by irregularities they had themſelves provoked.

"This ſcheme ſucceeded to admiration. The violence, fury, and injuſtice, into which the French nation were hurried, under the impulſe of thoſe paſſions thus artfully excited by inſidious attacks and indirect provocations, became ſo many arguments for war. It was contended that the Propagandiſts of France muſt be oppoſed, while in fact the folly of the Propagandiſt clubs was but the counterpart of that of thoſe cabinets which avowed as their object the entire reſtoration of the monarchy, and the ſubverſion of the revolution. It was our policy, and that of the allies, to incite the French to folly and violence, and then convert the neceſſary conſequences of the paſſions we excited into arguments for further attack. I pray you to attend to this ſhort analyſis of our policy in regard to the French revolution. It is by this addreſs that we have been enabled to act under the colour of juſtice and neceſſity. The confederacy againſt France, and the war when actually begun by the continental powers; the perpetual machinations of the royaliſts, prompted by our ſuggeſtions and maintained by our reſources; threw the whole French nation into a ſort of panic. Rouſed to madneſs by the preſſure of foreign attack, and the well-founded apprehenſion of domeſtic treaſon, they wreaked their vengeance indiſcriminately, and ſcattered their threats of revenge without moderation. Hence we took advantage of the extravagant declarations and abſurd deſigns, avowed under the dominion of their enthuſiaſtic alarms and violent agitations. In truth, the queſtion of poſitive aggreſſion has never been properly treated. The act

of

of aggreſſion was nothing, when it is known who artfully, inſidiouſly, and treacherouſly rouſed, by their dark intrigues and their corrupt practices, thoſe paſſions from which acts of aggreſſion ſpring.

"It cannot be denied, however, that the events of the war have confounded all our great deſigns. None of us who entered with ſo much alacrity into the confederacy, ever for a moment anticipated the total failure of the attempt, with ſo many circumſtances of diſgrace. We expected that the preſſure of a vigorous attack would diſcredit the leaders of the revolution, diſguſt the nation with its principles, and lead to the full reſtoration of the throne, with the former appendages of church and nobility. Europe has ſeen how wofully we have been diſappointed: but, having begun, it was neceſſary to perſevere. We had found it eſſential, in order to render the war popular, to repreſent the revolution in its whole principle and conduct as unfit to be ſanctioned or recogniſed. The alarm we had raiſed of the anarchical, anti-monarchical deſigns of the Jacobins (which in fact were the echoes of the anti-republican, anti-revolutionary threats of royalty), compelled us to repreſent the revolution as ſtill more dangerous, becauſe more powerful. Hence the infinite efforts employed to excite inſurrection, and to purchaſe treachery, in the interior of France. Some ray of hope ſtill ſeduced us, and even ſtill we do not abandon the pleaſing chimera that the revolution will yet periſh by our arts. Paſſion prompts us to perſiſt, as well as our policy, in a war which a hatred to liberty began. Notwithſtanding the experience of the paſt, we ſtill act as if we believe that 'ſteel or poiſon, 'malice domeſtic, or foreign levy,' will at laſt overthrow the ſyſtems, the agents, the ſupporters, and the partiſans of the republic; that what neither the armies of Auſtria, nor the navies of England, could, ſome accident,

accident will at length accompliſh, and that we ſhall behold proſtrate that foe

Quem non anni domuere decem non mille carinæ.

" But the irreſiſtible evidence of facts has greatly changed the ſentiments of the nation on this ſubject. It is certain that the deſire of peace is almoſt univerſal; and in other times it muſt have ſpoken aloud with ſuch concert and deciſion, as to drive from the helm of affairs a miniſter bold enough to defy it. What it was not given to oppoſe, at leaſt we were permitted to elude. By yielding to the torrent, we broke its force. We have ſatisfied the impatience of the public; we have negotiated, but we negotiated not for peace but for war. With hearts moſt inveterate, with a language in our mouths the moſt cruel and outrageous againſt the enemy, we offered a nominal peace, and a ſullen ſuſpicious armiſtice. While the arrangement of an iſland was the ſubject of debate, the whole ſyſtem of France and its rulers was the theme of perpetual declamation. The effect of ſuch language was obvious. To a high-ſpirited adverſary it was the conſummation of inſult; when coupled with a *projet* for peace, it was the laſt of outrage and mockery. The moſt extravagant terms that could have been propoſed, could not be ſo anti-pacific as this language, nor could ſo certainly have led to the rupture of the negotiation. A propoſal could have been modified; an injury could have been repaired; but inſults like this to a high-ſpirited nation, are never to be wiped away or forgiven. Who could wonder at the failure of negotiations, while, at the moment we offered peace, our hearts were keen for battle; while, at the moment we propoſed peace and amity, we reviled a whole people with the foulеſt indignities, and placed them at the ban of every thing that was great, dignified, or honourable in human ſociety?

" But

"But the plan ſucceeded. Loans were obtained with facility; the triple aſſeſſment was impoſed; and the income-tax has been entailed a perpetual burden on the Engliſh nation. The militia ſyſtem was invaded, and every arm and every guinea in the country was put at the diſpoſal of the Miniſter. Unfortunately, in an evil hour, that inſidious policy of negotiation which had ſerved us ſo effectually, was abandoned. An abrupt, unqualified rejection of Bonaparté's overtures, was the firſt departure from the ſhuffling and evaſive conduct hitherto obſerved. A majority ſanctioned our conduct, while they joined the whole nation in ſecret diſapprobation of it. I ſaw that this unwiſe, raſh, ſplenetic reſolution, gave a greater ſhock to our power and popularity than all the diſaſtrous enterpriſes, all the unconſtitutional meaſures, which have crowded the annals of our adminiſtration. But was it ſurpriſing, that thoſe who rejoiced in the failure of one negotiation, ſhould, in the giddineſs of their chimerical hopes, preſumptuouſly and arrogantly reject an overture for another?

"You ſee the error we committed in this inſtance, and you ought to profit by it. I entertain no doubt that this miſtake contributed not a little to the neceſſity of my preſent retirement. You ſee the ſtyle of management by which a negotiation may be made the inſtrument of raiſing men and money. But in any negotiation you may ſet on foot, as negotiate you muſt, we ſhall be able to judge of the line of proceeding that will beſt ſuit the exiſting circumſtances. Whatever you do, whatever you ſay, never forget to keep up, as much as poſſible, the alarm of Jacobiniſm. Fortify your government by men's fears. Fortify yourſelf with plots. Theſe agitations will prepare men's minds to receive your commands with obedience, to liſten to your arguments with prepoſſeſſion, and to be gained to your

your ſide, not by the weight of your reaſon, but a ſurrender of their own.

"The patronage of the Treaſury is now immenſe. The peerage has of late been diſtributed with ſo much liberality, that the once formidable body of the landed intereſt is annihilated. Every rich Commoner, abandoning all political ſentiment and independence, knows that by faithful ſervice he may become a Peer. You are ſure of theſe, with all their dependencies. Formerly, under the Whig adminiſtrations, the maſs of country members were Tories. They were, though factious in their views, a formidable weight in the ſcale of Oppoſition. All theſe men are now the expectants of peerages, and the ſtaunch ſupporters of the Miniſter.

"You are ſure of the monied intereſt, the heavy troops of the Houſe of Commons. Thoſe who ſwell their fortunes, not by liberal commerce, but by agency and brokerage of money, muſt ſtrenuouſly ſupport a ſyſtem which ſets afloat ſuch immenſe ſums, and affords ſuch facilities to their calling. The men of per cents, the clippers of the circulation of the country, who traffic in money, and nothing but money, muſt ſupport this war, that immenſe circulator. You have then the patrons of borough corruption and borough mongers, with all their intereſt. You have both Indies without exception, and that with reaſon!

"But without entering into the inferior details of this affair, which belong to the ſecretaries of the Treaſury, whippers-in, and other mechanics of Government, it may not be improper to ſay a word or two of your management of ſpeakers and debates in the Houſe of Commons. As to points of debate, you may refer generally to the example my own behaviour ſo long ſupplied. Study, above all things, a loud and ſonorous delivery, a ſtyle vague, perplexed, and grateful to the ear, though unintelligible to the ſenſe. Let

your

your phraſeology be obſcure, and your ſentences without preciſe application. Upon public queſtions never commit yourſelf by clear and poſitive declarations. Never anſwer any queſtion directly. In order to improve this habit, never conſent to a motion for printing a paper (already publiſhed), but with a proviſo or amendment. By theſe means you will never be taken by ſurpriſe. Debate every thing, to ſhew that it is impoſſible your adverſary can ever be in the right. Nay, when you agree to any thing propoſed by the other ſide, do it for your own reaſons, to prove that the Oppoſition are wrong, even when you muſt aſſent in their concluſions. Never attempt to anſwer your antagoniſt fairly. Seize upon a detached ſentence, member of a ſentence, or even a ſingle word; totally miſrepreſent the ſpeaker's meaning, torture this poor word a thouſand ways, impute to it the moſt dangerous tendency, till you have entirely made your audience loſe ſight of the matter in debate, and convicted your adverſary of Jacobiniſm. It would be a very unſafe thing, indeed, to treat an opponent's argument fairly. It is eaſy to create a refutable doctrine of your own, but not ſo to enter manfully into the queſtion. By obſerving this rule I have often anſwered the luminous ſpeeches, the irreſiſtible perſuaſion, the varied and copious illuſtration of Fox, without meeting a ſingle principle or a ſingle poſition. Be careful, however, to preconcert a ſyſtematic cheer from the Treaſury Bench, to be conveyed through the nodding benches behind. For this purpoſe ſtation ſome of the moſt wakeful and vigilant of the Lords of the Treaſury, or others, at convenient diſtances, to make the reſponſes as the clerk gives out the note. Some of my beſt periods have fallen dead-born from my lips from the ſomnolence of thoſe employed to repeat the ſignals.

"Your courſe of proceeding towards your opponents may be ſummed up in a few words. Miſrepreſent

ſent their arguments, diſtort their principles, and vilify their conduct. By this ſhort ſyſtem of eloquence you will anſwer them very much to your own ſatisfaction.

"But it is neceſſary to caution you againſt the aſſiſtance of your own ſupporters. Beware of accepting the dangerous aid of Mr. W——m's logic. You well know how artfully I explained away the officious harangues of that political Quixote. He ſpoke but too often the ſentiments of the Cabinet in avowing a determined hatred to the French republic, and expoſing the policy of warring againſt it to extremity. But though we approved in ſecret, it was not ſafe to ſanction in public ſo violent and unpopular a language. W——m was diſowned in debate with a marked perſonality that would have rendered any man of ſpirit deſperate. He never uttered a ſentence which I did not diſclaim or comment upon. But the man's mind was ſo humbled, that he daily ſubmitted to the unparalleled indignity of being corrected like a giddy, blundering ſchoolboy. In a word, you muſt treat him preciſely in the ſame manner.

"I need ſcarcely recommend to you that you ſhould cultivate the good-will of the little Nicodemus, as our friend W———ce is ſtyled. That man has a petty tribe, of which he is the ſoul. His ſupport is worth ſomething. You muſt humour his caprices, and exaggerate his importance; for his vanity is at leaſt equal to his talents. As to the ſlave-trade, I believe you may ſafely go along with him, and leave the reſt to Lord Hawkeſbury, the Weſt India members, and the Treaſury. W———ce will be ſatisfied with the aid of Mr. Addington's ſingle vote—or even without it.

"But why ſhould I point out the ſpecific application for each individual caſe, ſince you have the catholicon for every variety of knavery, extravagance, or

hypocriſy? Your own experience, with ſuch means, cannot greatly err; but in all difficult emergencies you can reſort to the ſource from which your power is derived. Go forth, then, relying upon that ſuperior aid; go, and aſtoniſh the world at the novelty of an Adminiſtration without talents, connexion, reputation, or experience. Diſſipate the vain illuſion under which the world has laboured, that great endowments are requiſite for great affairs. Prove to mankind that the intereſt of ſtates can be managed by men that would not be employed as common attornies; and that peace or war may be in the hands of thoſe who would not have been choſen to conduct a ſuit for a petty aſſault and battery. But while the world contemplates the phenomenon with amazement, reflect with humility on the cauſes of your promotion; and, while you defy the ſneers of malignity and the contempt of Europe, enjoying your temporary elevation, remember that you guide but for a day the chariot of the ſun, and that your advancement may be fatal to yourſelf, ſhould you forget to follow the precepts, and to employ the aid, of him who committed the reins to your feeble hands."

Here the MS. cloſes. The ſignature is effaced, but I ſhall employ no more words in ſupport of the conjecture which I have already hazarded reſpecting the author. I am, &c. &c.

Sept. 2. VERAX.

MR. PITT'S ADVICE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the information conveyed to the publie by means of the Treaſury journals, reſpecting Mr. Pitt's remaining in town *to give his advice*, has occaſioned a conſiderable degree of alarm, yet that

alarm, in my opinion, like ſome other things of the kind, will, upon due examination, appear to have very little foundation; and, although it be the faſhion at preſent to play upon the feelings of the public, I hope to offer ſome arguments to prove that this affair, at leaſt, ſhould not be a cauſe of trembling.

The paragraph, it muſt be obſerved, merely ſtated that Mr. Pitt, who meant to have taken a trip to Scotland with Mr. Dundas, remained in town to give his advice. Now, Sir, if we conſider this paragraph in all its bearings and diſtances, what is there in it? what does it tell us?

I ſhall, for method's ſake, divide the information it gives into two heads: firſt, we learn from this important article that Mr. Pitt meant to have gone to Scotland with Mr. Dundas; but what Mr. Pitt meant to have done in Scotland, or why he would have gone there in preference to any other place, we know not. All we can learn is, that his journey to Scotland was, for ſome reaſon or other, a favourite object, and yet that his ſenſe of public danger was ſuch as to induce him to give up Mr. Dundas and Scotland, that he might remain in town and give his advice; which brings me to

The ſecond head: "He remained in town to give his advice;" and this is what has alarmed the public, although, in my opinion, unneceſſarily; for, in the firſt place, it does not appear what advice he had to give; nor, ſecondly, whether our new Miniſters were diſpoſed to liſten to his advice. Now it is certain that any man may give his advice. There is no law againſt it, nor is the giving of advice ever obſtructed by ignorance or incapacity; and what renders it infinitely more eaſy for men to give advice in theſe days is, that *experience* has ſunk into contempt, and no man thinks of the paſt as having any connexion with the preſent or the future. It is probable, therefore, that the Ex-

minister may have remained in town to give his advice; but there is no manner of proof that he has actually given that advice, or that it has been taken. Observe, now, Mr. Editor, how little foundation there is for our fears, when our fears come to be analysed.

I am, indeed, surprised to find that this threat of giving his advice should have appeared in the ministerial papers. Surely the conductors of those pure vehicles of wisdom and information, must have strangely forgot themselves, or they are still in the uncertain state of many country gentlemen, who cannot tell yet who is prime minister. If Mr. Addington wants Mr. Pitt's advice, he wants something which he ought to have had before he accepted his present situation. If Mr. Addington is not so clever a fellow as Mr. Pitt, they ought to change places; for a people who have paid so dear for original knowledge, will not be put off with a *second-hand* article. In my notion, these journalists have fallen into the same mistake with the clergy on a late occasion. To excuse their *non-residence*, they proved that their *curates* were as able to do their duty as themselves, or even more so. It immediately entered into the wicked heads of some people, that, if this were true, the curate ought to have been the rector, which, I humbly apprehend, was not the intended Q. E. D. in this case.

I have thus, Sir, thought it my duty, by logical deduction, to alleviate the fears of the public in this important matter, as far as I am able. The case, however, may be just the reverse. Mr. Pitt's advice may have not only been given, but taken: and, if so, the public will very soon know the worst. His advice is so strongly marked with peculiar characteristics, such a conspicuous stamp, such a glaring hall mark, that I think it will be impossible to mistake it, whether *in transitu*, or in *its consequences*. No minister, indeed, was ever so clear, explicit, and intelligible in his advice.

vice. No ambiguities, no far-fetched metaphors, no quibbles about words and particles. It was always adapted to the meaneſt underſtanding, and there is not a man in the kingdom who cannot reduce it to pounds, ſhillings, and pence. Other wiſe men have encumbered our libraries with folios—Mr. Pitt's works are all adapted to the *pocket*.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

Auguſt 19. WHO'S AFRAID?

LONDON IN JULY.

[From the Oracle.]

LET rural poets ſing of "ſhady groves,"
Of "balmy zephyrs," and of "billing doves,"
Of "waving cornfields," and of "thymy hills,"
Of "verdant meadows," and of "rippling rills;"
And, if a toothleſs lapdog chance to die,
In namby-pamby howl its elegy:
Thou, Muſe, ſhalt paint, in mournful, pitying ſtrain,
This naked town. And firſt, oh, Drury Lane!
No more at thine and Covent Garden's doors
Are heard the *mild*, the *ſweetly*-ſounding roars
Of lamp-black linkmen, who with lungs untir'd,
Swear that it rains, and cry out "Coach unhir'd!"
Filches no more exert their nimble hand,
And *idle* Jehus ſleep upon the ſtand!
The lone Piazza, once the gay reſort
Of flaſh, of ſlang, and meretricious ſport,
Now only echoes with th' unvarying ſound
Of drowſy watchmen pacing their dull round.
Kiddies no more at *Glue* or *Brilliant* ſup,
And e'en the far-fam'd *Finiſh* is *done up*.
In thoſe gay ſtreets, where ſprigs of faſhion ſigh'd
For titled dames, now ſtrawberries are cried.
No more the pantaloon'd, unpowder'd ſpark,
Diſplays his figure in the duſty Park;
No more the curricle, as ſwift as wind,
Skims through the ſtreets with two ſmart grooms behind;
No more the ſtyliſh, well-enamell'd fair
Lolls in her *muddy* with affected air;

In vain do toniſh ſhops expoſe to view
The taſſel'd Heſſian's ſhining jetty hue;
The *padded doe-ſkin*, making *beaux* ſeem big,
The natty hat, the fiercely-looking *wig*;
In vain the *Cyprian* tries each practis'd wile,
The leering eye, the ſoft alluring ſmile:
All fun, all humour, all amuſement's fled,
The country's pleaſant, but the town is dead.
Haſte then, oh, Winter! with thy mirthful train,
And bring back Faſhion, Spirit, Life, again. T. B.

THE CAMP.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

TENTS, *marquees*, and baggage-waggons;
Suttling-houſes, beer in flagons;
Drums and trumpets, ſinging, firing;
Girls ſeducing, *beaux* admiring;
Country laſſes gay and ſmiling,
City lads their hearts beguiling;
Duſty roads, and horſes friſky,
Many an *Eton boy* in whiſky;
Tax'd carts full of farmers' daughters;
Brutes condemn'd, and man who ſlaughters!
Public-houſes, booths, and caſtles,
Belles of faſhion, ſerving vaſſals;
Lordly gen'rals fiercely ſtaring,
Weary ſoldiers, ſighing, ſwearing!
Petit-maitres always dreſſing,
In the glaſs themſelves careſſing;
Perfum'd, painted, patch'd, and blooming
Ladies—manly airs aſſuming!
Dowagers of fifty, ſimp'ring,
Miſſes for their lovers whimp'ring;
Huſbands drill'd to houſehold tameneſs;
Dames heart-ſick of wedded fameneſs.
Princes ſetting girls a-madding,
Wives for ever fond of gadding;
Princeſſes with lovely faces,
Beauteous children of the Graces!

Britain's

Britain's pride and Virtue's treaſure,
Fair and gracious beyond meaſure!
Aid-de-camps and youthful pages,
Prudes and veſtals of all ages!
Old coquets and matrons ſurly,
Sounds of diſtant *burly-burly!*
Mingled voices, uncouth ſinging,
Carts full laden, forage bringing;
Sociables and horſes weary,
Houſes warm, and dreſſes airy;
Loads of fatten'd poultry; pleaſure
Serv'd (to nobles) without meaſure;
Doxies, who the waggons follow;
Beer, for thirſty hinds to ſwallow;
Waſherwomen, fruit-girls cheerful,
Ancient ladies—*chaſte* and *fearful!!*
Tradeſmen, leaving ſhops, and ſeeming
More of *war* than profit dreaming;
Martial ſounds and braying aſſes;
Noiſe, that ev'ry noiſe ſurpaſſes!
All confuſion, din, and riot,
Nothing clean—and nothing quiet. OBERON.

A WEDDED MAN, TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ENCHANTING bird! in ſtrains, ah! why ſo coy?
My Delia boaſts ſuperior powers to you;
Your varying notes the hours of eve employ,
Hers all day long, and, d—n it, all *night* too!

NIM.

ON THE TITUS AND CARACALLA WIGS.

WITH hair whoſe whiteneſs ev'n with ſnow might vie,
Did Strephon, yeſterday, his head array;
With hair whoſe blackneſs rivals ebony,
Wand'ring I've ſeen his head bedeck'd to-day:
By ſome new art, thus the Protean beau,
A ſwan one day, becomes the next a crow.

LAMENTATIONS

LAMENTATIONS OF BONAPARTÉ FOR THE LOSS OF EGYPT.

In a private Letter from Paris, (Floreal) April 20, An. 9, 1801.

[From the Times.]

BONAPARTÉ's affliction for his flouriſhing colony is very natural and affecting, now that it is to be ſurrendered to the *barbarous Engliſh*. The *Moniteur* publiſhed only a mutilated account of it. It was young Beauharnois who heard him lamenting its fate at *Malmaiſon* laſt *Decadi* was ten days, in ſtrains more pathetic, and with more ſcalding tears than he ſhed at *Grand Cairo* for the pug dog.

"Ill-fated flouriſhing colony!" exclaimed the hero of the eighteenth century, "who art about to exchange the light of French philoſophy, and the humanity of republican ſoldiers, for the darkneſs of Chriſtianity, and the cruelty of Britons!

"Who are the barbarian generals that have expelled thy benefactors? What ſalutary maſſacres have they commanded? In what moſque have they abjured their religion, or inſulted thine? They have ſent home their laurelled letters, *à la Romaine*, to their country; but my eyes ſeek in vain for the ſignature, *à la Françaiſe*, of *Ali*-SMITH or *Abdallah*-HUTCHINSON! Have they carried out a ſingle regiment of *Sçavans* from the Royal Academy, or put in requiſition a troop of comedians and proſtitutes, to improve thy morals, from Covent Garden and Drury Lane? Every thing announces that the country of the *Ptolomies* is deſtined to return once more to ignorance and ſuperſtition. Alas! have they embarked in their expedition even a preſs or a journaliſt? Will there be a '*Courier of Alexandria*,' or a '*Chronicle of Cairo?*'

"Farewell, my dear Cophts! beloved Arabs, darling Mamelucks, adieu! Ye will relapſe into all the errors and miſeries of belief in your religion, obedience

to

to the law, and fidelity to your government! For you, the revolution has been thrown away, and the '*Sul-taun Juſte*' will be forgotten! No more will you marvel at ſeeing me *eat and drink* at the ſame time *unpoiſoned*; no more ſhall aſtoniſhment confound the faculties of your ſouls, while I mercifully pardon all the innocent among you—that is, the aged and the infants! All my kindneſſes, my ſalutary executions, my endearing taxes, my affectionate requiſitions, are no more! And you, dear objects of my parental ſolicitude! what ſhall comfort you for our republican marriages—where will you laviſh the *tenderneſs* our troops uſed to receive from you? Will a barbarous Engliſhman return your practical philanthropy, or will you transfer it to a pacha of three tails?"

Citizen Beauharnois did not loſe a word of this noble ſoliloquy, nor the public either, owing to the proficiency of this illuſtrious youth in brachygraphy or tachygraphy—for it is not certain by which of theſe illuſtrious arts he was enabled to keep pace with the rapidity of Bonaparte's rhapſody. It was read by Chenier the ſame evening at a ſitting extraordinary of the *Inſtitute*, where the ſenſation it created is not to be deſcribed. Copies have been ſent to the playhouſes, the prefects, the foreign miniſters, and the armies of the *three elements*. Both the ſubterranean and flying diviſions were electrified. The balloon troops fired a *feu-de-joie* which was diſtinctly viſible at the ſame inſtant at *Alexandria* and *Copenhagen*, and the troops of the *Ditch*, as they are called, ſhouted ſo loud in their tunnel as to ſhake Dover Caſtle, and give birth to the late reports of an earthquake upon the eaſtern coaſts of the Channel. In the camps at Boulogne, prudence ſuppreſſed the expreſſion of military ſentiment; but Citizen La Terrent, grenadier in the 143d brigade, who in the war of liberty has ſlain with his own hand ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-one of the ſoldiers of kings, and taken four thouſand and twenty-four priſoners,

was ſo tranſported, that he ſwore at the head of the battalion to dine in *Portland Place* upon the next anniverſary feaſt of the regicide.

Auguſt 1.

SINGULAR IMPORTATIONS.

[From the Morning Herald]

A PARIS paper, the *Clef du Cabinet*, complains of the *Gazette* of *Berne*, as having ſaid in the month of April laſt, "that Bonaparté had brought with him ſome curious articles from Egypt: 1. Six pieces of *cannon* belonging to the army of *Pharaoh*, which had been engulfed in the Red Sea when he purſued the *Iſraelites*, and which Bonaparté had *fiſhed* up with conſiderable addreſs. 2. Six flaſks of the *darkneſs* which had ſpread over Egypt, *hermetically* ſealed; one of theſe had *burſt* on the 18th Brumaire, and ſpread its contents all over France. 3. Two *crocodiles*, from whom it was hoped to form a ſort of *ſtud* in the palace of the Luxembourg; and in caſe it was found that the race could be propagated, that the Abbé Sieyes was to take the charge of their *education!*"

INVASION.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS there is a little variance of opinion between ſome of our moſt enlightened generals, whether it would be more prudent to attack the enemy on their landing, or wait to "fight it out handſomely" with them, when they get into the interior of the country, the following two or three hints are humbly ſubmitted to their conſideration:

1. If the enemy ſhould land at Beccles in Suffolk, it muſt be by *ſurpriſe*; and in that caſe the moſt valorous

rous Britons may be juſtified in a ſhort *flight* up the country, in order to *rally*.

2. While our *men* are thus retiring in *diſorder*, let our *women* ſhew no *confuſion*, but a good *front*, as modern diſcipline enables them to do; by which many temporary advantages may be gained, by oppoſing the tactics of French gallantry to thoſe of Gallic diſcipline.

3. Care ſhould be taken to leave all the *forage* and *water* on the coaſt, as the ſureſt mode of *breaking the wind* of their horſes, and rendering them incapable of drawing their heavy artillery.

4. The ſame precaution ſhould be had, as to live ſtock, by leaving all the *fatteſt cattle* ſnug in the marſhes; and indeed if plenty of *beef*, *ready roaſted*, could be left on the ſhore, with a ſufficiency of *new-baked bread*, and *ſugar-brewed beer*, a temporary inaction of the enemy might reaſonably be looked for, as the conſequence of appetites voraciouſly ſatiated.

If theſe obſervations, Mr. Editor, are received with due reſpect, you will ſpeedily hear again from

Yours, &c.

Auguſt 1. AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

A NEW SONG.

TO battle let deſpots compel the poor ſlave,
His country for him has no charms;
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.

Our country and King may triumphantly reſt,
Encircled by loyalty's bands;
For the ſpirit of liberty glows in each breaſt,
And her ſword ſhall ne'er drop from our hands.

How

How glorious to fall in youth's manly bloom,
For Britain life's joys to reſign,
The voice of bright Fame will be heard from our tomb,
And our names be inroll'd in her ſhrine.

Raiſe the ſong to the heroes of Britain's proud iſle,
While in ſtrains of exultance we tell
How the ſoldier's lov'd Chief, by the blood-ſtreaming Nile,
Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, ſtrike home—to the French on our ſhore
Their Invincible ſtandard diſplay,
By Moira array'd—on their vain legions pour,
And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.

While proudly the banners of victory wave,
The ſoldier exultingly dies;
The trophies of glory ſhine over his grave,
And his ſpirit aſcends to the ſkies.

ODE TO BONAPARTÉ.

CHIEF Conſul! Hero of Marengo!
Are you gone mad, or drunk with ſtingo;
That, fame and fortune quitting,
Nothing will ſerve your Highneſs now,
But fierce invaſion (fie! you -ow-
ard) of poor little Britain?

Your victory at Algeſiras,
Where Saumarez in ſuch hot fire was,
I tell you, without flatt'ry,
Was gain'd—deny it if you can—
Not by your fleet, but—(O you Han-
nibal!) a Spaniſh batt'ry.

Indeed, great Monſieur Bonaparté,
One can't refrain from laughing hearty,
To hear the pompous ſtory
Of this exploit that you advance,
Boaſting how it has cover'd France-
's name with glory!

But

But when you read in our Gazette,
The drubbing poor Linois did get
From Saumarez ſoon after;
I think, my little Corſican,
'T will cool your courage, check your vanity, and ſtop your laughter.

If you intend to keep your throne,
Now let invading us alone—
'T is dangerous and evil;
Remember—gun-boats may be ſunk—
Remember Nelſon; whether drunk
Or ſober—he 's the devil!

Dromore, Aug. 7, 1801. HAFIZ.

ODE

ON THE LATE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE BAY OF ALGESIRAS, IN WHICH THE FRENCH NAVY WAS COVERED WITH GLORY!!!

[From the Morning Poſt.]

THE Muſe has heard the wondrous ſtory
That cover'd Gallia's flag with glory;
The din of bells and theatres
Has deafen'd all the Muſe's ears;
Hark! how their long inſulted ſhore,
And longer ſilenc'd cannons roar.
From port to port applauſes ſwell the note,
And ſhip to ſhip reſounds—ay! boat to boat!

Rehearſe, oh! Muſe, the mighty tale!
Why looks each Britiſh tar ſo pale?
Ah! from his mouth why drops the quid?
His thumb forget the pliant lid?
Why, rivetted as in a trance,
Survey the block'd-up ports of France?
And as the flames of bonfires gild the ſkies,
Tears, that might launch a fleet, flow trickling from his eyes?

Oh! ſad diſaſter!—Liſt, brave tar,
And, thund'ring cannons, ceaſe your jar;

Ye bards, no more exalt your ſtyle,
To tell the wonders of the Nile;
Forget the paſſing of the Sound,
Or ſhips that conquer'd, though aground:
Far nobler proweſs waits your heav'nly fire—
Yours, did I ſay?—I mean the Gallic lyre!

Though ſhelter'd in a Spaniſh bay,
Thy ſhips, oh France! unſhelter'd lay;
In vain the op'en main they ſhun,
In vain to forts or batt'ries run;
Nor forts nor batt'ries can appal,
Deſtructive ſhells nor furnac'd ball:
No fears the breaſt of Albion's ſons invade,
Theſe for her foes alone, and her defence were made.

Ah! what avails the Spaniſh arm,
Or friendly interpoſing calm?
The tars of Albion ſtill deride
The world and elements allied;
And their diſmaſted ſquadron too
No longer now had been a foe:
No more eſſay'd its deſtin'd courſe to ſhape,
Nor dar'd again with glory!—to eſcape.

But what a fatal accident
Has Albion's navy to lament,
When leaſt ſhe fear'd the routed foe;
To ſtumble on a fiend—below:
Her hearts of oak—her very ſoul
Encounter'd by a Spaniſh ſhoal—
An Engliſh ſhip aground?—Let Frenchmen ſcoff,
While bards in wonder tell—how Linois got her off!!!

But, oh! what ſtrains can equal deeds
So great! that e'en the laurell'd weeds
Would bluſh upon the victor's brow;
The victors!—they 're the French, I trow?
The *glory* only do *they* claim?
We envy not the empty name:
Proud in her heroes, Britain claims their birth,
And eſtimates her glory by their worth.

Banks of the Thames, Aug. 15. J. MELLING.

FRANCE COVERED WITH GLORY:

BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE, TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF THE *gallant* ADMIRAL LINOIS.

[From the True Briton.]

GOOD people all I pray attend
A moſt ſurpriſing ſtory;
'T is of an action on the main
That cover'd France with glory.

'T was on the ninth day of July,
From Cadiz poſt away
Six ſail o' th' line, and frigates three,
To Algeſiras Bay.

For kept by th' Engliſh in blockade,
The mighty Linois lay,
With five large ſhips, a frigate too,
In Algeſiras Bay.

Theſe to relieve Moreno came,
Not to engage in fight,
But to the port of Cadiz ſtraight
With them combine in *flight*.

A freſh eaſt wind roſe on the twelfth;
The French and Spaniards go,
For Cadiz ſwift they ſail, and take
The Hannibal *in tow*.

Now this ſame eaſtward gale, alas!
Brought on the Engliſh fleet,
Who ſeem to wiſh for nothing more
Than enemies to meet.

Five ſail o' th' line the Engliſh had,
A frigate and a brig,
They came as if they did not care
For France and Spain a fig.

The night came on, and France and Spain
Were very much in fear,
As ſtronger blew the eaſtern breeze,
More Engliſh might appear.

Hence they were puzzled what to do,
That is, which way to fly;
For what indeed are France and Spain,
When Britiſh tars are nigh?

At length th' allies heard cannon three,
And fires ſaw far behind;
They thought them Engliſh ſignals, ſo
They puſh'd before the wind.

Then they congratulate themſelves
That they were got together,
And that they ſail'd ſo very well,
Beyond Old England's tether.

A conflagration ſoon they ſaw,
Burſt through the dark of night;
Which ſeem'd to be their ſhips on fire,
Oh! then how great their fright!

Such their firſt thoughts, but ſoon they fear'd
'T was fire-ſhips of the foe;
That was enough to urge their ſpeed,
And wondrous faſt they go.

No longer then could be a doubt,
The foe had paſs'd the Strait;
Nay, they had reach'd the Gallic wake—
This was no time to wait.

The French at their maintopmaſt-head
Had put a light *to rally*;
But pull'd it down when th' Engliſh came,
Leſt they too near might ſally.

For well the wary Frenchmen knew,
If they held forth a light,
It muſt have led the Engliſh on,
To force them into fight.

The night the French in anguiſh paſs'd,
Becauſe it did not ſhew
Whether ſome ſhips that were in ſight,
Were enemies or no.

At length the day diſpers'd their fears:
A day it was moſt ſweet,
For why? The French ſoon found themſelves
In midſt of their own fleet.

At five o'clock they heard a ſound
That did denote a fray,
Which made the Frenchmen all rejoice,
They were ſo far away.

The wind about eleven roſe,
Four veſſels came in view,
They thought them friends, but found them foes,
And then again they flew.

The Formidable then they ſaw
Driving before the wind,
As if ſhe ſaid, "The devil take
All thoſe that are behind."

At length the French with rapture found
They need not fret and chafe;
The foe they had eſcap'd, and then
Anchor'd in Cadiz ſafe.

And now to all our naval lads
May Heav'n ſtill give a bleſſing;
And if *defeat* with glory *clads*,
May France ne'er want a *dreſſing!*

Auguſt 8.

STANZAS ON THE VICTORY OF ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SAUMAREZ.

AGAIN triumphant harps reſound!
See weſtward from the Straits the flying ſails!
With coward haſte they ſweep the green profound,
And Spain her port inglorious hails!
Nor Gaul eſcapes—proud, heart-ſwoln Gaul,
Whoſe threats imperious menace England's coaſt,
Lifts up his giant voice to call
Alliance'd ſhame to flight, and mourns his recent boaſt.

Was it for this, inſulting foe,
Thou bad'ſt the world thy valour gaze,
When ſnatch'd by chance from utter woe,
Thy vaunting glory ſpread its blaze?
And Victory! and Victory!
Was France's univerſal cry!
Tear from thy front the wither'd wreath,
The waves to Britiſh valour yield,
Nor let one idle whiſp'ring breath
Tell where great Linois lies conceal'd.

Victorious Saumarez! for thee
We wake the ſtrings to ſongs of praiſe;
Beneath this huge o'erſhadowing tree,
Oft have been heard the poet's lays.
Haply from this majeſtic oak,
Whoſe trunk the northern ſtorm defies,
The rended honours ſhall provoke
Some nymph whoſe lineage claims the ſkies.
But, gentle Hamadryad, ſpare
The wreaths aſſign'd by Britain's vow,
He, whom united navies fear,
Shall gird thy foliage round his honour'd brow.

Him ſhall an after-age admire!
His fame the Britiſh youth inſpire
With Britiſh emulation.
So be our England ever ſeen,
What now ſhe is, and ſtill has been,
The great heroic nation.
Strike the loud harp! the notes prolong!
Theſe deeds to heavenly ſtrains belong.
Strike the loud harp! rejoice! rejoice!
And while from yon deſpotic lands
The ſavage threats are hurl'd, our voice
In rapturous freedom greets the bands,
Who, call'd to meet invaſion's hoſt,
Not backward tread their native coaſt!
Who ſwear to die in Freedom's cauſe,
For England's King, and England's laws!

Auguſt. C. J.

FRANCE AGAIN COVERED WITH GLORY:

BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATION OF THE SECOND ATTACK ON BOULOGNE, AS RECORDED BY THE FRENCH HISTORIAN.

[From the True Briton.]

AGAIN, good people, lend an ear
To mighty deeds of fate,
That happen'd in fam'd Boulogne road,
Which thus the French relate.

In pinnaces the Engliſh came
By night, at one o'clock,
In hopes that they ſhould ſuddenly
Our great flotilla ſhock.

But as we juſt before had known
How much theſe Engliſh dar'd,
Some new devices we had plan'd,
And for them were prepar'd.

The Engliſh they in ſilence came,
To take us by ſurpriſe;
And in the darkneſs of the night
No object met our eyes.

Between our veſſels and the land
They ſoon contriv'd to ſlip,
In hopes of ſtraight ſurrounding us,
And burning ev'ry ſhip.

And now began their bold attack;
But then they in a trice
Were baffled in their dreadful aim
By our ſublime device.

Their boldneſs, ſtratagem, and skill,
Thank Heav'n! were all in vain;
Faſt to each other, and to land,
Our ſhips were by *a chain*.

Thus fruſtrated, the Engliſh then,
Each ſailor, with a ſword,
Advanc'd upon our veſſels' ſides,
Attempting us *to board*.

Foild

Foil'd by another ſly device,
They could no farther get;
For, lo! our ſailors and our troops
Were ſnug within *a net*.

The nets had been full well prepar'd,
And ſpread before night-fall;
So wide and high they cover'd ſafe
Ship, ſoldiers, ſailors, all.

And now in turn we boldly ſtrive
The foe-men to annoy;
We did not priſ'ners try to take,
Reſolv'd BUT TO DESTROY.

And hence we ſtraight our baffled foes
With horrid carnage check;
For ſoon their fingers, hands, and toes,
Were ſtrew'd on ev'ry deck.

Yet we 've of Engliſh priſoners two,
Who ruſh'd within our bounds;
They 're now at Boulogne, and, 'tis thought,
Will not ſurvive their wounds.

Th' engagement laſted till 't was day;
And then the Engliſh fleet,
Finding that we were too ſecure,
Amidſt grape-ſhot retreat.

Small was our loſs, as we with truth
Can poſitively ſay;
But thirty wounded, ſeven kill'd,
Amidſt this noble fray.

Of valour prodigies were ſhewn
Upon our country's ſide,
In which, indeed, if all were told,
The world would not confide.

With his own hand a ſergeant ſlew
Six who did at him drive—
An officer of the Marines
With *his* own hand ſlew *five*.

Then

Then of the empire of the main
Though Britons ſtill may brag,
We, wiſer, on our ſhores maintain
The honour of our flag.

MORAL.

Hence nations who for glory yearn,
And would her cov'ring get,
From France, in Boulogne road, may learn
That cov'ring is a *net*.

Auguſt 29.

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

[From the Times.]

AMONG the annals of our public calamities, there is none more diſtinguiſhed than the ravages which were cauſed a few centuries ago, in the population of the country, by a dreadful and peculiar diſtemper, which, from its fatal ſymptoms, was called the *Sweating Sickneſs*.

This horrible epidemy has never viſited any other parts of Europe, notwithſtanding their nearer proximity to the ſun; ſo that its cauſes have juſtly been conſidered as local and peculiar; and its return cannot be watched or prevented with too much vigilance and anxiety.

It is with infinite concern that we feel it our duty to announce ſome very ſuſpicious and formidable ſymptoms of this malady, which have lately made their appearance in various quarters of the town, and among the moſt oppoſite claſſes of ſociety.

The firſt ſigns which we have been enabled to trace, broke out on the 5th ult. in ſeveral great houſes at the weſt end of the town. Lady Godiva ——, who had worn her characteriſtic undreſs during all the ſeverity of the winter, was among the firſt who were attacked. Her diſorder broke out in a violent elaſtic black velvet, with

with an incruſtation of gold net, from head to foot; and the Hon. Mrs. Figleaf herſelf was not to be known by her neareſt friends, being covered all over with a terrible eruption of pink ſarſnet and black ſatin. Many ſweet dancers were diſcovered to be privately afflicted with flannel and calico, and to have aſſumed articles of male attire; while others were aſcertained to have taken the infection at the boſom, by the quantity of infected cotton, which made the ſufferers look like ſo many wet-nurſes.

In the progreſs of the ſickneſs the patient has been known to take her cat or her lapdog into bed with her; and ſome have aſked their friends to provide them with good bedfellows for life.

The preſent calamity, however, is not confined to the fair ſex. It is in every ſenſe epidemical, and affects not only natural but political bodies. A hundred red-hot deputies from another country have been invited to ſit in a room, in which for a century there has never been ſpace enough for two thirds of its own members. They are deſigned to contribute to the heat of the aſſembly, as many of them are known to take fire upon the ſlighteſt occaſions, and others are now baking in a certain oven, after which they intend to wrap themſelves in ermine for the reſt of their lives.

The worſt ſymptoms, however, have appeared in the market-places, where a claſs of perſons called middle-men, compoſed of the warmeſt citizens, have increaſed the ſweating ſickneſs to ſuch a dreadful paroxyſm, as to threaten the whole kingdom with conſumption. It is certain, that thouſands of families have already been ſweated down to ſkeletons. The ſame is the caſe with any thing they touch, whether it be meat, bread, or corn. If they lay their hand upon a buſhel, it inſtantly ſweats itſelf down to a peck; and a quartern loaf has been known to waſte by

their

their deleterious heat down to the ſize of a twopenny roll.

Their art of ſweating the people is ſo complete, that ſome perſons have thought they actually ground the faces of their patients. But we ſhall have to ſpeak more of this ſymptom of the ſickneſs at another opportunity. At preſent it is our duty to caution the public particularly againſt taverns and poſt-chaiſes, in which the infection is violently taken, and the perſpiration ſudden and profuſe. The very bottles in ſome inns have ſweated themſelves down to pints. But the moſt dangerous circumſtance one has yet heard of is, a combination in one of the branches of a moſt reſpectable profeſſion, to ſweat the ſuburbs in the groſs. They have been known to order ſeven ſweats at a time, and to increaſe the effects of their preſcription by a new and violent ſpecies of action.

Auguſt 1.

EFFECT OF SUDDEN PREFERMENT.

[From the Looker-on]

IN this land of induſtry and commerce, where fortunes are ever in a conſtant flux, it is curious to obſerve the rapid changes which perpetually occur in the conſequence and figure of different individuals. Theſe revolutions have, without doubt, their ſocial advantages: they break the force of pride, which is always attended with an excluſive ſpirit; they open a wider field for the emulation of talents; and, by diffuſing the feelings of fellowſhip and the ties of affinity among us, give a freer range to the duties of benevolence, and the practice of virtue. If ſuch be a natural reſult of this community and participation of riches and honour, it is painful to obſerve the exceptions exhibited in the conduct of certain individuals. There are ſome ordinary ſpirits among us, who having juſt emerged,

emerged, by a perverſe partiality of fortune, from the loweſt conditions, conceive that the only way of ſhewing themſelves qualified to maintain their new character, is to manifeſt an extreme ſcorn of the old one; and that, to evince an elevation of mind proportioned to their riſe of fortune, they have only to diſcard the aſſociates and witneſſes of their humble beginnings. A gentleman who finds himſelf in this deſcription of deſerted friends, has made the following complaint to me by letter, permitting me to make my own uſe of it.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

"DEAR SIMON, *Oxford.*

"YOU remember, no doubt, your old fellow-collegian, Tom Varniſh, whoſe principal recommendation was his apparent good-nature, and his companionable qualities. You will be ſurpriſed to hear, that, by a fortunate connexion, he is become Dean of ——. The firſt time I ſaw him after his preferment I ſtretched out my hand to him, to wiſh him joy, in quality of an old friend and aſſociate, but could only graſp the tip of his longeſt finger; he made me, however, a very polite bow, and told me his dinner was always on table at half after five, if I ever came his way. He left me in ſuch utter ſurpriſe, that I was fixed on the ſpot for ſome moments. It occurred to me, however, upon a little reflection, that this muſt have been a mere joke, which would ſerve us to laugh over at ſome ſnug meeting at the Deanery. His ſubſequent conduct has undeceived me; and I plainly ſee that I am never to be acknowledged on the ancient footing. I own I ſhould feel a very violent indignation towards this poltroon, and ſhould be provoked to ſome ſignal revenge, if ſuch behaviour did not in a great meaſure carry its puniſhment with it; but I obſerve, that, ſince his elevation, there are fewer ſmiles on his countenance, and there ſeems to be a conſtraint in his looks and demeanour,

meanour, which betrays an inward perplexity, the conſtant companion of pride. There is always, methinks, a ſort of treaſon in theſe abuſes of friendſhip, that leaves a conſcious ſtain upon the mind, a ſecret ſenſe of unworthineſs, that ſinks us amidſt our triumphs, and falſifies our greatneſs.

"I happened to meet him the other day in a large company, where it was my fortune to be ſeated next to him. I thought this a favourable opportunity for preſſing ſome anecdotes home to his recollection, that might ſtir up ſome ancient regards, if any were left, at the bottom of his mind. I talked to him of the old tree, under whoſe ſhade we had paſſed ſo many hours in reading a ſtory of Chaucer, a play of Shakeſpeare, or the humours of the Knight of La Mancha. I reminded him of our names cut out together on the examining-chair in the Schools. I told him, that his likeneſs was ſtill hanging over my mantlepiece, which brought to my mind a thouſand ſoothing remembrances of my youth; and that I often pleaſed myſelf with contemplating the unconſciouſneſs that appeared in my friend's countenance, of any views towards that elevation which he has ſince experienced. I aſſured him that our little laundreſs, though not in the pride of her looks, was ſtill freſh, florid, and good-natured, and often talked of Tom Varniſh's genteel leg and ſociable temper.

"All this, however, appeared to give him rather offence than pleaſure. At the mention indeed of Miſs Jenny, his eyes ſeemed to ſparkle a little, and his fingers involuntarily moved towards his band, which had formerly paſſed through the renovating hands of the pretty laundreſs. I returned home, chagrined at the littleneſs of human pride, and the ſorry make of our minds, which can be content thus to barter the real enjoyments of life for its pageantry and impoſitions. Seeing a looſe bit of paper and a pen on my

table, the thought occurred to me of putting down certain obligations conferred upon our worthy Dean in the days of our intimacy, which ſerve to point out the meanneſs from which he has emerged. As I think myſelf juſtified in keeping no meaſures with ſuch a character, I authorize you to inſert the following liſt in one of your periodical eſſays, if you think it worth your notice.

Dec. 25, 1778. Being Chriſtmas-day, lent to Tom Varniſh a clean ſhirt, and a ſermon for the occaſion.

Jan. 3. A crown for a Chriſtmas-box to Jenny.

— 31. Corrected a declamation for him, by making a new one.

March 1. Lent him a pair of worſted gloves during the hard froſt.

April 4. Paid Mr. Gangrene for the ſetting of his collar-bone; alſo his forfeits to the Free-and-eaſy club.

June 22. Paid two thirds of the expenſe of Jenny's misfortune.

Aug. 28. Saved him from drowning, in a ſcheme down the river to Henley.

Oct. 6. Lent him a pair of boots, a whip, and a ſhilling for the turnpikes, beſides paying for his horſe, to enable him to ride over to his uncle the cow-doctor, who lay ill of a dropſy.

March 3, 1779. Puffed him off to Sir H. O'N. by whoſe intereſt he went with the Lord Lieutenant to Ireland.

July 15. Made up a quarrel about potatoes, which took place at the moment of his landing.

Aug. 7. Saved him from a challenge from the Rev. Dr. Patrick O'Bryan, by proving that he had no meaning in any thing he ſaid.

A mul-

"A multitude of little ſervices have eſcaped my recollection, but theſe will be ſufficient to ſhew, that the Dean of —— has clean forgotten Tom Varniſh, and Tom Varniſh's friends. Be ſo good as to make a memorandum of this letter; and if I perceive any future changes in this ſelf-tormentor, I will not fail to give you ſome farther accounts of him. Yours ever,

"ANTHONY TRUEMAN."

I thought there was ſo much honeſty and good ſenſe in this letter, that I determined to make a preſent of it to my readers; and though the catalogue which my friend Trueman has ſent me, may ſeem to bear rather too hard upon the Reverend Dean, yet a pride of this ſort does ſo eminently miſbecome a teacher of Chriſtianity, and betrays ſuch a corruption of heart, that I cannot think the puniſhment improper either in kind or degree.

For my part, with my ſedate habits and ſober complexion, theſe frightful transformations of my countrymen ſurpriſe me ſtrangely. For as, in my own family, whole generations have exactly agreed, and the father has regularly reproduced himſelf in the ſon, I am the more aſtoniſhed to ſee a man ſo much at variance with himſelf. There muſt certainly have been ſome witchcraft in Tom Varniſh's hiſtory, which puts me very much in mind of the poet's account of the metamorphoſis of Atlas into a mountain; his beard and hair ſhot up into a huge foreſt, his ſhoulders and hands became ridges, his head ſupplied the place of a pinnacle, his bones were converted into rocks; then his whole perſon ſwelled out to a monſtrous ſize, on which all the ſtars of heaven repoſed.

"Quantus erat mons factus Atlas: jam barba comæque
In ſilvas abeunt, juga ſunt humerique manuſque;
Quod caput ante fuit, ſummo eſt in monte cacumen;
Oſſa lapis fiunt. Tum partes auctus in omnes

Crevit in immenſum (ſic Dî, ſtatuiſtis), & omne
Cum tot ſideribus cœlum requievit in illo."

Cicarella, in his life of Pope Sixtus Quintus, tells us, that that pontiff uſed frequently to pleaſe himſelf with jetting upon the meanneſs of his origin. He would ſay, that he was *domo natus perilluſtri;* the cottage wherein he was born being ſo out of repair, that the ſun ſhone through every part of it. Cicero, with more gravity, obſerves, *Satius eſt meis geſtis florere quam majorum auctoritatibus inniti, & ita vivere ut ſim poſteris meis nobilitatis initium & virtutis exemplum.* "It is more honourable for me to be dignified by my own actions, than to lean upon the authority of my anceſtors; and ſo to live, that I may be a fountain of nobility, and an example of virtue to my deſcendants."

Our worthy Dean does not appear at preſent to feel all the force of theſe laudable ſentiments; but I depend upon his coming over to our party, at ſome period of his life. When old age and ſickneſs preſs upon him, he will look around him, perhaps in vain, for his old friend Anthony Trueman, to refreſh his mind with the pleaſing recollections of his youth, and to talk with him about young Jenny and the old tree.

Yeſterday, as I was purſuing my reflections on this ſubject, it occurred to me, that ſome good advice to ſuch characters as I have been deſcribing, might be conveyed in the notion of a letter from a man's former ſelf to his preſent ſelf, which might run as follows:

"WORSHIPFUL SIR,

"THOUGH perhaps you recollect, with no great cordiality or eſteem, the perſon who now takes the liberty of addreſſing you, I feel ſo much intereſt in your honour and happineſs, that I cannot refuſe myſelf the ſatisfaction of laying before you ſome truths which you may turn greatly to account. I own I cannot but complain

complain bitterly of the contempt with which you treat a perſon born of as good a family as yourſelf, and bred to the ſame expectations, and one too whom you formerly loved better than your father or mother, and as much as your own life.

"If I am rightly informed, Sir, you have extended this illiberal conduct to my friends, and have repreſented Mr. Shortland as a perſon of mean condition, to whom, nevertheleſs, you are in a great meaſure obliged for your preſent elevation. As to myſelf, be aſſured, Sir, your efforts to caſt oblivion and obſcurity around me, will only make me the more noticed; and that, whatever compariſons ſhall be made, they will be to the diſadvantage of yourſelf. I do not conceive in what circumſtances you pretend to be my ſuperior, except in the baſe article of wealth. You may be a greater man, but you have not ſo much eaſe, ſo much leiſure, ſo much youth, ſo much health, ſo much ſtrength, ſo many real friends, and ſo much content. I am pretty ſure too, that a certain lady whom we have both addreſſed, prefers in her own breaſt my little farm to your fine houſe and your laced liveries; but I reſpect your happineſs ſo much, that I would reſign her to you, if you would but adopt a more amiable and rational way of thinking.

"I ſhall never make any farther overtures towards a reconciliation; but ſhall always be ready to embrace you whenever you feel yourſelf diſpoſed to ſink this awkward diſtance between us. You will be moſt likely to find me, on ſuch an occaſion, in the poplar-groves behind your houſe, or on the terrace juſt out of the village, at the hours of nine and ten in the evening, particularly if it be moonlight. Be aſſured you will never hear of me at any public places, for crowds are my abomination. I am ſenſible that the pride and deceit of theſe corrupt reſorts, firſt produced the melancholy ſeparation that has taken place be-

tween us. I knew what was to be my fate from the moment that old Lady Margaret Mildmay whiſpered in your ear the words, 'ſeducing arts,' and 'delicate ſituations.' Ever ſince theſe ominous phraſes you have kept me at the moſt mortifying diſtance; but finding it rather difficult to ſhake me off at once, you pinched, buckramed, and pomatumed me up to ſuch a degree, that I could not hold out any longer. I have often tried to meet you ſince our total ſeparation, but, as I have not been uſed to the ſmell of perfumes, I could never come within your atmoſphere, except once, indeed, when, in flying from two unmannerly catchpoles, you ran full againſt me in turning a corner, and did me the favour of joſtling me into the kennel.

"One thing, however, Sir, I muſt inſiſt upon, which is, that you will forbear any contemptuous inſinuations reſpecting my friend Dick Shortland's family, ſince you cannot boaſt ſo good a one; and as to myſelf, Sir, you cannot be ignorant that your great-grandfather was a chimney-ſweeper, as well as my own, and that if it were not for that noble invention for which the world is indebted to a perſon who was great uncle to both of us, of liquid ſhining blacking for ſhoes, you could never have expected to maintain ſo much conſequence in life, as even your neglected friend and humble ſervant,

"HUMPHRY QUONDAM."

I cannot forbear following up this letter with an exhortation to my readers to reflect, that the humane and ſocial duties preſs equally on all ſituations of life; and that, if proſperity deprive us of our unbought friendſhips, it muſt ever after remain in hopeleſs arrears to us, whatever degree of plenty it may ſhower into our boſoms: it has robbed us of the daylight, which no borrowed glare of lamps and cryſtals can ſupply.

THE

THE SECT OF SCRIBBLERS.

[From the Freemasons' Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE cannot be a more pleasing reflection than on the general diffusion of knowledge over our island; it is almost incredible what a number of well-informed persons are now to be met with in every large town; there are very few of the middling rank of people who have not read a great deal, and there are many who can write on common topics with ease and elegance: this I take to be chiefly owing to a free press, and the general circulation of monthly publications conducted by persons of learning and abilities. Perhaps even the daily journals contribute not a little to this spreading of knowledge; independent of their political information, they catch the lighter effusions of genius, and arrest for a while the fugitives ere they glide into the pool of oblivion: but, Mr. Editor, out of this general good there has lately arisen a very great evil, which I am afraid will not easily be eradicated, I mean, that inundation of nonsense with which the world is daily pestered by a set of young men, to whom I shall give the appellation of *Scribblers*. These gentlemen have commonly learned to read, write, and cast accounts, and are intended by their parents for some reputable calling, as a grocer, mercer, or a clerk in an office; when at the age of about fifteen or sixteen, when the mind most readily receives impressions, unfortunately for their own repose, and the interest of their masters or friends, some of the works of our best poets fall in their way. I have generally remarked that Thomson's Seasons is the first book that begins to derange these youngsters; this author is perhaps of all others the most agreeable to a young mind; he has contrived to give such a romantic cast to the simple scenes of nature, without having recourse to fiction, that the youthful imagination pants to behold those

thoſe Arcadian ſcenes which it finds deſcribed, and which it is conſcious may be realized, though adorned by all the magic of poetic imagery; henceforth every beauty of Nature brings to the recollection ſome elegant deſcription of the poet, and thereby gives a poetical bias to the mind, very difficult to counteract, and which has very dangerous effects on a weak capacity; if then to this they ſhould add Goldſmith's Deſerted Village, Pope's Eſſay on Man, and an odd volume of Shakſpeare, they are irretrievably loſt; from this time you obſerve a ſtrange alteration in their behaviour, they no longer ſpeak the language of converſation, but are for ever filling up their periods with poetical rhapſodies; they ſeldom can give an opinion but they add, "As Thomſon ſays," or, "As Pope ſays," &c. Should any perſon expreſs reſentment againſt ſome one, a Scribbler will tell him, "You muſt really think no more on it, you know Pope ſays,

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

If you mention the death of an acquaintance, "Ah!" replies a Scribbler, "he is gone to

"That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns."

Independent of the foppery of ſuch quotations, that do a real harm to people of true poetical taſte, who abſolutely contract a diſlike to ſome of the fineſt paſſages of our beſt authors, by hearing them ſo often buzzed in their ears by theſe Parnaſſian flies; it is juſt as if one were to hear one of the ſublimeſt odes of Pindar or Horace repeated by an ape, which could never be read again without exciting our riſible faculties at the remembrance of the performance. Yet it would be well if theſe gentry would only endeavour to amuſe the world with their vocal performances; but, like many of our modern ſons of Theſpis, from being mere reciters they

they turn authors; adieu then to all rationality, from thenceforth their maſters or friends can expect no good from them; if in a ſhop, they write verſes in the day-book, ſcribble upon the waſte paper, and are ſo entirely poſſeſſed by the poetical mania, that, when aſked for any article they deal in, they ſtart from a profound reverie, and, inflated by their own vanity, bounce round the counter like a blown bladder, while the amazed cuſtomer either goes away unſerved, or is in danger of having an ounce of ſnuff ſubſtituted for the ſame quantity of coffee. It is wonderful what a facility of making rhymes ſome of theſe Scribblers poſſeſs. I know one of them who can make verſes as faſt as he can write them down, and who, through the medium of pocket-books, &c. has peſtered the world with ſome thouſands.

But it is not only in verſe, but alſo in proſe, that the Scribblers exert their talents. Among the various kinds of ſcribbled eſſays which I have ſeen I ſhall only notice one ſpecies, I mean ſuch as pretend to imitate Sterne, whoſe manner of writing is exactly calculated for the meridian of their genius, if I may ſo proſtitute the name; not being able to think clearly ſo as to comprehend their ſubject, and treat it with accuracy and preciſion, they find an admirable aſſiſtance in the broken and disjointed ſtyle in which that whimſical author has choſen to touch ſome of the fineſt feelings of the heart; having then filled a page with a variety of affirmations, exclamations, queſtions, anſwers, notes of interrogation and admiration, blank lines, &c. &c. which may be peruſed either backward or forward with the ſame degree of pleaſure and information, they preſix to the top, in large letters, "A Fragment, after the manner of Sterne," and which bears pretty near the ſame reſemblance to the more exquiſite pages of Yorick, as, pardon me the ſimile, his dead aſs does to the beautiful and penſive Maria.

I hope,

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will have the goodneſs to inſert this in your elegant miſcellany, as it will really be doing an eſſential ſervice to the public,

"To check theſe heroes, and their laurels crop;
To bring them back to reaſon and their *ſhop*."

And I hope, if it ſhould fall into the hands of any of thoſe gentlemen it is intended for, that they will conſider ſeriouſly what a difficult undertaking it is to write well, how few there are who ſucceed, and how many have incurred the cenſure and contempt of the world by their attempt at authorſhip, particularly in poetry.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'T is like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag."

(CONTINUATION.)

AS there is no art ſo extenſively cultivated as that of Scribbling, I intend to make a few further remarks upon it; and as Ariſtotle planned his rules for the ancient drama from a critical examination of the ancient dramatic writers, ſo ſhall I draw my obſervations on the modern art of Scribbling from the practice of the preſent numerous race of modern Scribblers.

Firſt then, to proceed regularly, I ſhall define Scribbling to be the art of putting words together without any regard to matter, method, manner, or meaning: under this definition therefore are included all the works and compoſitions of the preſent age.

There are but very few things primarily requiſite to conſtitute a profeſſed Scribbler. It is indeed abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould learn his alphabet at leaſt; and I think it would be ſome additional advantage

tage to him, if he has made a tolerable proficiency in his Spelling-book: but this is not ſo material, becauſe the printer's compoſitor, or the corrector of the preſs, whoſe reading is doubtleſs more extenſive than the author's, will rectify any miſtakes of this ſort in the copy. The Scribbler indeed muſt learn to write, that is, to put his letters together; but it ſignifies little, how ſlovenly ſoever he does it, as it is a mark of a good education to write almoſt illegibly, and is always affected by the beſt authors.

All other erudition is needleſs, and proves an incumbrance, as it clogs the invention, obliges a man to think before he writes, ties him down to the laborious taſk of reviſing and correcting, conſequently takes off from that negligent ſpirit of eaſy freedom ſo eſſential to modern writings, by adding a ſcientific ſtiffneſs, and the reſerved cloſeneſs of rational deduction.

A Scribbler, with the advantages of the education before premiſed, wants nothing now to enable him to go to work directly, but the fortuitous aſſiſtance of pen, ink, and paper. We inſiſt very little upon his having what is called a talent, or a competent knowledge of what he is about: he has very little occaſion for a head, if he has but a hand. Hence it is, that the bookſellers, who are the taſk-maſters of geniuſſes, and (if I may be pardoned the alluſion) often oblige them to make brick without ſtraw, have taken up the expreſſion, "Such an one is a good hand: he is but a poor fiſt: he has it at his finger's end," and ſo on.

Some authors are very often put to their ſhifts in procuring theſe uſeful conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper: and here the verſe-turner has vaſtly the advantage over the proſe-ſpinner, as his words lie in a cloſer compaſs, and he never ſets down his lines till he has made his tag; whereas the other always runs on in a continued courſe, as faſt as he can, clapping down the firſt ſentence that comes in his head, before he has conſidered

conſidered, or even knows what the next ſhall be.—This leads me to account for the ſuperiority of the ancients over modern authors: for as paper was little uſed among the Grecians or the Romans, they were obliged to digeſt their thoughts, and methodiſe them into ſome order, before they tranſcribed them into their volumes: and the convenience of printing could not give occaſion for the vending of any crudities that happen to proceed, as is often the caſe at preſent, from a weak and diſtempered brain.

But to return: I ſhall now proceed to ſay ſomething of the various branches of ſcribbling; and as a poet, according to the etymology of the word, is a mere maker, I will begin with the art of making verſes.—Every man is naturally born a poet: our very ſqualling at our firſt coming into the world is metrically harmonious; and the firſt words we are taught to articulate are in rhyme, as ma-ma, pa-pa, &c. No wonder then that every body has an equal capacity for this ſpecies of ſcribbling, and that it is practiſed by ſo many with the ſame ſhare of ſucceſs.

To tag rhymes together requires ſome proficiency in the ſcience of Crambo, and is therefore attended with ſome difficulty; but the eaſieſt of all is to write in blank verſe, as it is called; this requiring little more than a collection of hard words, obſcure phraſes, and quaint alluſions. The rhymer is obliged firſt to pick out the two words that are to jingle at the end of the line to each other; after which he muſt fill up the vacant ſpace with ſyllables of a length exactly ſuiting; like Procruſtes' bed, cramping or ſtretching out the matter to fit it to the meaſure. The writer of blank verſe, on the contrary, wire-draws his ſentiments as finely as he can, piecing them with pompous, ſounding epithets: and when he can't ſpin them out any further, brings them to a period, generally in the middle of a line; by which means he never ſtands ſtill, or is at a loſs for

matter. This is one reaſon why ſo many make tragedy, it being ſo very eaſy to find language, which is looked upon to be the main requiſite in this kind of compoſition.

The province of proſe is ſo wide, that it is hardly poſſible to fix any limitations to thoſe who are employed in it. I ſhall perhaps take occaſion hereafter to point out ſome particulars herein to be obſerved, and illuſtrate them with ſpecimens; as I may alſo do with regard to poetry. The only general rule that can be laid down for either is, to obſerve no rule at all. By this you will find yourſelf at liberty to indulge your own fancy; and by this we are ſure at leaſt of variety, as every ſingle author ſtands alone, and is in himſelf an original.

It is the buſineſs of a Scribbler to be ever on the watch, and ready to lay hold on what is moſt likely to catch the notice of the public. Hence an Elegy, Epithalamium, Epiſtle, Apology, Addreſs, or the like, never fails, if well timed, to procure a dinner. Politics is but a drug at preſent, though now and then a ſmart ſatire againſt the miniſtry goes down glibly: controverſies of all kinds, eſpecially divinity, muſt be managed with caution and addreſs; ſometimes the Scribbler may ſucceed tolerably well, who anſwers his own treatiſe, as the celebrated De Foe was pilloried for a reply to his own book.—But I need not inſiſt any more on this head, as the bookſellers, thoſe jackals of literature, will always provide proper ſubjects for the author who is ſo happy as to be taken into pay by them.

I now come to the more mechanical inſtruments of ſcribbling; that is, the practice neceſſary to be obſerved, after your work is done, in preparing it for the preſs. The bookſeller, we know, muſt get rich; the author muſt eat; and the public muſt be taxed for it: the only art neceſſary is to manage it ſo adroitly, that they ſhall eaſily come into, without perceiving, the impo-

ſition. The late ſcandalous abuſes in the printing of novels manifeſtly ſhew, that people in general only conſider the bulk of the book, without examining the contents, while they are made to pay a moſt exorbitant price for a mere trifle, infamouſly ſpun out to twice as much as the length neceſſary.

The moſt material point uſually conſidered, is a taking, or (as ſome would read it) a take-in Title-page. This is frequently the all in all, and worth the whole book: many a heavy piece has owed its prodigious ſale to a lucky hit of this ſort. And I cannot but lament the invaluable loſs that the trade ſuffered in the immortal Curl, who had certainly the beſt head for inventing a title of any man breathing, and always kept a collection ready by him to ſerve any occaſion. For a work of a ſhorter ſize the Half-title, as it is called, comes in very opportunely to take up a leaf; and I have ſeen many a ſixpenny pamphlet ſwelled out to the price of a ſhilling by its aſſiſtance.

In longer works, when you have fixed upon your Title, you muſt be ſure to compoſe a tedious Preface or Advertiſement to the Reader, which may be printed in a larger type than ordinary. After this aptly enough comes the Dedication to ſome upſtart nobleman, with or without his permiſſion; or, if this fails, to the man in the moon, or any body. In this you have another help out, and—I am, my Lord, with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion and reſpect, your Lordſhip's moſt obedient, moſt obſequious, and moſt humble ſervant—may, when properly diſpoſed, be ſpun out to near the whole length of another page, without any apparently deſigned expatiation.

If your book is divided into Chapters, the Contents will here naturally follow; and whatever they can be made to make will be clear gain, as they muſt again be repeated at the head of every chapter in the courſe of the work. And here again you will get a great deal of ground by ſetting theſe conſpicuouſly in overgrown capitals,

capitals, as Book III. and at a conſiderable diſtance underneath Chapter V. which will not only take up a great deal of room, but be ornamental alſo.

It above all requires the greateſt dexterity to contrive that the foregoing Book or Chapter ſhould end with about two or three lines run over into the ſubſequent page; where a pretty wooden device of a flower-pot ſupported by two chubby cherubims, or a little pert ſquirrel perched up with a bushy expanſe of tail, may be ſtuck into the centre of the vacant blank, and ſo prevent the unthrifty profuſion of your matter. You will always take particular care to ſplit the connexion of your piece into innumerable diviſions and paragraphs, which will extend it to very near the length of a moderate volume extraordinary.

Your copy being thus managed, you muſt now call in the aſſiſtance of your printer, to *nurſe* it ſtill farther: he will therefore furniſh you with a large type, that it may not ſtrain the eyes of the reader: he will alſo take care that the margin be very wide at the top, bottom, and ſides: beſides this, he will put ſpacious diſtances between every line, and leave what they call a white line between every paragraph. Many other artifices may be uſed, to bilk the purchaſer, and ſwell the profits of the ſale.

When your piece is thus ſpun out into ſeveral more volumes than is neceſſary, you will puff it off in the advertiſing; and to ſatisfy the impatience of the public, you may tell them that I don't know how many preſſes are at work to get it printed off. If afterwards your ſale ſhould not prove briſk enough, and you have many left on your hands, you may advertiſe a ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth edition repeatedly, though you have not got off near the number of your firſt impreſſion.—But hold,—I muſt not reveal the myſteries of the trade:—I have already gone too far:—Some parts of this eſſay I was obliged to ſtrike out, as the printer

abſolutely refuſed, for ſome private reaſons, to ſet them; —and I know not how far I may hereafter be forced to a dependance on thoſe generous, thoſe humane, thoſe honourable, thoſe honeſt gentlemen, the bookſellers.

Q.

VARIOUS KINDS OF QUACKERY.

[Tranſlated from the French.]

PHYSICIANS live in great cities; there are few of them in the country. The reaſon of this is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients; and among theſe, debauchery, the pleaſures of the table, and the gratification of the paſſions, give riſe to a variety of diſeaſes. Dumoulin, not the lawyer, but the phyſician, who was a no leſs famous practitioner, obſerved at his death, "That he left behind him two great phyſicians, Regimen and River-water."

In 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle, who had lived almoſt an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with ſobriety. When he happened to obſerve the proceſſion of a funeral, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders in pity: "If the deceaſed," ſaid he, "had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is." His friends, among whom he diſtributed it generouſly, obſerving the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to ſell it at a crown the bottle; and the ſale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nitre. Thoſe who made uſe of it, and were attentive at the ſame time to regimen, or who were happy in good conſtitutions, ſoon recovered their uſual health. To others,

he

he obſerved, "It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce theſe vices, and, believe me, you will live at leaſt an hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice; and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbé Pons extolled this quack, and gave him the preference to the Mareſchal de Villars: "The latter," ſaid he, "kills men; the former prolongs their exiſtence."

At length, it was diſcovered that Villars' medicine was compoſed chiefly of river-water. His practice was now at an end. Men had recourſe to other quacks.

Villars was certainly of no diſſervice to his patients; and can only be reproached with ſelling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance, and in this reſpect was infinitely ſuperior to the apothecary Arnoud, who filled Europe with his noſtrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a phyſician of the name of Brown, who had practiſed at Barbadoes. He had a ſugar-work and negroes; and having been robbed of a conſiderable ſum, he called together his ſlaves. "My friends," ſaid he, "the great Serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the perſon who ſtole my money ſhould, at this inſtant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his noſe." The thief immediately put his hand to his noſe. "It is you," cried the maſter, "that robbed me; the great Serpent has juſt now told me ſo." By this method the phyſician recovered his money. This piece of quackery is not to be condemned; but, in order to practiſe it, one muſt have to do with negroes.

Scipio, the firſt Africanus, a man in other reſpects ſo different from Dr. Brown, perſuaded his ſoldiers that he was directed and inſpired by the Gods. This piece of fraud had been long and ſucceſsfully practiſed;

Can we blame Scipio for having recourſe to it? There is not, perhaps, a perſon who does greater honour to the Roman republic; but how came it, let me aſk, that the Gods inſpired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better. He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a ſenate that conſtituted the moſt intractable part of them. Had he propoſed his laws to the aſſembled tribes, he would have met with a thouſand difficulties from the aſſaſſins of his predeceſſor. He adopted a different method. He addreſſed himſelf to the Goddeſs Egeria, who gave him a code, ſanctified with divine authority. What was the conſequence? He was ſubmitted to without oppoſition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his quackery had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had diſcloſed his artifice, and ſaid, "Let us puniſh an impoſtor, who poſtitutes the name of the Gods to deceive mankind," he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable that Numa concerted his meaſures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans, with a view to their advantage, with an addreſs, ſuited to the time, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miſcarrying; but, at length, he ſucceeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the Angel Gabriel. At preſent, ſhould any one announce himſelf at Conſtantinople to be the favourite of the Angel Raphael, who is ſuperior in dignity to Gabriel, and inſiſt that they muſt believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks ſhould know how to time their impoſtures.

Was there not ſomewhat of deceit in Socrates, with his familiar Demon, and the preciſe declaration of the Oracle, which proclaimed him the wiſeſt of men? It is ridiculous in Rollin to inſiſt, in his Hiſtory, on the ſincerity of this Oracle. Why does he not inform his readers,

readers, that it was purely a piece of quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years ſooner he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philoſophical ſects have all of them been tinctured with quackery. But the greateſt of all quacks are thoſe who have aſpired to power. How formidable a quack was Cromwell! He appeared preciſely at the time when he could have ſucceeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the Engliſh were diſguſted with Kings, and his ſon at a time when they were diſguſted by Protectors.

MEN OF SPIRIT.

THERE is no term in uſe in common life more miſapplied, perhaps, than that of *ſpirit*: there is always a contemptuous idea annexed to the *want* of *ſpirit*; though I have known many a man riſe to the dignity of an alderman merely for wanting that *ſpirit* which has brought another to the workhouſe. I am myſelf one of thoſe perſons who are charged by my acquaintance with a want of ſpirit, and for no other reaſon but that I do not live above my income. I have *ſpirit* enough to keep out of debt, and endeavour to make all my friends welcome when they viſit me; but, when I make an entertainment, they cry, "It is not done with *ſpirit*," though it is always as elegant as my circumſtances will allow. I know ſeveral of theſe men of *ſpirit*, who are *mean-ſpirited* enough to borrow money of me. Our gaols ſwarm with men of *ſpirit*, and our ſtreets are crowded by children, whoſe parents were perſons of *ſpirit*. There are men of *ſpirit* of all degrees, from the peer in his gilded chariot, to the porter with his

his silver ticket, who ridicule frugality and all economy which prevents superfluous expense. By these persons a man that is frugal is said to be miserable; and economy is despised as the want of *spirit*. I am convinced that if men of *spirit* were to become a little less vain and ostentatious, it would be of great advantage, not only to themselves, but to the community; for it is notorious that they too often keep up their *spirit* at the expense of the public; and it does not appear to me that they are influenced by a GOOD *spirit* when they ruin a tradesman, by getting into his debt for superfluities, or when they take in a friend for their surety to keep up their credit. I know several men of spirit who wear the *taylor*'s clothes. I am often blamed by these people for not appearing oftener at public diversions; but I can divert myself and family without going to the Playhouse every other evening in the winter, and to the Gardens or Wells, in the summer, four or five times a week. Though I am condemned by these *gentlemen* as a mean-spirited and unpolished niggard, yet my conduct enables me to provide for my family all the necessaries of life, and for myself a perpetual succession of peaceful pleasures, without the risk of my independence, my virtue, my health, or my fortune, all which are constantly staked, with the desperation of a losing gamester, by our modern men of *spirit*.

MODERN STATE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE world is full of changes and revolutions, and vicissitude is the only certain thing in it: but of all living beings, none is so variable as Man: he is a creature perpetually falling out with himself, and sustains two or three opposite characters every day he lives; is cheerful and angry, pleased and despairing, cynical

cynical and good-humoured, and all, perhaps, in the ſpace of half an hour.

I ſometimes pay a viſit to my old friend Tom Weathercock, and ſhould oftener, were he always in the ſame humour, or even near it: but he is in a continual ſtate of war with himſelf; he is an enemy to his own peace, therefore cannot be any great friend to that of any body elſe. As ſoon as Tom hears me at the bottom of the ſtairs, he meets me at the top with all the joy imaginable, and profeſſes the utmoſt pleaſure at my viſit; but ſcarce has one half hour paſſed away, but he grows quite tired of himſelf and me. As I pleaſe him in coming to him, I humour him no leſs in going from him: he is ſorry when I do not come, and would be equally ſorry if I did not go: I am never from him, but he wants to ſee me; and he never ſees me, but he wants to be from me again. Some evenings I ſpend in a company where there is an old humouriſt much of this turn of mind: the firſt time I ſaw him I happened to drop in when he had about finiſhed his firſt bottle, and by the ſongs he ſung, and the pleaſant tales he told, I took him for one of the beſt natured old gentlemen I had ever met with. The next night I ſaw him at the Grecian diſputing on politics over a diſh of coffee, and found him the dulleſt, moſt conceited, poſitive old fellow that ever lived. Nothing could pleaſe him; he found fault, ſnarled, and cenſured every thing that was ſaid. We adjourned with ſome friends to the tavern, and after three or four glaſſes of good claret, I found that gloomineſs began to diſpel; he grew wondrous kind and facetious, and kept up this good humour till repeated bumpers ſettled him in a ſound nap; after which he awaked that dogged ſurly cynic we found him at the Grecian. This gentleman, I obſerved, was never agreeable but when he was near drunk, and never diſagreeable but when he was quite ſober.

But

But of all the variable creatures none can compare with Limberham, whoſe whole life is a ſtrange medley of religion and debauchery: he lives in a brothel-houſe four days in a week, and ſpends the other three in prayer and repentance; and when he thinks he may have reconciled himſelf to Heaven, and ſet aſide his ſins, he returns to them again, and makes new work for new devotion.

Thus whim, wine, and affliction can make a man differ from nothing ſo much as he does from himſelf; but let us inquire whether pride, good fortune, &c. have not the ſame power, and produce the ſame effects.

We are generally ſo partial to ourſelves, that, whatever good fortune we have, we immediately aſcribe it to our merit rather than Providence, chance, or the friendſhip of others, and value ourſelves on our worth when we ſhould rejoice at our fortune. If you approach a man after any new acquiſition of wealth or honour with that degree of freedom and familiarity you before uſed, his haughty behaviour will ſoon inform you that you are unacquainted with a new accumulation of merit, which ſhould command a greater deference and reſpect.

Jack Myrtle was a good-natured, affable, honeſt fellow about five months ago: I was intimate with him, and many agreeable hours have we ſpent with a familiarity that is neceſſary for friendſhip: I perceived indeed ſome time ago the ſeeds of grandeur and haughtineſs riſing in him, on his elder brother Harry being taken ill. His brother's diſorder increaſed, and conſequently my friend's pride; but ſtill he retained a decent reſpect to me till his brother died. When I came to congratulate him on his ſucceeding to his brother's eſtate, I immediately found that John Myrtle, Eſq. was in no way the ſame perſon I was before acquainted with, called Mr. Myrtle. His indifference increaſed as his liveries came home, and by the firſt

day

day he went out in his new chariot he entirely forgot me; but as he had forgot himſelf, it gave me no ſurpriſe nor uneaſineſs that he ſhould not remember me.

But Will Lace differs from himſelf not according as he himſelf appears, but according to the appearance of his friends; and is intimate more or leſs, juſt as the dreſs they wear makes any figure. A perſon who is ſometimes his crony may paſs him in the Park twenty times, and, if he is not dreſſed, Will always takes care to turn his head another way, and betrays a great deal of concern for fear of receiving a bow. Meet him in the ſide-box in the evening, he 'll proteſt a prodigious joy at the ſight of the perſon he in the morning ſo induſtriouſly ſhunned; he laughs aloud, talks aloud with you, and takes care that the whole playhouſe ſhall know that he and you are particularly intimate. Next morning you appear in another dreſs, and he in another opinion.

Inner Temple. H.

SATIRICAL HARANGUE,

DELIVERED LATELY BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE CHARACTER OF A PEDLAR.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

I AM an *itinerant* merchant, who make a trading voyage from town to town, and from ſtreet to ſtreet: and as for my *gimcracks* here, I ſell them cheap enough: you ſhall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a purſe to hold *honeſty*; it is worn with *ſimplicity* and *plain-dealing*, a little out of faſhion I muſt confeſs, but not the worſe for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *ſtewards*, *overſeers*, *cuſtom-houſe officers*, and *voters* at an election.

What ſay ye to theſe *maſks*? they are neither French nor Venetian, but true Engliſh ones; they are called

maſks for knavery, and worn by people of the beſt *faſhion* of *all* profeſſions. This *ſmiling ſmooth-faced* one will conceal the *rancour* of a *courtier*'s heart. This, with the *white of the eye turned up*, the *atheiſm* of a *prieſt*; and that with the *ſupercilious brow*, the *ignorance* of a *quack*.—What! no one buy? but no matter —I can diſpoſe of them either at the Temple, Charing-croſs, Whitehall, or St. James's.

This *ſmelling-bottle* may, perhaps, have a better recommendation: it is filled with the *quinteſſence* of *ignorance*, ſome *drops of ſtupidity*, with a few *grains* of *impudence*, extracted from the ſpeech of a *coffee-houſe politician*, the *pericranium* of a *proctor* in the *Commons*, and a *billet-doux* of an *enſign* of the *Guards*. Lady Prattle uſes this ſort in all aſſemblies; and Lady Scandal was ſeen to pull it out more than once at church laſt Sunday, while ſhe kept a correſpondence with Mrs. Modely, a pew or two from her. It aſſiſts thought infinitely better than Rappee or Havanna, and produces a *je ne ſcai quoi* in ſtyle.

The next thing I offer is a *pocket looking-glaſs*; in it a *ſide-box lady* may view her *new complexion*; and a *beau* be *ſhocked* at his *own grin*, notwithſtanding the *charms* of a well-dreſſed *head*. Should an *alderman* peep in it, poſſibly he might ſtartle at his branching *frontlet*; and *takers of bribes* may ſee in it the *price* of their *conſcience*. It will ſhew a *vicar* what he *preſented* the 'ſquire for his *preſentation*; and to a *dean* it may exhibit the *three years purchaſe* that was ſtipulated with my lord: but an *uſurer* will not be able to ſee his *conſcience* in it; a *Quaker*, his *ſincerity*; or ſome *fellows* of colleges, their *learning*. Now I look upon it *myſelf*, I ſee my *own folly*, and that none of *theſe toys* are wanted by *this company* *; ſo your ſervant, Sirs.

* Few people ſee their own failings, or, if they do, like to acknowledge them; more the pity.

WISDOM

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

I LATELY happened to be reading a performance of Fielding, in which he repreſents Signor Opera, Miſs Novel, Monſieur Pantomime, and other perſonages, as in high favour at the court of Queen Nonſenſe, and avowed enemies of Queen Common Senſe. Reflecting on Fielding's deſcription, I regretted, that the diſcerning mind and fertile genius of that author had not purſued the votaries of Nonſenſe through a greater variety of ſituations. I could not help amuſing myſelf with fancying his talents employed in tracing and exhibiting the manifold characters, practices, and purſuits, at variance with Common Senſe.

Muſing on this ſubject, in an eaſy chair, I fell aſleep; and the impreſſions of the evening being ſtrong upon my mind, I dreamed the following dream.

Methought I was in ſight of a range of very high mountains, riſing from a deep valley, covered with a thick fog. Whilſt I was contemplating the ſtupendous height of the mountains, a perſon of a mild, penetrating aſpect, approaching, accoſted me with great complacency, in the Engliſh language. Anticipating my intended queſtion, "Friend," he ſaid, "the mountains which you ſee are the Mountains of Wiſdom; and the plain is the Vale of Folly, a country very extenſive, and at preſent ſtill more populous. The principal provinces are Frivolity, Silline's, and Stupidity.

"Adjoining to it are the dynaſties of Vanity and Obſtinacy. The inhabitants of Fool-Land are far from being *all natives:* many of them are emigrants from the neighbouring country of Wiſdom, allured by the acceſſibility of her ſacred Majeſty Queen Folly. Her Majeſty is indeed eminently diſtinguiſhed for the affability of her manners, refuſing admittance to no one who deſires to viſit her court. The *aliens* generally pitch their abode in the province of Frivolity;—Silli-

neſs and Stupidity being occupied by indigenous ſubjects.

"Adjoining to the region of Folly is a neutral territory, frequently in alliance with Fool-Land, called *Dull-Land*. This joins on one ſide the loweſt diſtrict of Wiſe-Land, called *Plain-Senſe*. The Dullanders are often very uſeful to their upper neighbours; unleſs they have been ſpoiled by viſiting the adjacent domains of Vanity and Obſtinacy, and from thence paſſing into Fool-Land. As they are generally very plodding and exact, as far as their comprehenſion reaches, they are *ſerviceable drudges* to the Wiſelanders (or, as, for brevity ſake, they are called, the Wiſe) in thoſe details to which theſe will not deign to ſubmit themſelves. The Dullanders (or Dull) are particularly ſucceſsful as *miners*; they can dig with much more patience, through *dirty rubbiſh*, for the precious metals, than the Wiſe. The Wiſe are, indeed, very ſharp-ſighted at diſcovering the beſt places for digging, as well as at diſcovering every thing elſe; but the Dull are the diggers. The Wiſe form the projects, the Dull get the gold. Dull-Land is alſo bleſſed with an excellent breed of *beaſts of burden*; and particularly famous for thoſe very uſeful animals, *Aſſes*."

My guide now touched my eyes with a ſalve, which inſtantaneouſly enabled them to ſee to an infinitely greater diſtance than they could have done before through the fineſt teleſcope, and, as I afterwards found, to ſee through the fog.

Surveying the mountainous country, now that my eyes were cleared and ſtrengthened, I perceived that, like Etna, it roſe gradually, but for a much greater ſpace. I obſerved that it was divided into different regions or compartments, increaſing in the two diſſimilar qualities of ſteepneſs and fruitfulneſs, as the aſcent roſe.

One phenomenon ſtruck me, which was, that it was indented by a number of dens, which participated of the

the fog that overſpread the valley below. "Theſe," ſaid my guide, "are dangerous paſſages, through which inhabitants even of the higher regions of Wiſdom often either inſenſibly *glide*, or rapidly *plunge* into the valley below—*an eaſy deſcent, but a difficult recovery.* Many, however, of the ſubjects of Wiſdom, who have occaſionally viſited her Stultan Majeſty, or even ſojourned ſome time at her court, do, by their innate and habitual vigour, regain the regions of Wiſdom."—"What is the qualification required," ſaid I, "to become a ſubject of Wiſdom?"—"Seeing," anſwered my guide, "and purſuing the moſt uſeful and pleaſant *ends*, and applying the moſt adequate *means*. The qualification of a ſubject of Folly is habitually either to purſue *uſeleſs ends*, or to apply *inadequate means*.

"Turn your eyes to the right of the country you have been contemplating, and tell me what you diſcover."—"I ſee," ſaid I, "another mountain almoſt as high, and more ſteep, than Wiſe-Land. Heavens, what a grand and beautiful proſpect! what woods, and lawns, and ſtreams! what delightful verdure! The top appears to be ſublime, the middle exquiſitely beautiful; but the lower part is groteſque, and ſeems to loſe itſelf in the confines of Frivolity."—"That," ſaid my guide, "is Mount Fancy. Here are the vineyards and flower-gardens of Wiſe-Land. Obſerve their eminences, which ſo join Mount Fancy and Wiſe-Land, that it is difficult to ſay to which they belong. Theſe are called the diſtricts of Wit and Humour.

"Straight down from Wit and Humour, but at a great diſtance, is the region of Quibbles and Puns; thither the Dull reſort when they get friſky, for the Dull are very fond of jokes, but can mount no higher than to the parts juſt mentioned. Formerly the Wiſe uſed very often to viſit Pun-Land; but now generally keep to the upper regions of Wit and Humour, and leave the lower parts as a *play-ground* to the honeſt Dull, knowing that they can go no where elſe.

"Turn now to the left, and tell me what you ſee?"—"I ſee a gentle acclivity, but riſing to a great height; abounding in corn of all ſorts; paſtures well ſtocked; kitchen-gardens, orchards, fruit-trees of every kind; oak, elm, aſh, fir, and all trees moſt valuable for timber; horſes, cows, ſheep, hogs, deer, poultry, game of all kinds: in ſhort, a vaſt variety of productions, animal and vegetable."—"Theſe are the Hills of Knowledge, leſs pictureſque and romantic than the Mountains of Fancy, but more uſeful. There are the farms of Wiſe-Land, her grazings, her foreſts, her fiſh-ponds.

"The food from the upper regions is extremely nutritious and ſavoury; its excellence, however, is relative to the ſtrength of the eater's ſtomach, as the very ſame quantity and quality which nouriſhes and invigorates one, will overload another, and be vomited up crude, to the great annoyance of all that are near.

"The wines of the upper vineyards of Fancy are extremely high flavoured and ſtrong, ſo potent indeed as often to intoxicate the very ſtrongeſt head in Wiſe-Land, after a moſt plentiful meal of the beſt productions of the farm. From the middle vineyards the wine is alſo very fine, but more mild. From the lower it is briſk and bouncing, but without ſtrength: it will *ſicken* the drinker (who is accuſtomed to good wine) ſo ſoon as to prevent any danger of intoxication."

"I obſerve," I ſaid, "a fog adjoining the lower region of Knowledge, much more ſhifting than that over Fool-Land."—"That is the fog of Ignorance, a waſte land, now decreaſing: and as the ground is cultivated, and the marſhes drained, the vapours are fewer, and the fog leſs."

"What a fine air and bright atmoſphere do theſe inhabitants of Wiſe-Land enjoy! I wiſh I were one of them."—"I ſhall make you acquainted with the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages: but that you may, from the contraſt, more fully know their value, I ſhall firſt take you

you to the Court of Queen Folly. This is a levee-day, and her Majeſty's levees never fail to be numerouſly attended. You will find her Majeſty's *native ſubjects* much leſs amuſing than naturalized foreigners, who, from having ſojourned in other countries, have much greater variety than the aborigines of Stupidity."

He then tranſported me into the court-yard of a ſpacious palace, apparently of very flimſy materials, of a moſt irregular form, with an immenſe variety of heterogeneous decorations.

Over the principal gate a group of figures were engraved, of harlequins, monkies, opera-ſingers, cats, coffee-houſe politicians, owls, field-preachers, dancing-dogs, lecture-mongers, parrots, common-council men, fed geeſe, attornies, ſharks, courtiers, proſtitutes, borough-mongers, pimps, ſpouters, magpies; a fine woman liſtening to a ſtupid fop, a beautiful mare gallanted by a jack-aſs; with many other aſſociations to be met no where elſe.

We entered an antechamber, where there was a great crowd of people, liſtening, with marks of very great delight, to a variegated *treble* of an Italian overture, as an accompaniment to the ſqueaking of a Spadone. Among thoſe who manifeſted their delight with the greateſt diſtortions of countenance, was one perſon, who, my guide told me, was *quite deaf*; another, who having devoted his attention excluſively to muſic for two years, found that "*Bobbing Joan and Water parted from the Sea*" were different tunes. I was ſurpriſed at the pleaſure produced by the muſic, as it appeared to me merely *quick ſhifting of fingers*—not melody of ſound, harmonious combination, or pathetic expreſſion.

My guide told me that the *Wiſe* reliſhed muſic more than the *Fools*, but that the Fools affected to reliſh it more than the Wiſe. The Fools, really ignorant of muſic, regard merely *difficulty of execution*: the Wiſe, the *expreſſion and effect* on their own ears and hearts;

quick ſhifting fingers not being, in their opinion, muſic, any more than any other ſpecies of *manual dexterity*.

We paſſed through ſundry apartments, through rows of perſons, many of them dreſſed with the moſt ſplendid and glaring finery, though evidently without any regard to the comfort of their perſon or the exhibition of their ſhapes. Coſtlineſs, and not convenience, ſeemed to be their principal object; and next to coſtlineſs, imitation. If one Fool was fantaſtic in the mode of his habiliments, hundreds more followed him, "as dogs, &c." The ladies had their faces and necks beſpangled with jewels, which made no addition to their beauty, if they were beautiful; and if ugly, no more concealed or leſſened that uglineſs, than a noſe-jewel in a certain quadruped renders its features more lovely and attractive.

Faſhion, I found, was ſo prevalent, that to it beauty and grace were ſacrificed. I ſaw many ladies, whom, from their motions, I diſcovered to be finely ſhaped, encumbered by gorgeous habits, which confounded and lumped together the whole economy of the female figure; and who, by daubs of ſtucco, had done all they could to conceal lovelineſs.

"Nothing," my guide told me, "more delighted Queen Folly than the ſacrifice of beauty to faſhion.

"Did Lady Broome or Lady Charlotte Campbell environ themſelves with large ſacks, hoop their lovely limbs in ponderous petticoats, ſhovel loads of gipſe on their faces, criſp their flowing ringlets in the form of hedgehog's quills, their attempts, though unavailing to deface beauty and disfigure ſymmetry, would charm her Stultan Majeſty."

We were at length uſhered into the preſence-chamber, where, high on a throne above ſurrounding crowds, containing fops, fine ladies, fiddlers, dilettanti, dancers, harlequins, amateurs, connoiſſeurs, milli-

hers, antiquaries, ſhell-gatherers, butterfly-hunters, fanatic preachers, romance-writers, buffoons, blaſphemers, and mob-lecturers, Queen Folly exalted ſat, whilſt theſe, and many other loyal ſubjects, paid their humble, but ſincere homage; and many of them recounted their exertions in extending her Majeſty's influence.

As her Majeſty roſe, thoſe who were her greateſt favourites were admitted to the high honour of ſaluting that part of her perſon, which, as the moſt glorious, had been next the throne. The perſonages ſo dignified were, in their turn, ſolicited by the moſt humble entreaties of thoſe next them, to permit them to have a diſtinction of a ſimilar ſalute of them; thoſe, again, by others: ſo that from the loweſt courtiers to her Majeſty, there was a climax of kiſſes. Whether this was a chain of communication peculiar to the court of Folly I could not ſay, having never been at any other.

A perſon went up to her Majeſty, and, after the uſual ceremony, was accoſted by her. He was, I found, a cabinet miniſter, named *Signor Opera*. "My dear, my faithful ſervant, what have you to communicate? You generally bring good tidings. Pleaſing to me are thoſe parts of our literature which are dedicated to you. Almoſt every production which you countenance is hoſtile to Queen Wiſdom. I defy the moſt acute of her ſubjects to prove that they produce any object to her mind. On the contrary, they lull aſleep any of her ſubjects who ever attend to them. How have I been gratified to ſee the Wiſelanders, when contemplating *my favourites* of your *protegés*, either languid or liſtleſs, or bewildering themſelves in ſearching for meaning where there is no meaning; while my own ſubjects, ſuſpecting no meaning, thinking of no meaning, wiſhing for no meaning, enjoyed themſelves with ſweet inanity; laughed without wit, talked

talked without ſenſe, and were in perfect uniſon with the performance."

"I am always extremely proud of your Majeſty's approbationee," recited the Prime Miniſter of Folly. "My opera *é ſempre* devoted to the ſervicee of your ſacred Majeſtee—*Mia Ecola Maritata*——" "That," interrupted the Queen, "was one of the beſt that ever bore your name. Shew me if any ſubject of Queen Wiſdom can produce any ſuch thing as *ſcolding in meloay*. But it would be doing you, *mio caro Signor*, groſs injuſtice to particularize any of your works as devoted to my ſervice, when almoſt all are ſo *loyal to me*, that I cannot well prefer one to another."

"That word *almoſt*, my liege," ſaid Opera, "conveys a cenſure which I acknowledge to be juſt; but I truſt I have *rarely* been the object of your diſpleaſure; your wonted goodneſs will pardon a few ſlips. I have engaged a modern poet, who, I think, is thoroughly qualified to ſing the *ſweet ſtrains of inanity*. But before I ſuffer him to dedicate a work to me, I wiſh your Majeſty's judgment of an ode which he has juſt compoſed in praiſe of Inanity, or *Namby Pamby*."

"I love the ſubject," ſays the Queen; "I hope the execution is equal. Let us hear it."

After an overture, with many accompaniments, Mr. Lackſenſe, the poet, ſung;

"O che dolce namby pamby!
O che dolce pamby namby!
Nambinaa pambinaa!
Nambinaaaaa pambinaaaa nambinaaaaa, &c.
O che dolce pamby namby!
O che dolce namby pamby!!!"

"Glorious ſong! glorious execution!" exclaimed the enraptured Queen. "Who of my moſt favourite rhymers can compreſs more of the eſſence of *our own poetry* into ſo ſmall a ſpace? You have as completely excluded common ſenſe in theſe few lines as any of the

Della

Della Cruſca ſchool (ſo deſervedly dear to Queen Folly), after labouring through hundreds of verſes. Glorious indeed was Della Cruſca! glorious in himſelf—the cauſe in others of glorious effects! Much imitative nonſenſe we owe to his original powers.

'Formoſi pueri cuſtos formoſior ipſe.'

"With what rapidity verſified nonſenſe, ſetting off from Della Cruſca, ſpread from fool to fool! When Cruſca announced himſelf by a love ſonnet, Anna Matilda imitated it by a piece of nonſenſe almoſt equal to the original. Laura Maria followed next; then Carlos, Orlando, Reuben, Miranda, Leonardo, Adelaide: all was nonſenſe and Della Cruſca!

"Thus Æſop records, that where one aſs has contributed his quota towards the formation of a river, other aſſes are equally liberal in their productions. The waters of the aſſes and of Della Cruſca and Co. though leſs pure than thoſe of Hippocrene, flow with abundance of eaſe. My ſubjects generally took to poetry; but to a poetry that marked their zealous loyalty to Folly. Laura Maria, Della Cruſca, Anna Matilda; what they attempted eſtabliſhed more and more (if after one attempt there had been any doubt) their claim to be indigenous ſubjects to Folly. With them, as with many others of my poets, the words of one of my greateſt enemies are verified:

'Some have for wits, and then for poets paſs'd;
'Turn'd critics next, but prov'd plain fools at laſt.'

"Heaven confound Giffard for driving my poets away from *that mode* of rendering me ſervice! He hath done much evil to the cauſe of Folly: the Lord reward him according to his works! But though he ſilenced them as *rhymers*, he has not ſtopped them as *writers*. I have ſet Laura Maria to compoſe romances,

in

in which she succeeds wonderfully; and writes as complete nonsense in prose as ever she did in verse.

"Heaven forbid that Giffard should attack the Otranto school of romance, as he did the Della Cruscа school of poetry; otherwise, my dear Hobgoblins, the delight of every fool, may be driven from the face of the earth.

"But, Opera, how came you to countenance that old Spanish *Duenna*, Margery, I think, they call her? Is there any thing in her story friendly to me or mine? Is it not decidedly favourable to the enemy? Why did you suffer a work to be honoured with your name, *Opera*, which is so contrary to my interests and your practice? That *Sherry* (so I think they call the author) is a native of the higher regions of Wisdom, a denizen of Wit and Humour. Why did you encourage such a man? *His very songs* are against me. That fellow has done me much mischief, and will do me more, unless I can get him diverted to dissipation. I have heard it said that he supports a maxim totally incompatible with my authority; that shew and splendour are extremely absurd when nations are deeply in debt; and that talents and conduct ought to govern men, instead of court pageantry; and that kings are great in proportion to the happiness which they cause to their subjects: whereas my maxim is, that greatness consists in dress, equipage, and retinue. Sherry says, greatness arises from mind: I say it arises from milliners, jewellers, taylors, and coach-makers; and when I cease to say so, I shall cease to be called Queen Folly. You ought not to have encouraged my enemy."

"I humbly entreat," said the Minister of Folly, (and oh that all ministers were equally zealous for their sovereign!) "your Majesty would vouchsafe to hear me. That Duenna made her appearance in a town, of which the principal inhabitants, the frequent visitors

viſitors at your Majeſty's court, are yet much more attached to Wiſdom. Pure nonſenſe, the real eſſence, as your Majeſty knows, of Opera, I found means to make paſs current in the houſe devoted to myſelf: but wiſhing for a footing in the manſion of Mrs. Comedy, I allowed a piece dictated by her to take my name; and ſhe, in return, allows hers to my pieces, containing as much as any of your Majeſty's favourite operas; and alſo admits real opera, that is, ſheer nonſenſe, to her own houſe. Witneſs, my liege, *Artaxerxes*; witneſs *Cœur de Lion*, in which an Engliſh army paſſes through Germany *in diſguiſe*. I have, beſides, often prevailed on Mrs. Comedy to lend her name to the works of my much-reſpected friend Miſs Farce: works which contain as much nonſenſe as any of my beſt operas. Your Majeſty's candour will admit, that, if we weigh the nonſenſe of modern comedies againſt the ſenſe that has crept once or twice into operas, the balance is greatly in favour of nonſenſe."

"I admit your apology," ſaid Queen Folly; "but abſtain as much as poſſible from lending *your name* to ſuch perſons as Sherry."

"Pleaſe your Majeſty, nobody like him has lately aſked for it. None at preſent are engaged in operas, but our own *Fools*."

"Since the *Old Beggar*," ſaid the Queen, "I was never ſo angry with any of your operas as with that *Ducnna*."

"I ſhall in my beſt obey your Majeſty," ſaid Opera, "and if I cannot altogether confine my name to *our own* productions in other places, your Majeſty may be aſſured that nothing that has a ſingle grain of ſenſe ſhall ever defile the virgin purity of *my own houſe*.

"One circumſtance, pleaſe your Majeſty, often obſtructs our operas: certain ladies talk ſo loud, that there is no hearing us."

"Do these ladies," said Queen Folly, "acknowledge my authority?"

"They promote it strenuously," answered Opera.

"Then we must indulge them. If they interrupt your nonsense, I suppose they bring as good of their own in its place."

ON THE AFFECTATION OF INFERIORITY, OR INVERTED AMBITION.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

SIR,

AFFECTATION is of many kinds, but that which is proper and *legitimate* affectation is very nearly allied to pride. It is the affectation of superior merit, virtue, or talents. But there is another kind, the very reverse of this, which consists in affecting to be inferior to the rest of the world in some qualification, either bodily or mental. First, bodily: how many very amiable young men have of late affected to be very near-sighted, if not totally blind! Whence this blindness came, whether it arose from some new and noxious principle in the atmosphere, or from something in our diet, or whether it be come upon us like an Egyptian plague, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain that the manufacture of spectacles and opera-glasses is of late years amazingly extended, and what is *blindness* in one part of his Majesty's subjects, gives *bread* to the other. It is remarkable, that this desire of being blind, affects us most when we are going to any place where the perfect use of sight would be most convenient, at the theatres, for instance. The approach of a distinguished actress, or the opening of a new scene, operates like the word of command, and a thousand glasses are applied "in the twinkling of an eye." In my younger days, I remember that blindness was accounted a very great misfortune,

misfortune, and mentioned with tenderneſs and delicacy. Thoſe who were afflicted with it, concealed the diſorder with as much care as poſſible, pretending to ſee where they did not. But now, nothing is ſo genteel as to complain of a defect in thoſe valuable orbs; and the production of a glaſs is ſuppoſed to add more grace and dignity to the perſon, than total blindneſs could poſſibly take away.

Talking the other day to an old friend upon this ſubject, he repeated the proverb, "that there are none ſo blind as thoſe who will not ſee;" and added, that this blindneſs of modern times was not merely an affectation, as I was pleaſed to think it, but a political ſcheme, which anſwered certain wiſe and important purpoſes; "many more, Mr. Oldſtyle," continued he, "than you and I can diſcover; for now, when one wiſhes to avoid a diſagreeable perſon, ſuch as a creditor, a poor relation, or any other *bore*, it is but pleading the weakneſs of your eyes, and you come off with a tolerably good grace: formerly one would have ſaid, Such a great man is too *proud* to acknowledge his poor friends; but it very much ſoftens the matter, when you ſay he is only too *blind* to ſee them." I am inclined to think, Mr. Editor, that there is ſome truth in my friend's obſervations, although, as he is ſomewhat of a cynic, I would not allow the full extent of his concluſions.

When once we have begun to part with the uſe of one valuable organ, there is no ſaying where we may ſtop; and I obſerve that the ears are lately become nearly as defective as the eyes. It is wonderful how many deaf people one meets with among the young and healthieſt part of the creation; but here I am nearly as much diſpoſed to be ſuſpicious as my friend is with reſpect to the eyes; for I think I have more than once obſerved that the communication between the ears and the *inclination* has lately been much

more intimate than agrees with the anatomy of the former; in other words, a man ſeems to *hear* exactly what ſuits him, and no more. But in order to effect this, a very ingenious contrivance has been fallen upon. I am ſorry I do not know who was the inventor, that I might do ample juſtice to his merit. Some ſay he was a miniſter of ſtate, and others a judge; but as this is little better than conjecture, I do not mean to infer any thing from it. The invention itſelf is this: a communication is made from the external part of one ear all the way to the external part of the other, by which means any thing that paſſes in at one ear, paſſes out at the other without the leaſt hindrance, or ſtopping by the way; and I underſtand, that, as it would be very improper that this ſhould always be the caſe (for then hearing would be of no ſervice), there are certain artificial valves, by means of which any thing may be retained that the perſon pleaſes; theſe are moved by the *will*, and, it is ſaid, will laſt a man's lifetime.

Beſide blindneſs and deafneſs, which are great calamities, there are others of leſs conſequence, which are very much *affected* by perſons of a certain deſcription. A defect in ſpeech is conſidered as very ornamental; ſo much, indeed, that the converſation of many perſons occaſions a concert of ſounds not much unlike the chattering of monkies, and good old Engliſh is clipped and deformed ſo as ſcarcely to be known. It is certainly a very great improvement in *taſte*, when ſtammering, liſping, and an unintelligible rapidity of tongue, are conſidered as genteel. I might alſo mention certain bodily deformities and protuberances, which were very lately counted graceful; but as they have almoſt totally diſappeared, I hope, never to return, I ſhall paſs to a ſecond claſs of affectations, which are, perhaps, leſs pardonable than what I have mentioned; and

and as theſe are corporeal, thoſe I am now to conſider are *mental*.

The moſt remarkable of theſe, which I think muſt proceed from an exceſs of humility, is the affectation of being far more wicked than nature or inclination enables, or diſpoſes one to be. I have known a man boaſt of drinking more wine at a ſitting, than he could carry on his back; and another talking very freely of his amours with ladies of diſtinction, who had not impudence enough to attack a milk-maid. Some would make you believe that after a great debauch they went home perfectly ſober, when it is well known that the leaſt exceſs would kill them; and others will endeavour to perſuade you of their having joined the neighbouring hunt, who are fearful to mount a horſe in a riding-ſchool. A young fellow amuſed a company lately by an account of his having ruined his laundreſs's daughter, and of her now being on the town; his friends ſmiled, for they all knew the extreme tenderneſs of his heart, and that he would have been the "verieſt miſerable wretch" upon earth, had he even in the moſt diſtant degree aſſiſted, or even connived at villany. It was but the other day, I repreſented the diſtreſs of an unhappy family to a party of my acquaintances, and informed them, that I propoſed to raiſe a ſmall ſum for their immediate relief, until ſomething more ſubſtantial could be provided for them. Moſt of the company gave me a contribution, but Ned Careleſs declared with an oath, that he would give nothing; ſuch applications were endleſs; as for the woman and her brats, there was the pariſh workhouſe. "I wonder, Mr. Oldſtyle, that you would diſturb the conviviality of a company of gentlemen by ſuch ſtuff." I did not reſent Ned's language. We all knew his foible, and before parting he took an opportunity to ſlip into my hand a ſum equal to all that I had gathered, accompanying it with a ſqueeze

and a ſhrug, "Don't let this go farther, my dear Oldſtyle." Ned has a couſin, Sam Serious, a young fellow who is always cracking jokes at religion and the parſons, and may be ſeen every Sunday at —— church twice a-day, into which, however, he ſteals, as if he were doing a bad action. Ned, I ought not to omit, has worked himſelf into a pretty bad character, and I am much at a loſs to know how he will be able to extricate himſelf from it. Nothing ſatisfies him ſhort of being the *firſt* in all ſorts of wickedneſs and debauchery. If one boaſts that he drank three bottles at a ſitting, Ned is ſure to have drunk four; when he goes aſtray, it muſt be with two frail ones at leaſt; and where another would have rode the ſame horſe fifteen miles without ſtopping, Ned adds a mile or two for ſuperiority's ſake.

One would really think, Mr. Editor, that the acquiſition of a good character was a very diſgraceful thing, and that we ought not to be only *as bad* as our paſſions and our ſituation may incline us, but that there is ſomething noble and dignified in concealing all that is evil. I have ſaid that this affectation muſt proceed from an exceſs of humility; and truly that man who is contented to be accounted infamous muſt be as *humble*, as he ought to be *contrite*, if he really were ſo. I, who hold ſome antiquated notions, do humbly preſume to be of opinion, that the portion of wickedneſs which we cannot eaſily avoid is quite enough to *boaſt* of, if there be any merit in the caſe, and quite enough to repent of, when we come to entertain different views of things. I cannot ſee the propriety of thinking ourſelves ſo contemptibly virtuous, that it becomes neceſſary for us to be reputedly vicious, contrary to inclination and ability. But I am aware that other people conſider this in a different light, and that feats of frolicſome life are *virtues* in ſome eſtimation.

It

It would elſe be perfectly unaccountable that any man ſhould wiſh to inform his friends that he had made a beaſt of himſelf, deſtroyed the peace of a family, or killed a horſe in mere wantonneſs.

My name, Sir, lets you partly into the ſecret of our family. The *Oldſtyles* are now faſt decaying. A few of us exiſt, the ruins of our former conſequence and grandeur. It was always a maxim in our days, that it is not neceſſary for any man to appear worſe than he is, and that when he confeſſed his follies, he ought to do it with fidelity, and not *caricature* them into improbabilities. To do otherwiſe is, in the language of one of our family, "an *inverted* ambition," and thoſe who are guilty of it are not true but *falſe* hypocrites; a ſtrange expreſſion—but ſtrange follies require ſtrange expreſſions. The motive, ſays he, of this monſtrous affectation, I take to proceed from that noble thirſt of fame and reputation, which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it alſo brings forth *ſpurious productions* in men who are not capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by things which are really praiſeworthy. As the deſire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry ſhews itſelf in great and good actions; ſo, in men of a contrary diſpoſition, it runs wild, and diſcovers itſelf in a thouſand extravagancies, by which they would ſignalize themſelves from others, and gain a ſet of admirers.

My advice to young men, who are addicted to this *inverted* ambition, is, to conſider whether they really have ſo many good qualities and virtuous diſpoſitions as to expoſe them to ridicule; and whether it be really a fact, that ſuch diſpoſitions do expoſe them to the ridicule of perſons whoſe good opinion it would be an honour to acquire. I have many doubts on this ſubject myſelf; I queſtion very much whether the young gentlemen of our days be in danger of falling

into contempt, upon account of the rectitude of their conduct; and, as far as my obſervation goes, I do aver, with ſome earneſtneſs, that I know of none whoſe faults, ſimply and fairly repreſented, are not quite enough to form the ſhade of character. As to the opinion of the world, much may be ſaid. If by the world we mean geographically the whole earth, the majority, I believe, will determine in favour of goodneſs; but I know that, in the common acceptation of this word, it means no more than the circle of a man's acquaintances. If they be ſuch as to be charmed with the exaggerations of this inverted ambition, he will, no doubt, gratify them with a caricature of his foibles, but out of that circle I am afraid he will loſe more reputation than he will gain, and will be accounted very inſignificant and very contemptible, in compliment to his having endeavoured to be really ſo.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

REMARKABLE SPEECH

OF BARON TOMLINSON TO THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON, WHEN SWORN IN, MDCLIX.

How do you do, Mr. Warner?—
God ſave you, Mr. Love.

GENTLEMEN CITIZENS,

I OBSERVE in you three things; firſt, that ye are well clad; from whence I note, that ye are no ſlovens. Truly I wiſh I were a ſheriff, ſo it were not chargeable, and that I might always be in the office; for certainly a ſheriff can never be a-cold, his gown is ſo warm; and, on my word, yours ſeems to be excellent good ſcarlet. Some men may aſk, Why do you wear red gowns, and not blue or green? As for blue,

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it is a colour which ſignifies conſtancy; now conſtancy cannot be attributed to ſheriffs; for a ſheriff is a ſheriff this year, and none the next. As for green, it is Mahomet's colour, and ſo too heatheniſh for a Chriſtian. I confeſs *fuille morte*, which ſignifies decay, had been the moſt proper colour for a ſheriff; becauſe he puts off his gown with the fall of the leaf; and, ſecondly, becauſe it may decay his eſtate, if he be too expenſive in his office. But next to that, red is the moſt convenient colour; for indeed moſt handſome and delectable things are red, as roſes, pomegranates, the lips, the tongue, &c. ſo that indeed our anceſtors did wiſely to clothe magiſtrates with this decent and becoming colour. It is true, I have a gown too, but they make me wear the worſt of any Baron of the Exchequer; it is plain cloth, as you ſee, without any lining; yet my comfort is, I am ſtill a Baron, and I hope I ſhall be ſo as long as I live; when I am dead I care not who is Baron, nor whether there be a Baron or no. The next thing I obſerve is, that ye look plump and ruddy; from whence I give a ſhrewd gueſs, that ye feed well; and truly if you do ſo, then you do well, which is my third and laſt obſervation concerning ye. But do you know wherefore you come hither? I do not queſtion but you do; however, you muſt give me leave to tell ye; for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why then, I will tell ye, ye come hither to take your oaths before me. Gentlemen, I am the puiſne Baron of the Exchequer; that is to ſay, the meaneſt Baron; for though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this has been ſo continually beaten into my head, that I do very well underſtand it; however, I could brook my meanneſs well enough (for ſome men tell me that I deſerve no better), were it not the cauſe of my life's greateſt miſery; for here I am conſtrained, or elſe I muſt loſe my employment, to make ſpeeches in

my old age, and, when I have one foot in the grave, to ſtand here with the other talking in public.—Truly, Gentlemen, it is a ſad thing; you ſee what a forced put I am put to; even God help me out of this ſinful world; for, when my bones are at reſt, my tongue will be at quiet. I remember, Gentlemen, when I was a child, if my mother aſked if I would have any victuals that pleaſed me not, why then I would grow ſullen, and make no anſwer: then would ſhe ſay, "Sirrah, will you have it? ſpeak!" ſtill not a word from me. "Nay then," ſaid ſhe, "if you won't ſpeak you ſhall have nothing." This is my condition now, either ſpeak, or have nothing; that is, be no Baron. I have prayed to God to mend my weak capacity; now if I ſpeak better to-day than I uſed to do, you will know he hath heard my prayers; if not, then it is as it was. But ſince it is my misfortune, I ſhall talk to ye as well as I can: but, friends, you muſt not expect that I ſhould bawl to you, like fellows who cry carrots and turnips in the ſtreet; for that would be troubleſome to me, and, perhaps, cauſe the almonds of my ears to fall, with overſtraining my impotent lungs. And now it comes into my mind, I deſire you, when you are in your office, not to let thoſe fellows yaule ſo in a morning; for they will not let the people ſleep: the cry of wiſdom can never be heard in your ſtreets for the perpetual bawling thoſe carters keep; and truly if you do not remedy it, I am afraid you will as ſoon hear the lamentation of wild nightingales, as the voice of wiſdom in your city. Yet though I do not bawl, do not think that I will whiſper neither; for then it were impoſſible you ſhould hear me, and I ſhould ſeem to ſit upon the bench like a madman talking to myſelf; beſides, the proverb ſays, "that where there is whiſpering there is lying." Truly, Gentlemen, I am an old man, and have lived long in the world; and I can aſſure you I have obſerved theſe proverbs, and find them

them to be wiſe ſayings. I remember when I was a young youth, it is a great while ago, Gentlemen, I warrant ye it is above five and forty years ago, my mother ſaw me fooling with a knife; "Lay down the knife, boy," ſaid ſhe; "it is a dangerous thing to play with edged tools." Truly, Gentlemen, I believe you find the truth of this; for, had your city never meddled with edged tools, they and you, I believe, had been in a more thriving condition than now. At firſt you played with theſe edged tools in your military and artillery grounds, and made ſport with them before your wives; but I think they have made ſport with you ſince.—Truly, for my part, I cannot tell what to do for theſe edged tools; and I believe you are in a quandary too: for my part, I reſolve never to meddle with them; and I hope God has given you ſo much grace and cowardice, as to do ſo too. King James would never meddle with them, you know; now if you will not take my fooliſh advice, take his wiſe counſel. But to return where I left; I ſay I will neither bawl nor ſpeak ſoftly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me, and I may hear myſelf, and ſo we may all hear one another; and truly there is great reaſon for it; for by hearing we convey our reaſon one to another. Now that I have reaſon, I will prove, for every man is a rational creature: now I am a man, therefore I am a reaſonable creature. Gentlemen, this makes as much for you as for me, for by this do I prove you likewiſe to be rational creatures, and ſo fit to be ſheriffs. Thus I find ye qualified for your office. And truly, Gentlemen, ſheriffs are men of great antiquity and authority: ſome are of opinion that ſheriffs were invented in Tyre and Sidon; truly, Gentlemen, it ſtands with reaſon, for I am ſure they were the firſt inventors of ſcarlet. But to leave this opinion, I do find in the Bible how Joſeph was, by Pharaoh King of Egypt, made ſheriff of Grand Cairo; and

Daniel

Daniel alſo was, by Nebuchadnezzar King of Aſſyria, made ſheriff of Babylon. In the firſt place, their habit proves this to be true, for they wore the ſame badges of their authority that you have; that is to ſay, ſcarlet gowns and gold chains. I will not diſpute whether their gowns were lined with fur or no, neither was it material, nor indeed ſo requiſite; the hotneſs of their countries not permitting that formality. Secondly, we read how Joſeph arreſted his brothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done had he not had bailiffs and ſergeants under him, officers peculiar to a ſheriff; and to make it more evident, we do not find that he took his writ out of any other office but his own; which he could not have warranted, had he not been ſheriff himſelf. But you will ſay, Where were the two ſheriffs to parallel our two ſheriffs? To that I anſwer, Where was there a county of Middleſex belonging to any of thoſe cities, for the other perſon to be ſheriff of? Was it requiſite there ſhould be two ſheriffs in thoſe places where there was never a county of Middleſex, becauſe there were two ſheriffs of London, where there is a county of Middleſex? No; for it is the county that makes the ſheriff, not the ſheriff makes the county. This, Gentlemen, is law. Now, Gentlemen, I ſhall tell ye more than ever ye heard before, to ſhew you that I have not ſpent my time in idleneſs; which is this, that as there is an archangel, and an archbiſhop, and an archdeacon, ſo is there an arch-ſheriff, which is Satan, or Beelzebub, the prince of the air. This is evident from the duty of his employment; for as it is your duty to puniſh offenders and ſinners in this world, ſo it is his duty to puniſh ſinners and offenders both in this world and the world to come. And now I ſpeak of your employment, I ſhall tell you what it is; firſt, you are the chief jailors of the nation, and it is your duty to keep thoſe priſoners who are committed to your charge, as cloſe as your

your wives lock up their beſt jewels; to this purpoſe, Mr. Warner, are the two counters at your diſpoſal; and Newgate, Mr. Love, is appointed for your portion. Secondly, you are the chief executioners of ſentences upon malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr. Sheriff, I ſhall entreat a favour of you; I have a kinſman at your end of the town, a rope-maker; I know you will have many occaſions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have ſpoken in time; pray make uſe of him, you will do the poor man a favour, and yourſelf no prejudice. Pray, Gentlemen, what have you for dinner? for I profeſs I forgot to go to market yeſterday, that I might get my ſpeech by heart.—Truly, Gentlemen, I count it no diſhonour to go to market myſelf; there is no truſting to ſervants; had you lived ſo long in the world as I have done, you would ſay ſo. When I was a young man as you are, I ſcorned to go to market then as well as you; but ſince I went myſelf I find that my ſervants cheated me of, I warrant you, five pounds in the year. They would reckon me two ſhillings for a leg of mutton, which I can buy as good a one now for five groats and twopence. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock: well, good-by to ye, Gentlemen. But ſtay! I have forgot the main thing ye come for: I muſt give you your oath. Lord, what a crazy memory have I! But you muſt excuſe me, Gentlemen, my thoughts are not ubiquitary; they cannot be in your kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen, there are ſeveral ſorts of oaths; there is the Protector's oath, "By the living God;" there is the cavalier's oath, "God damn me;" and there is the chambermaid's oath, "As I am honeſt:" then there is an oath which you are to ſwear, and which all men ſwear who take upon them employments of truſt, "So help me God." Now ſome men ſay this is not an oath, but my conſcience tells me to

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the contrary. Truly there are ſo many opinions, that a man cannot tell which to believe. However, I have ſworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more before I would loſe my place: but why do I uſe perſuaſion? I ſee you are come with a reſolution to ſwear, and I am come to ſwear ye, and ſo we are agreed. Well, now you have heard what thoſe things are which you muſt ſwear; lay your hands on the book, and ſay, "As God help us, Mr. Baron, we will perform all theſe things as well as we can." Thus, Maſters Sheriffs, you hear what you have ſworn; pray be diligent and careful to obſerve every particular; fear God, obey your ſuperiors, and rule your city with prudence; that, as you are ſheriffs, you may become mayors; and, being mayors, may be knighted; and, being knighted, may die full of age and worſhip, and may be buried with eſcutcheons. Now, Mr. Sheriffs, get ye home, kiſs your wives, and by that time the cloth is laid I will be with ye; ſo good-by till I ſee ye.

THE CRAFT AND MYSTERY OF WRITING ANTIQUITIES.

THE literary world is ſtill ſhamefully deficient in the department of Antiquities, the only ſtudy deſerving the attention of a truly ſapient and profound reader. What are ſuch flimſy themes as polite criticiſm, life, or manners, or the feelings of the human mind, to ſuch deep reſearches and important objects as Gammer Gurton's Needle, Old Parr, or Whittington and his Cat? We are the leſs excuſable in being thus barren in antiquities, becauſe it is full as eaſy to write antiquities as to build them; and we know the latter has been ſucceſsfully practiſed by many a country ſquire, for the embelliſhment of his pleaſure-grounds.

In the firſt place, no man need be deterred from writing

writing antiquities by the difficulty of writing good Engliſh; for we find by the example of the moſt admired teachers of the antiquarian ſchool, that it is wholly unneceſſary to trouble one's head about ſtyle, correctneſs, and grammatical niceties; theſe are kickſhaws fit only for your little modern ſubjects; but the more uncouth, harſh, irregular, and obſcure the ſtyle of the antiquary, the more perfectly is it adapted to the dark and obſolete nature of the ſubject matter. There is a ſort of mental perplexity and intellectual darkneſs that are highly venerable to readers of a certain deſcription, and admirably accord with dark caverns, Gothic cloiſters, and ivy-crowned windows, thoſe ſolemn and favourite objects of antiquarian reſearch.

In the next place I would obſerve, that a true antiquary muſt never laugh, never be aſhamed; nothing is to him little or low, provided it be old; he will dive, with the ſame ſteadineſs of muſcles and diligence of inquiry, into a ſepulchral vault or a privy; no ſituation is ridiculous to him, no reſearch diſgraceful. A pig-ſty (in the contemplation of an antiquary) becomes a majeſtic erection, and a rap farthing a conſiderable treaſure, when they happen to bear the ſacred marks of time. I myſelf, Mr. Editor, have in my poſſeſſion an ineſtimable treaſure, in the eſtimation of true antiquaries; it is a genuine ſpecimen of a *Roman fir-reverence*, which has eſcaped all the ravages of time: it was found in a *cloaca*, amidſt the ruins of Herculaneum; I would not exchange it for a ruby of the ſame magnitude, and yet to vulgar eyes—but *odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

Next to that venerable obſcurity of ſtyle, and amiable perplexity of thought, that diſtinguiſh good antiquarian writers, it ſhould be our ſtudy to attain a certain vigorous aſperity of temper and agreeable acrimony of language, that operate like pungent ſalts on the

drowſy reader, and moſt wonderfully ſtimulate him to labour with fortitude through an antiquarian eſſay: thus a proper balance may be maintained. Languor of thought and weakneſs of reaſoning are compenſated by virulence of reproach and dogmatical aſſertion; and the flatneſs of the writer, and inſignificance of his ſubject, are relieved by energetic vehemence and Billingſgate flowers of oratory. Dunce, blockhead, liar, ſcoundrel, ignoramus, ſhameleſs pretender, and bungling impoſtor, are among the mildeſt terms of the antiquarian vocabulary. The reader need only take up the firſt archæological book that comes to hand, to be inſtructed in the uſe of this mode of eloquence, and convinced of its very great utility.

There are two rival ſyſtems open to the choice of the antiquary; he may take which he pleaſes, and probably be as right in adopting the one as the other. Whichſoever he adopts, plauſible reaſons will not be wanting, if he is but lucky enough to find them, to juſtify his choice; but let me caution him, that, having once made a choice, he muſt adhere to it ſteadily, right or wrong, and refuſe to liſten to any arguments in favour of the other ſide, or he will ſhew his ignorance and loſe his credit; and he muſt alſo take care to remember, that all who differ from him in opinion are ſots, fools, knaves, impoſtors, and deſerve to be hanged.

The candidate antiquary ſhould by all poſſible means cultivate his imagination. You may at the firſt view be a little ſurpriſed at this precept, Mr. Editor. Methinks I hear you exclaim, "How! deſire an antiquary, the coldeſt, the dulleſt, the clumſieſt of God's creatures, to cultivate his imagination!" It may ſeem ſtrange, but I perſiſt, with a true archæological pertinacity, in aſſerting that I am in the right. I have ſeen the cow and the aſs bound and gambol; the ſwine, though little formed for feats of agility, curvet and

and friſk amidſt the hilarity of the kennel and the enlivening influence of the mud; and the gloomy rat himſelf forſake his hole, and caper and frolic, enlivened by the balmy vapours and mephitic feſtivity of the common ſewer; and I have alſo ſeen, Mr. Editor, the archæological writer attempt to be ironical, ſarcaſtic, and facetious, and with as much ſucceſs as the nimble friſky animals above-mentioned have attempted to be frolicſome and airy. It is not ſtrange, therefore, that I ſhould look for imagination in the true antiquary. There is as much imagination, ſuch as it is, in the gloomy dreams of the myſtic, as in the agreeable reveries of the comic poet.

Now as to the advantages which will redound to my pupil from cultivating his imagination, I would obſerve to him, that nothing great was ever yet accompliſhed without enthuſiaſm. Enthuſiaſm makes the poet, the hero, the orator, and the antiquary, the top of the climax; and as to enthuſiaſm, it is the favourite child of imagination. What food for imagination in the labours of the antiquary—why? He is all made up of imagination. He imagines himſelf wiſe; he imagines that he is uſefully employed; he imagines that his reſearches are ſcience; he imagines that he is more profound than his neighbours; he imagines that he is penetrating to the centre of the earth when he is only ſcratching and grovelling on its ſurface; he imagines that he is an object of general attention; he imagines that he is a great man.

The redundancy of imagination in the true antiquary will at once produce and gratify the love of the marvellous. It will generate a ſort of mental ſecond ſight, that will exalt and dignify ſurrounding objects: thus every thing appearing under a new form, and in a new point of view, will ſeem to bear the venerable ruſt of antiquity, and become a worthy ſubject of a grave and prolix memoir. Viewed by the ſcientific and diſ-

cerning optics of the true adept, an old mill-ſtone becomes a druidical altar; an old dunghill, a barrow or a tumulus; a common ditch, part of the foſſe of a Roman encampment; a deſerted pound, or limekiln, an ancient caſtle; a piece of a broken crock, or cracked pitcher, a ſepulchral urn; an old ſpout of a watering-pot, an antique trumpet; an iron ſkewer, the tongue of a tibula, or claſp for the Iriſh mantle; a braſs button, a medal, or Iriſh, Runic, Britiſh, or Roman coin, according to your fancy, on which, if your eyes are but ſharp enough, you may trace a head and inſcription; and a braſs farthing, or ſilver penny, becomes a taliſmanic medal*. Poſſeſſed with this ſpirit, and inflated with enthuſiaſm, the true connoiſſeur in antiquities will ever be on the watch for the darling objects of his purſuit, and if he fails to find, he will be ſure to create them.

To aſſiſt the candidate for fame in his abſtruſe inquiries, he muſt firſt acquire a habit of perſeverance and diligence. He muſt be vigilant in his reſearches, and patient in ſuſtaining ſcorn, reproach, and even, if occaſion ſhould require, a kicking or a beating; he muſt venture his neck, and he muſt venture his ——; he muſt climb the mouldering turret that nods tremendous over his head, and he muſt aſcend the creaking ſtairs to the ſqualid cockloft. He will not be deterred by the funereal vapours of the caverned cemetery; nor will he deſpiſe the filth and rubbiſh of a root-woman's cellar, if that root-woman can but furniſh him with ſome original anecdote touching the neighbourhood, or its inhabitants.

I muſt warn my ſage pupil, that his reſearches will frequently lead him into ſcrapes: ſome will laugh at him, others beat him; ſometimes he may be taken for a thief; ſometimes it will be ſuſpected that he lurks and dodges, in order to pick pockets; ſometimes that

* Vide Tranſactions of Royal Iriſh Academy, vol. ii. part 3d.

he

he does so in order to pick up wenches: but conscious pride will sustain him, and rise within his soul to tell him that he is a true antiquary. I myself have met with many comic, many tragic misadventures, in the course of my inquiries; I have been bewildered in bogs, and ducked in horse-ponds; I have been decoyed into pig-sties, and drenched in necessary-houses; I have been thrown out of windows; and I have been thrown into Bridewell.

The great objects of antiquarian research are the occult and obscure: the professor of this deep branch of science must determine, therefore, to practise many devices that to the vulgar might appear mean, indecorous, and unwarrantable; he must make many inquiries that to the world in general may seem impertinent and unmannerly. He must be an eavesdropper and a listener; he must tattle with nurses and midwives; he must bribe servants, he must intrigue with cook-maids, and be cup and can with sextons and grave-diggers: thus shall he successfully fill his common-place book with anecdotes and epitaphs. He must open letters, steal copies of deeds and wills, and peep into desks and bureaus, if the owner should incautiously turn his back, and leave them open to his curiosity; but above all, I would strenuously recommend to him an attentive study of the inside of wig-boxes and hat-cases, and a careful and frequent perusal of those inestimable morceaus of literature and engraving, which commonly decorate the walls of the temples of Cloacina. To facilitate an acquaintance with the latter, which is such a necessary branch of learning, I am preparing for the press a most elaborate and magnificent work, called *Silva Silvarum, grave obventium*, or *Cloacina Hibernica redigēsa*: it will be embellished with curious engravings; I mean to publish it in three folio volumes, at the very moderate price of ten guineas.

But with all the diligence and zeal of my pupil, his

collections will probably be very deficient, whether he sets out as a collector of antique rarities, or as a compiler of antiquarian essays; if he should unfortunately happen to be of a fastidious turn, and incredulous disposition, he must be assisted and invigorated in his inquiries and collections by a due degree of credulity: thus will he find his collections increase in number, his works in bulk and weight, and his fame will spread in a due proportion. How many extraordinary and well-authenticated reliques of other times have been rescued from the forge and the foundery, and placed in the collections of the grave, the learned, and the great? How many anecdotes, genealogies, and historical legends have been taken from the mouths of unlettered cow-boys and doting crones, where they would have been confined to a small circle, and have perished with the frail breath of the reporter, and consigned to immortality in the well-printed pages of academic and archæologic quartos and folios! And how? By the fostering hand of antiquarian credulity. Cultivate, therefore, my son, cultivate thy credulity, and I do not despair of seeing thee become as voluminous a writer, and as great an antiquary, as ——— or ——— or ———.

As one great business of the antiquary is to collect odd things from odd places, and odd stories about odd people, I need not tell my pupil that he must be an hunter of oddities. He will perceive the obvious utility of keeping odd company: if a man is remarkably tall, or remarkably short, a great walker, a great eater, a great wit, a great painter, a great bruiser, a great orator, a great politician, or a great jockey, he immediately becomes an object of interesting inquiry to the antiquary. The best mode of collecting information which I can suggest is that adopted by the wonderful Mr. Boswell, whose productions I would advise every young antiquary *nocturna versare manu, versare diurna*, as inimitable models of the true cackling garrulous anility, that

that ſhould mark the adept; his method, I ſay, was to enter in his common-place book, every night on his returning home, what he heard in company, during the day, whether good or bad, true or falſe, wiſe or fooliſh, decent or indecent, proper or improper to be reported; with the author and ſubject of it, and the time of uttering; duly marking the mode and tone of voice with which it was uttered. Then pour out the whole collection on the public, in a volley, without ever reflecting whether the perſons who are thus hauled into notoriety, and forced to make up part of a literary olio, againſt their will and knowledge, and often to their great ſurpriſe and confuſion, will be pleaſed or diſpleaſed with your purloining their ſecret thoughts and unguarded expreſſions, and forcing them to walk the ſtreets and meet ſtrangers, as I may call it, in a mental nightcap and banyan. Such conduct may produce miſchief, excite quarrels, ſet irreconcilable enmities between friends, and kindle active animoſities between ſtrangers; it may blacken the memory of the dead, and embitter the peace of the living. But what of that, my ſon? Why ſhould you care? You are an antiquary, and are only labouring in your vocation. Some may be weak enough to call ſuch conduct a violation of the laws of hoſpitality; ſome may term it a literary grand larceny, ſome may call you fool, others raſcal; nay, ſome may be ſo abſurd as to kick your b——: but what of that? Deſpiſe it all, and conſider that you are only an antiquary, and labouring in your vocation.

PHILO BOROMICUS.

LINES

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN MORRIS, ON VISITING THE HOUSE IN GRAFTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, BELONGING TO THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL KNOX, WHO WAS DROWNED ON HIS PASSAGE TO HIS GOVERNMENT OF JAMAICA, THE VESSEL IN WHICH HE WAS EMBARKED, HAVING FOUNDERED IN A STORM *.

"Much he admir'd the place, the perſon more."
PARADISE LOST.

[Original.].

O KNOX! while ſorrow o'er the land is ſpread
For thee, untimely number'd with the dead,
Dear to thy Sov'reign, to thy country dear,
While all who knew thee name thee with a tear;
Accept my feeble praiſe; 't is all I can,
Who only from the manſion judge the man:
Here genuine elegance of taſte I find,
A true criterion of the maſter's mind;
The ſimple and the beautiful unite
To captivate the heart, and charm the ſight;
In ev'ry object excellence I ſee;
But all, alas! are loſt, in loſing thee.
Thy bright example hath conviction wrought;
I feel the truth of what I long have thought;
That all are vulgar who their riches waſte,
And none but men of worth are men of taſte.

ODE TO THE BRAIN.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MYSTERIOUS ſource, and ſeat of ſenſe,
Whence all our whimſies ſpring,
I now preſume, with bold pretence,
Thy energies to ſing.

The poets' celebrated fount
(Whate'er its title be),
That ſprung from old Parnaſſus' mount,
Was but a type of thee.

* See page 135.

Thou

Thou art the true Pierian well,
From which great Homer drank,
And all thoſe bards that ſince excel,
Throughout the claſſic rank.

Thy inſpiration Maro crown'd
With everlaſting fame;
Hence lyric Horace lives renown'd;
Hence Milton's epic name.

Hence Shakſpeare ſtill ſupremely ſhines
In the dramatic ſphere;
Hence flow'd the ſweet deſcriptive lines
That ſung the circling year.

Hence Pope and Prior charm by turns;
Hence Goldſmith's poliſh'd lays;
And hence, lamented Scottiſh Burns!
Thy recent claim to praiſe.

To thee, too, ſentimental ſource!
Each lofty ſon of proſe
His tale's effect—his moral's force—
His varied beauties owes.

Plutarch and Tacitus of yore
Thy viſions did illume;
With many a fam'd hiſtorian more,
Down to the days of Hume.

Nor leſs indebted to thy aid
Is Eloquence confeſs'd;
From thee ſhe learns to rouſe, perſuade,
And rule the human breaſt.

Thou taught'ſt Demoſthenes's tongue
To lead the Grecian throng;
From thee thoſe pow'rful periods ſprung,
That Cicero roll'd along.

When Britiſh Fox pours forth the tide
Of argument ſo clear,
Thou art the intellectual guide
That governs its career.

Philoſophy,

Philoſophy, led by thy light,
Her deep reſearches makes;
Aſtronomy her boldeſt flight
Beneath thy guidance takes.

Great Newton hence, on eagle wing,
Through boundleſs ſyſtems ſoar'd;
Hence learned Locke each hidden ſpring
And maze of mind explor'd.

When Painting leads Taſte's raptur'd eye
Her mimic ſcenes among;
When Muſic wakes the ſymphony
Of ſoul-entrancing ſong;

Thy nervous influence alone
The zeſt, the pleaſure gives;
And Painting's tint, and Muſic's tone,
From thee its charm receives.

But, ah! if Melancholy's clouds
Obſcure the mental ſun—
If round thy ſeat diſtemper'd crowds
Of wild conceptions run;

Then Genius, Judgment, Fancy, ſink
In the tremendous gloom,
And Madneſs rends each ſocial link,
Regardleſs of her doom!

Dromore. T. S.

THE LAWSUIT.

CALENUS, when his purſe was light,
Got twenty guineas as a loan,
Swearing he would repair his plight,
And pay me ere a week was gone.

A year went off—the lawyer Aulus
Perſuades me to commence a ſuit,
Crying, "The raſcal ſha'nt cajole us,
The ſtory cannot bear diſpute!"

But,

But, lo! this paper war has lasted
Longer than Homer's siege of Troy;
Ten times my debt has Aulus wasted,
And ten times more would fain destroy.

Now since I 'm not so rich as Clive,
Nor yet for Nestor's age design'd,
I 'll quit the combat while alive,
Nor force my heir to purchase wind.

Calenus at the triple tree
Ought surely his success to tell:
But Aulus no sufficient fee
Can hope for—till he reaches H— !

NOVUS.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

[From the New Joe Miller.]

THE supreme tyrant Death lately held a grand court,
Of diseases and doctors the awful resort;
Here appear'd parsons, sextons, and grim undertakers,
All th' attendants of death, down to epitaph-makers;
When the sov'reign destroyer being plac'd on the throne,
To th' assembly his will and high pleasure made known:
"My friends and supporters! I 've call'd your attendance,
Knowing well that on you I may place my dependance;
For though kings on the earth, and their ministers still
War will ever pursue, and bring grist to my mill;
You, at all times and seasons, in peace and in war,
Or for pleasure or pay, daily drag to my bar
Those poor wretches who come within reach of your claws,
Whom you force to obey my immutable laws.
But with grief I announce, that in London resides
One who laughs at our threats, and our projects derides;
ISAAC SWAINSON his name—a true friend to mankind,
And a foe to all those who with us are combin'd:
But why need I go farther? for each of you well knows
The accursed preparer of SYRUP DE VELNOS.

You,

You, my meſſenger *Merc'ry*, have long felt his pow'rs,
And his fatal attacks, made from Twick'nham's * gre
bow'rs;
In this conteſt he laurels immortal hath won,
And his *ſyrup* compietes what his *pen* had begun †;
He has ſet you, *ſtark-naked*, to mortals' full view,
Vow'd your poiſon's deſtruct.ve effects to ſubdue.
Nay, but all of you ſuffer from this bold intruder,
Who admoniſhes men againſt every deluder,
And, inſtead of thoſe *min'rals* which favour our cauſe,
He to *botany* truſts, to aſſiſt Nature's laws.
Then let us confed'rate his plan to deſtroy,
Who inceſſantly labours our ſchemes to annoy.
It is you, my beſt friends, that I chiefly regret;
Swainſon can but retard, he can't obviate fate."
Here the grim tyrant ceas'd; when a numerous hoſt
Of erſt fatal *Diſeaſes*, exclaim'd they had loſt
Their peſtiferous ſting, from th' invincible hand
Of dread Swainſon, whoſe med'cine ſpread health through t
land.
Scurvy, Dropſy, and Palſy, by him were laid low,
Even Cancer herſelf had receiv'd a great blow;
Whilſt Conſumption and Aſthma had felt his attack,
Gout, and Ague, and Small-pox, were driv'n far aback;
Eryſipelas now was bereft of her heat,
And fell Scrof'la experienc'd a ſerious defeat;
Tender childhood by Worms was no longer diſtreſt,
Nor were females by horrid Obſtructions oppreſt:
Near a hundred Diſeaſes complain'd, that their foe,
Directing men's blood-ſtreams unſullied to flow,
Long poſtpon'd their deſcent to the regions below.
The diſpenſers of drugs next lamented their caſe,
And their practice already conſign'd to diſgrace;
The moſt ſkilful phyſicians with Swainſon were join'd,
To reſtore their loſt vigour and health to mankind.
Real grief undertakers and ſextons diſplay'd,
For the Syrup de Velnos had ruin'd their trade;

* Mr. Swainſon's villa.
† Mr. S. has publiſhed a pamphlet, entitled, *Mercury ſtark-naked.*

Suc

Such its ſanative virtues their victims to ſave
From the fangs of diſeaſe, and the jaws of the grave.
Death, enrag'd, ſtarted up, and by Mercury ſwore,
This proud mortal ſhould fruſtrate his meaſures no more,
But be inſtantly cited himſelf to attend
At the bar of this court, and no longer pretend
Thus to combat, unpuniſh'd, th' aſſaults of diſeaſe,
And ſuſpend the completion of Death's fell decrees.
At this inſtant loud thunder concuſs'd the vaſt dome,
Whoſe huge gates burſting open, ſtraight enter'd the room
Great *Apollo* himſelf!—The whole troop ſtood aghaſt,
Whilſt the health-bringing god his arch-foe thus addreſt:
"Vain and futile thy threats—henceforth Swainſon I name
On the earth my vicegerent, my rival in fame;
Who yet long ſhall enjoy the important commiſſion
Man to reſcue from death, or amend his condition;
And when Swainſon at length ſhall be call'd to the ſky,
The reward of his actions in heav'n to enjoy,
Still the youth * ſhall remain who well knows to combine
Surg'ry's art with the uſe of the Syrup divine,
Which its bleſſings to earth's utmoſt bounds ſhall extend,
And maintain its repute till the world's at an end."

J. B.

IMPROMPTU AT TWICKENHAM.

MR. Swainſon, proprietor of the Vegetable Syrup, ſome years ſince purchaſed a villa at Twickenham. Pope had once a ſummer-houſe ſurmounted with a Mercury on part of the ground; and at the entrance ſtood a ſtatue of Apollo. This the poet afterwards removed to his own villa, late Lord Mendip's, but the ſtatue of Mercury was left in its old ſituation. Mr. Swainſon having removed that, gave riſe to the following impromptu:

WHEN Pope here tun'd his claſſic lyre,
Phœbus and Hermes grac'd the ſpot:
With Pope the God of ſolar fire
Withdrew—to ſtay was Hermes' lot.

* Mr. Iſaac Swainſon, jun.

"Had Phœbus tarried," Swainſon cries,
"O'er vegetables he might ſway,
But t'other's aid I quite deſpiſe,
So pray take Mercury away."

EPIGRAM.

A HAMPER I receiv'd, of wine,
As good, Dick ſays, as e'er was taſted—
And Dick may be ſuppos'd to know,
For he contriv'd his matters ſo,
As every day with me to dine
Much longer than the liquor laſted:—
If ſuch are preſents—while I live,
Oh! let me not *receive*—but *give*.

STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

GIVE me the kindling eye, from whence
I learn within what tumults ſwell!
Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
With more than tongue could ever tell!

Too coy to breathe the gentleſt vows;
Too warm to let her wiſhes die:
Though modeſt, yet what love allows
She gives; the look, perhaps the ſigh.

But ye I ſpurn of ſtoic breed,
Who, nought admiring but yourſelves,
For ſelf for ever joy or bleed,
Ye heartleſs and ye taſteleſs elves.

The beaming ſoul ye never know,
The raptur'd tear ye never feel;
Yours is the blank and ſullen woe,
Your eyes are dim, your hearts are ſteel.

But come, thou ſympathizing pow'r,
Dear Senſibility, deſcend!
And O, with Youth's delicious hour,
Thy magic and thy ſweetneſs blend.

ON VISITING DUNDRENNAN ABBEY *.

INSCRIBED TO MISS A— S—.

BEGUILING the ſorrow of life's chequer'd day,
With toil-beaten footſteps and ſlow,
O'er the cloud-cover'd mountains of Scotia I ſtray,
And mark the ſweet ſcenes as I go.
Enraptur'd, I muſe o'er the time-mouldering towers,
Where Valour heroic with Beauty was fir'd,
Where Muſic to charm them exhauſted her powers,
And the Bard's ſtoried ſong wing'd with pleaſure the hours,
While Nature his numbers inſpir'd.

Dundrennan! thy moſs-cruſted ruins I hail,
And with reverence enter thy door!—
No longer thy monks with night-vigils are pale,
Inſtructed in myſtical lore.
No longer the ſong of devotion aſcends,
Nor the ſigh of repentance is heard through the gloom;
Nor the way-weary pilgrim at evening bends,
To give thanks to the Hearer of Prayer who defends
From ſtorms him who has not a home!

Oft have I revolv'd on the days that are gone,
And Time's mouldy records ſurvey'd,
When dread Superſtition aſcended the throne,
And proſtrate the nations obey'd!
In deep, leaden ſlumbers, was ſeal'd Learning's eye;
By Ignorance, Science in fetters was bound;
Truth languiſh'd; and Genius beheld with a ſigh
Her wild flowers expos'd to a cold wintry ſky,
Which ſcatter'd their leaves on the ground!

* It was in this abbey that Mary Queen of Scotland firſt halted, when flying from the unfortunate battle of *Langſide*.

Yet in midſt of the gloom darts a tranſient ray,
When pity afforded relief;
And wip'd the ſad tear of misfortune away,
And ſooth'd the pale victim of grief.
Theſe rude-ſculptur'd walls once receiv'd with a tear
Their Queen, lovely Mary, who fled from the foe,
With a heart torn with anguiſh, an eye wild with fear,
And death cloſe behind her!—a proſpect how drear!—
To finiſh her meaſure of woe!

"Unfortunate Mary! why wilt thou depart?
Why, why to Elizabeth fly?—
Compaſſion's warm glow never melted her heart,
Nor the ſweet tear of pity her eye!
Her cold, frozen boſom 's the throne of deceit;
She proffers protection in hopes to betray!—
For thee all the woes of confinement await,
And from the damp dungeon thou 'rt led to thy fate,
From which thou wouldſt hurry away!"

Now Time's iron hand has demoliſh'd theſe walls,
In ſtory ſo often renown'd:
'Mongſt the night-weeds the turreted battlement falls;
And Ruin ſtalks grimly around!—
Here, the ill-boding owl her lone dwelling maintains,
And with her hoarſe notes teaches Nature to ſigh,
And fills with affright wakeful Silence, who reigns
When night's ſable mantle envelopes the plains,
And the ſtar twinkles dim in the ſky!

To theſe ſcenes, Meditation, my wandering guide,
Where the daughters of Beauty are laid;
And the brave ſons of Freedom, who conquer'd or died,
When the foe dar'd their country invade!—
There, Nature proclaims, neither Beauty's bright eye
Nor Valour from death's cruel empire can ſave!
And the moment is ſwiftly approaching, when I,
Who now o'er the ruins of Time heave the ſigh,
Forgotten, ſhall ſleep in the grave!

Inverleithen. J. N.

INN-KEEPING, OR—KEEPING-IN.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MR. EDITOR,

SHENSTONE has not thought an inn a ſubject unworthy of his muſe, and, perhaps, the affairs of one will not be beneath your notice. You muſt know then, Sir, that a great change has lately taken place at that old and well-eſtabliſhed inn the *King's Head*, in *Little Britain*. It is upwards of ſeventeen years ſince the original landlord took into his employment Will the waiter, a ſmart lad, and ſecond ſon of Old Will, a truſty fellow, who had died in his ſervice. Being of a quiet, domeſtic turn, he did not like the buſtle of buſineſs, and therefore he engaged Will, not only as waiter, but alſo as acting partner during pleaſure, with a conſiderable ſhare of the profits of the concern for his trouble. The majority of the cuſtomers declared he could not have made a better choice. The houſe ſoon boaſted a monopoly of all the trade in that part of the world, and Will conducted the buſineſs ſo dextrouſly, that ſome pious and devout men actually proclaimed him an *heaven-born* landlord. He had the beſt-ſtocked cellar in Europe, and his viands were ſo delicious, that even his *cheeſe-parings* were eagerly ſought after by the firſt nobility. With theſe advantages, Will knew he could command a houſefull of company whenever he liked, and therefore he would not ſcruple to turn out the oldeſt cuſtomer in the place who ſhould ſay "*No*" to him. The real landlord, however, though an eaſy man, was a little jealous of his prerogatives, and conſequently would be ſometimes for interfering in the management of the concern, particularly in the choice of the ſervants. Sometimes he would expreſs a wiſh to have one of his old labourers appointed as helper in the yard, where many ſnug perquiſites are picked up; ſometimes that one of his tenants' ſons might be em-

ployed under the cook in the kitchen; or, perhaps, he would ſolicit the place of chambermaid for one of his poor cottagers' daughters. Will, who knew the advantage of having none but his own creatures about him, was always ſure, upon theſe occaſions, to refuſe his conſent. He ſaid, he was the beſt judge of what was for the intereſt of the concern, and that the whole management muſt be left to him, or he would reſign his place. In this way he continued to carry his point until laſt Chriſtmas, when he propoſed no leſs a change in the premiſes, than to turn part of them into a Roman Catholic chapel. His employer, for ſo we may call the original landlord, was aſtoniſhed; not that Will had not made changes equally extraordinary; but, being a conſcientious, religious man, and the ſworn foe of the Pope and the Pretender, he felt himſelf touched in a tender point. Will, who had often found the good effect of obſtinacy on ſimilar occaſions, reſolved to perſevere in his plan, and had recourſe to his old threat of reſigning. The conſcience of the employer could not yield. Will was taken at his word, and turned off.

Will now enjoyed the promiſed fruits of his domeſtic policy and intrigue. All the reſt of the ſervants, his creatures, down to the very ſcullion, threw up their places. "They would ſtay no where that Mr. Will was not—no, not they."—"This unanimity among my friends," ſaid Will, "aggravates the inconvenience. The affairs of the inn are too extenſive and involved to admit of a moment's neglect; I muſt, therefore, be invited back on my own terms; a diſcharged ſervant once reſtored to his place is for ever after complete maſter." Will, however, ſoon found that he had miſtaken his man; all attempts at reconciliation proved vain; and it was poſſible that ſome ſtranger might be brought in, notwithſtanding the prejudice which Will had excited againſt all except his own creatures.

This

This was a terror not to be endured. The appointment of a clever, independent ſervant in his place, would not only deprive him of all ſhare in the pickings up about the inn, but would alſo preclude all poſſibility of his reſtoration. He wiſhed, therefore, for a ſucceſſor, who would be his friend under the roſe, and whoſe abilities would not ſtand in his way, in caſe his late employer ſhould ever be diſpoſed to reinſtate him. For this purpoſe, he turned his thoughts to *Hal Hollow*.

Hal Hollow managed the tap where the common folks aſſemble to ſmoke their pipes and talk over the affairs of the nation. Hal was very much liked by every one. He ſhewed no partiality to the cuſtomers, but civility to all. Even the perſons who frequented *The Conſtitution Inn*, which was ſet up in oppoſition to *The King's Head*, were equally well ſerved by Hal, as his maſter's moſt particular friends. "*Firſt come, firſt ſerved*," was Hal's maxim, and whoever firſt caught his eye, or gave him the firſt nod, was ſure to receive his firſt attentions. Hal was, beſides, a very honeſt, good-natured fellow; he kept himſelf clean, and there was a ſtatelineſs, a dignity in his deportment which commanded reſpect, and a ſolemnity which often paſſes in the world for wiſdom. It was alſo the cuſtom of the tap to apply in all caſes of diſpute to the umpirage of Hal, as billiard-players do to the deciſion of the marker. The reſpect which was thus paid to his place, Hal did not fail to attribute to his perſon; and thus, without innate impudence or pride, he ſoon became a marvellous great man in his own opinion, from the mere influence of flattery conſtantly acting upon weakneſs. Will, who well knew Hal's ſhallowneſs, and had often proved his fidelity, immediately reſolved to place him in the management of the inn, being ſatisfied, from the very circumſtance of his incapacity, that he would act ſecretly under his direction. Beſides,

Hal

Hal had been a ſort of mediator between Will and his employer, who liked him very much, and had a high opinion of his abilities. With a little private management and addreſs, in which a *Cumberland* friend aſſiſted, the buſineſs was, therefore, ſoon ſettled, and Hal ſtepped from the tap to the coffee-room.

The buſineſs has ſince gone on much better than could have been expected; but this ariſes more from the previous miſmanagement of Will than Hal's cleverneſs. Will had quarrelled with ſome of the beſt cuſtomers of the houſe. Hal, however, ſet about making all friends again, and has been tolerably ſucceſsful. He has, indeed, given them, particularly thoſe in the North, too much of their own way; "but then," ſays he, "people in the public line, who would wiſh to go through the world well, muſt be civil and complying." To this mode of conduct he is inclined, not only by his affectation of popularity, but alſo by the ſecret advice of Will, who, it is ſaid, has ſeen his own error, and heartily repents his late ſaucy behaviour.

Hal, however, does not find himſelf always upon velvet. About three months ago there was a warm diſpute about billetting ſoldiers, and *putting them at free quarters*, on which occaſion it muſt be confeſſed Hal made a very ſorry figure, blaming one of his waiters, and exculpating himſelf at the poor lad's expenſe, in ſuch a pitiful way, that any ſervant of ſpirit would have thrown off his livery, and deſpiſed ſuch a ſneaking maſter. It muſt be allowed in mitigation, that he was confounded by the ſpirited and ſevere rebuke of a *Northumberland* gentleman. But ſtill, it muſt be confeſſed, that he is generally confuſed and evaſive. He is never at a loſs for ſomething to ſay for himſelf, it is true; but then, like many others in the world, he will not always anſwer to the point. If you complain that his charges are exorbitant, he anſwers, that *he fears God and honours the King*. If you ſay his wine is bad, he

he boaſts that *he diſcharges his duties as a huſband and a father.*

Although Hal does very well to ſtrut about the coffee-room, attend the bar, and wait upon the cuſtomers, it is well known that theſe duties make the leaſt important part of the buſineſs of a head inn. Corn, wine, horſes, &c. muſt be bought: great ſkill is neceſſary in making bargains, and alſo a thorough knowledge of accounts. In his outſet Hal allowed himſelf to be ſhamefully taken in by ſome Jews and money-lenders, who purchaſed of him a pair of *wheels* of great value, far below the price at which Will had returned them in his annual inventory. This affair ſunk Hal very much in the opinion of the neighbourhood. Some time after *a tradeſman of Southwark* examined the books, and diſcovered in them ſo much extravagance and waſte of money, as muſt, if perſevered in, lead to inevitable bankruptcy. The accounts during Will's time were liable to the ſame objection, and therefore both Hal and he put their heads together, but could not, with all their ingenuity, make out a plauſible defence. To retrieve his character, ſo much hurt by the *wheel* bargain, Hall is now in treaty for the purchaſe of ſome *French olives*; but though he has been ſix months higgling about the price, it is ſuppoſed, after all, that he will never conclude the bargain. This is not extraordinary, as he ſet about the buſineſs very wiſely, by telling all the world he would give the moſt liberal price for the olives; in ſhort, the higheſt penny that could be reaſonably demanded. Meanwhile Hal, like his predeceſſor Will, has contrived to empty the *till*, and, it is thought, will be obliged to call his creditors together, in leſs than two months.

But the moſt amuſing part of Hal's character is the pompous plauſibility with which he pretends to conduct the buſineſs, and paſſes himſelf off as the real manager, while, in fact, every ſtep is as much directed

by Will as before he was turned off. This is well known to the old and conſtant cuſtomers, who grin in a corner to ſee Hal act the great man, while he is obliged to ſlip ſlily three or four times a day to Will for his advice and inſtructions. It is little leſs amuſing to ſee Will ſit down in the remoteſt corner of the coffee-room, an unconcerned *ſpectator*, and affecting a total ignorance of all the concerns of the inn, and to hear him talk of ſelling off his property to pay his debts, when every body knows he has feathered his neſt well, and may have every thing in Hal's power to grant. The under-waiters and hoſtlers in particular laugh in their ſleeves to ſee the humbug carried on between them, and none more than your humble ſervant,

BOOTS.

THE IMPERIAL DILLY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

BILLY P—, old eſtabliſhed *driver* of the Imperial Dilly, hereby acquaints the *Nobility, Gentry*, and *Public* in general, that having had ſome complaints of his man *Simple*, who has *driven* during his ſhort abſence, occaſioned by *unavoidable* circumſtances, he intends very ſoon to take the *reins* and the *whip* again into his own hands; and he hopes to give ſatisfaction to his friends.

In the mean time Billy P. begs leave to aſſure his friends, that there is no truth in the reports of his having *made over* his contract for driving the *Imperial Dilly* to *Simple*, as has been maliciouſly ſaid by the Proprietors of the *Old Oppoſition Coach*. The truth is, that Billy P. finding himſelf hampered with certain *Iriſh concerns*, and ſome French buſineſs, which he could not bring to a ſettlement, was obliged to keep in the back ground for a time, but he is happy to think that his affairs will ſpeedily be adjuſted to the ſatiſfaction,

faction of all parties. During this Iriſh buſineſs *Billy P.* was adviſed to quit the box, and accordingly he thought of putting *Simple* forward, as being a quiet, inoffenſive fellow, who had rode many a year in the *baſket*, blowing his *horn* to let the people know when the coach was *ſetting off* and *coming in*, *morning* and *evening*. *Simple*, as all the world knows, is a ſober, well-conditioned creature, that does what he is bidden, and never could dream of *ſetting up* for himſelf.—*Billy P.* therefore recommends his friends to put up with *Simple* a little longer. To be ſure, he goes on at a *ſmall* pace; but he is ſafe, and, unleſs run againſt by the new daſhing *Paris Diligence*, the *Bonaparté*, will not overturn the carriage.

Tally-ho, the French *Driver*, and *Simple*, have indeed been ſhaking their whips at one another for ſome days paſt, and the paſſengers in the *Imperial Dilly* have been ſplaſhed, notwithſtanding each bound himſelf by *Treaty* to keep *his own ſide of the way*. *Simple*, however, is directed, for *the preſent*, to make no diſturbance on the road, ſo that there is little danger of immediate accidents. As ſoon as *Billy* in perſon takes the whip, he may perhaps one day run himſelf in the way of *Tally-ho*, as he did before, having care at the ſame time to get *witneſſes to ſwear* that he was *on his own ſide*. By this trick he about nine years ago threw the *Paris Dilly* into a ditch; though, to ſay the truth, the expenſe of the repairs of his own coach, for the damages it ſuſtained, is not paid off to this day! No matter, the Proprietors pay all with a hearty good-will —no *inquiries* made!

The Coach will ſtart, as uſual, from the bottom of *Parliament Street*, *bait* at the *Treaſury*, and take *a whet* at ſome of the *public offices*. Paſſengers *ſet down* according as they agree, at any *place* between St. James's and the India-houſe.

Billy P. likewiſe acquaints his friends, that as he

has always run very capital cattle, he intends to ſtart with an entire new ſet of *hacks*, ſuperior to any in the kingdom, ſome with blood, ſome with bone, ſome Iriſh, of *high mettle*, ſome of the *Scots breed*, very uſeful, drudging, ſerviceable animals; and he expects that he ſhall ſhew in his harneſs ſome old racers that have won the *King's Plate!* He has now ſome pure beaſts in his eye, and is ſure of a bargain!

N. B. The *New Oppoſition Coach* will ſoon give in, as Billy P. offers the drivers and guard a *ſmall* concern in his driving buſineſs.

B. P. warns his friends not to venture into the *Old Oppoſition Coach*, which has been very ill driven of late. One —— has got on the box, and allows his cattle no *oats*. It is thought he was only ſtarted againſt *Simple* for the ſake of the joke, and though he always run him pretty hard, never got before him but *three times!*

ROYAL CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the boaſts of foreigners concerning the ingenuity, induſtry, and learning of their naturaliſts and antiquaries, we may ſafely affirm that our own King has now the moſt *curious Cabinet* that ever was collected. The *intrinſic value* of the articles may be ſmall, and perhaps it would be a very eaſy matter to pick up *any one* of them in a country village; but the *collection*, in rarity, ſingularity, and ſtrangeneſs, far excels every thing hitherto poſſeſſed by a Prince. The number of *weeds* is aſtoniſhing, the coins are chiefly *counterfeits*, got together with infinite care, and the ſtatues are ſo *admirably mutilated*, that there is ſcarcely *a head* among the whole.

WHAT IS A PRIME MINISTER LIKE?

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

UNHAPPILY much cauſe of offence has been given to the worthy Anti-Jacobins, and loyal France-haters, of this realm, by an unfortunate compariſon which was made of the late Miniſter to a *Jack-boot*; and the propriety of its application has been denied or aſſerted by the reſpective parties, which divide the kingdom, with a vehemence and virulence of controverſy which the queſtion does not ſeem to deſerve. For this reaſon I have been caſting about to find a *ſimile* which ſhall accommodate all parties. I have ſent out my invention to range for it through art and nature—I have ſought it among "all the birds in the air," and "all the fiſhes in the ſea;" and I think that at laſt I have diſcovered exactly what I wanted.

Whoever has been at *Sadler's Wells*, Mr. Editor, muſt needs have obſerved a conſpicuous character, inveſted with a *coat* of *motley*, and armed with a *ſword* of *wood**, whoſe *mother* was a *Fairy*, and who performs all his magic operations by means of *infernal demons*, a *ſkipping*, *ſhifting*, *evaſive* character, in a *maſk*. This Right Honourable Perſonage is attended by a *Clown*, ſometimes called *Pierrot*, and ſometimes *Ralph*, the conſtant mark and *butt* of his roguiſh tricks, who nevertheleſs officiouſly abets *Mr. Harlequin* in his deſigns upon the *French*† Gentleman's daughter.

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* From this appendage antiquaries undoubtedly derive his lineal deſcent from the old *Fool* or *Vice*, who

With *dagger* of *lath*,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cried ha! ha! to the Devil.

† The *Pantaloon* is evidently of *French* extraction, as the name denotes, *Pantaloon (Fr.)*, which *Bailey* explains to be "a garment worn anciently, conſiſting of breeches and ſtockings faſtened together, and both of the ſame ſtuff."

This *Harlequin* is a *Prime Miniſter*. His mother is ſaid to be a *Fairy*, becauſe Fairies are ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the power of beſtowing upon their children, with a *wiſh*, riches, and *wiſdom*, and power: a *Miniſter* is neceſſarily rich, *wiſe*, and powerful, by virtue of his office. His agents are *infernal demons*: here we are obliged to pauſe, and confeſs, that, in this one inſtance, the parallel does not run exactly even. A Britiſh Houſe of Commons, elected by the free ſuffrages of the people, is the *natural* agent and inſtrument of a *Miniſter*. *Harlequin* is inveſted with a *coat* of *motley*: this is that ingenious quality, by aid of which a *Prime Miniſter* is enabled to adapt his ſpeeches and actions to the *colours* of exiſting circumſtances. *Harlequin* is full of *ſhifts* and evaſions: when you think that ſurely you have caught him, and ſhall now hold him faſt, hey! *Preſto!* be gone! the nimble Gentleman changes more ſhapes than *Proteus*, and will certainly ſlip through your fingers. Whoever has attended to the conduct of *Miniſters* in Parliament, and how next to impoſſible it is to get *faſt hold* of them, and force them to give *a direct anſwer*, will find no difficulty in applying the parallel in this caſe. *Harlequin* wears *a maſk*: I pray, who ever ſaw the plain *naked face* of a *Miniſter*'s genuine meaning? *Harlequin*'s face is *black*: this is typified by a *Miniſter*'s never *bluſhing*. He is armed with a *ſword* of *wood*, weak and inefficient againſt *foreign* enemies in the field, but mighty and effectual to produce civil commotions and inteſtine combuſtions *at home*—to alter the appearances and ſubſtances of things: by means of this *ſword* a *Miniſter* ſhall convert a flouriſhing empire into a *deſert*; he ſhall cauſe *bread* to be changed into *ſtones*, *gold* into *paper*, and *paper* to be taken for true and proper *gold*; he ſhall forge *chains* for the *legs*, and *padlocks* and *gags* for the *mouth*, which he will perſuade the wearers to be nothing elſe but convenient *ornaments* and *ſecurity* for the legs in walking,

ing, and graceful *jewels* for the *lips* in ſpeaking: by one touch of his magic ſword he ſhall transform a ſcene of ſocial *merry-making* to a priſon, and convince men, that the fitteſt way to become *ſocial animals* is to be cooped up in *ſolitary cells*; and to conclude, Mr. Editor, this Harlequin ſhall, as a *coup de maitre*, make his man *Ralpho* jump out of his own ſkin, and become his *double*, and the metamorphoſis ſhall be ſo perfect as to make the multitude believe that the *copy* is as good a *conjuror* as the *original*.

Sept. 1. PLUTARCH JUNIOR.

THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR paper conveys a great deal of Theatrical information. Not only during the winter do you give us a full account of every thing at all remarkable that is going on at Covent Garden and Old Drury; but, through the medium of the Morning Chronicle, we often learn the exploits of the heroes and heroines of the ſock and buſkin, during the ſummer months, at Newcaſtle, Mancheſter, and Hereford. There is one Company of *His Majeſty's Servants*, however, whoſe *ſtage performances* you have almoſt entirely overlooked. You cannot ſurely ſay that they are leſs *players* than the others you have mentioned, or, that they repeat leſs accurately what *is ſet down for them*. Their trap-doors are well conſtructed, their painters are deeply ſkilled in the ſcience of optical deluſion, and their ſcene-ſhifters uncommonly expert; but no one who has ever been in a Theatre before can imagine for above half a minute that any thing he ſees or hears is *real*. The ſilence of the Morning Chronicle, no doubt, proceeds from an overſight of the gentleman who conducts the dramatic department: and you and your

readers, I flatter myſelf, will reckon yourſelves obliged to me for the following ſketch of the Saint James's Company's campaign.

At the beginning of the ſeaſon they were very unſucceſsful, and it was generally believed that they would be obliged to give up the patent. The tragedy of *The Conſpiracy* was then acted; and, from its former popularity, great hopes were entertained that this would ſet them on their feet. But it did not take. The excellence of this piece lies almoſt entirely in the *plot*, and, when that has become familiar, it is extremely inſipid, and even diſguſting. This drama of *Pittachio's*, therefore, though it was acted ſeveral nights, drew no houſes, and ſoon died a natural death, to the great diſcredit of the Manager. I truſt it will never be revived. It is a curious circumſtance, that this Author's works, though they ſometimes make a conſiderable noiſe at firſt, never fail in a ſhort time to ſink into diſrepute.

The Manager now ſat down in deſpair, and was on the point of abdicating his office, when the *Prompter* adviſed him to try the *Farce* of *The Negotiation*. I ought to tell you that this gentleman is a broken-up Manager himſelf. He conducted this very Theatre for a great many years, and acted the principal characters himſelf, with great *eclat*. He was always, however, giving into wild impracticable ſchemes, which he perſiſted in with the moſt exceſſive obſtinacy, and he thus at laſt got himſelf into ſuch difficulty that he was obliged to reſign. He received the finiſhing blow from continuing to act, after all the world was tired of it, an execrable production of his own, called *The Reſtoration of the Bourbons*. Although he had almoſt completely filled the Houſe with orders, the piece began to be hiſſed, and, unleſs he withdrew it, he found that it would be impoſſible for him to fill the *Treaſury*. He therefore pretended that he had promiſed

miſed to make ſome improvements in the one ſhilling gallery, which the Lord Chamberlain's conſcience would not permit to be made, and that to remain longer Manager was inconſiſtent with good faith to the *Gods*. He appointed the Box-keeper to ſucceed him, and took himſelf the ſituation of Prompter. People do ſay, that, though he no longer appears when the Manager is called for, he ſettles every thing that is *to be acted* more abſolutely than when really in office.

Be that as it may, his advice in this inſtance was followed, and the event juſtified the deference ſhewn to his abilities and experience in his profeſſion. *The Negotiation*, got up with new ſcenes, dreſſes, and decorations, ſucceeded to admiration. This farce has been ſo often acted of late, that it were quite ſuperfluous in me to analyze its parts, or to offer any critical remarks upon it. Every one knows that it was originally written by Il Diabolo; that it has been tranſlated into almoſt every language that ever was ſpoken; that it has become a great favourite in modern Europe, above all in Great Britain, and eſpecially within the laſt ſeven years; that it is played always as an interlude, in the midſt of a deep tragedy, to induce the audience to ſit it out; that the characters are execrable, but the ſentiments they utter full of humanity; and that it abounds with ſatire upon the knavery of rulers, and the eaſy credulity of mankind. To an audience impartial and diſcerning, there is no piece more difficult to act. Every thing depends upon ſtage effect, and, unleſs the audience conſent to remain in the dark, or to ſhut their eyes, it never fails to be d——d. It was owing, I think, leſs to the ſkill of the actors, than the exceſſive good nature of the hearers, that *The Negotiation*, on this occaſion, continued to go off ſo well. I allow that the character of *Humbug* was tolerably well ſupported by *Mr. Tonad-*

ding. This gentleman has a whining, canting tone of voice, extremely well ſuited to the part, and in the *conſtitution* ſcene a *ſtranger* would actually believe that he thinks as he ſpeaks. Yet his friends muſt allow that he was indebted for much of the attention with which he was heard to his never having appeared upon any ſtage before, and that he has no chance of being able to maintain his reputation another ſeaſon. *Junior-jenking* makes a moſt miſerable *Double-dealer.* Not that he has not a very adequate idea of the part; he enters into it with great ſpirit; but his powers of execution are very inadequate. Indeed he always ſeems as if he were on the point of falling aſleep, and, during the famous *panegyric upon peace,* he is obliged to make repeated application to his ſnuff-box. The characters of *Blood-ſucker, Squeeze'em,* and *Lovewar* were not much better ſupported. However, the piece ran for many nights.

At laſt people began to tire of it, and murmurs againſt the Company once more began to riſe. The Manager, in great conſternation, went to conſult his friend the Prompter. Said Mr. Prompter, "Do you ſuppoſe that I am unprovided? We ought to be thankful that the town has endured this wretched exhibition ſo long. They ſhall now have ſomething new. I am afraid that my *Jacobiniſm,* or the *French Revolution,* would not exactly do juſt now; but there is a *pantomime,* (bleſſed be the memory of the author!) which, if properly got up, has never once failed. I need not tell you I mean the pantomime of *Invaſion.* It ſhall run you ſix weeks; and, though it will coſt an immenſe ſum of money, to ſee ſuch a pantomime as this the people will think no ſum too large." *Invaſion* accordingly made its appearance about the end of July, and met with unbounded applauſe. It certainly is a very magnificent ſpectacle. The proceſſions are grand, the people on the ſtage are innumerable, the

the ſea-fights are terrific, and a chorus of the cries of women and children makes the effect irreſiſtible. This piece, by receiving now and then a new ſcene, and by being weekly diverſified by freſh frolics of Harlequin, retains its attractions to the preſent hour. It ſometimes gives place to the *Conqueſt of Egypt*, the *Ambition of France*, or the *Loves of Madame Bonaparté*; but, with the aſſiſtance of theſe, it promiſes to the St. James's Company a glorious termination to the campaign.

I ſhall here bid you adieu for the preſent, Sir. If I find that this meets with your approbation, I may ſend you a more regular and circumſtantial critique upon ſome of the performances of this Theatre.

September 15. Yours,

ARISTARCHULUS.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am certain it is neither your wiſh nor your intereſt to offer any affront to your friends *in the city*, who are neither few nor inconſiderable, I hope you will permit me to make ſome remarks on one or two paragraphs in your paper of laſt week, in which the name of a worthy and facetious Alderman is dragged in in a very improper manner, although (judging from your uſual circumſpection) it may have been done inadvertently.

The *ſecrecy* with which affairs of Government are now conducted may be officially right, but it is not without its diſadvantages. The impatience of public curioſity having nothing extraneous to feed upon, turns on itſelf; and fancy, or right or wrong, ſupplies the place of information. See to what this has led.

Mr.

Mr. Alderman Curtis goes to Weymouth; he is ſeen converſing with his Majeſty. Mr. Addington is likewiſe at Weymouth, and is *not* ſeen converſing with his Majeſty. This is the news of *Weymouth.* A report is ſpread that Mr. Addington is about to reſign. This is *London* news; and London news ingeniouſly tacked to Weymouth news brings forth the report in your paper that Mr. Addington is *jealous* of Mr. Alderman Curtis; or, in other words, is to be *ſucceeded* by the worthy Alderman; for if it does not mean this, it means nothing.

What is the conſequence? The miniſterial writers repreſent this as diſreſpectful to Mr. Addington. The citizens of London take fire at the affront offered to one of their aldermen, and ſay, with ſome truth, that if Mr. Pitt had wanted an able, honeſt, and efficient miniſtry, he ſhould have come into the *city* firſt, and not have ſhewn the public, as he has done, that the weſt end of the town was *exhauſted*, and that he was obliged to *ſtir up* the *ſediment* of his own miniſtry, and make it *float* awhile at the *top*. No, ſay they, there might have been ſome credit in ſucceeding the Pitt adminiſtration, but for Mr. Alderman Curtis to come *after* Mr. Addington, would be to ——; and here they uſe certain compariſons which I do not think it neceſſary to publiſh. Certain it is, however, that, although the people of this country may wiſh for a future change of miniſters, they muſt not be faſtidious in their choice, but wait with patience the reſult of the experiment now trying, and which is intended to prove that *any thing may do!*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

September 15. A CITIZEN.

EPIC

EPIC POETRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH every lover of the literature of his country, and every man ambitious that his country ſhould ſtand pre-eminent in the diſplay of genius, muſt naturally rejoice that Epic Poetry is rearing its head among us, and hail as a happy omen that no leſs than four poets have dared a flight to the upper regions of Parnaſſus; yet this juſt feeling is not unaccompanied with an alloy of regret. Even ſuppoſing (which is a great flight of fancy) that the genius of Homer, Virgil, and Milton is revived in our modern poets, it is ſtill to be lamented, that, when they chooſe a ſubject, they muſt ſearch in regions ſo remote, and among a people ſo little known, that they bid defiance to critical preciſion, and become independent of hiſtoric faith. They paſs over the glories of the laſt eight or ten centuries, as if they had produced nothing worthy of celebration, and as if an age of refinement could take delight in nothing but the revival of barbariſm. And, what is more ſingular, theſe modern epic writers, although profeſſing to exert their genius in ſupport of religion and ſocial order, are indebted for their machinery to Pagan deities and mythology, to ſpirits, ghoſts, giants, and witches; and theſe agents are become ſo neceſſary, that, as an excuſe for going into remote antiquity for a fable, they plead that they muſt go to a period, and among a people who believed in ſuch abſurdities.

Now, if I were diſpoſed to admit this excuſe as valid, and allow that half a dozen more centuries muſt expire before we can ceaſe to be pleaſed with Heathen deities and hobgoblins, ſtill my anxious mind would inquire what ſhall become of the preſent glorious æra of arms and arts, when ſome future genius ſhall form

an

an *Iliad* of the adminiſtration of Mr. Pitt? Where will he then look for machinery, in an age when every thing that is wonderful happens in a natural way, and nothing excites ſurpriſe becauſe we have not a quantity of wonder left for any thing? This is with me a matter of the more ſerious conſideration, becauſe I am doubtful whether the *hiſtory* of our times will be believed: I am of opinion that it will wear ſo much the air of fiction, as to want nothing of poetry but the arrangement of the lines. On this account the taſk of the poet would be the more eaſy, if he were only permitted to borrow a little of the machinery of the ancient epic, and place a war miniſter ſometimes on a dolphin and ſometimes on a broomſtick; and the objections would be fewer, for nothing can illuſtrate improbable facts ſo much as the agency of imaginary beings. Indeed the thing, if I may ſpeak vulgarly, is done to their hand. Every circumſtance in the *Conqueſt of France* (which, I preſume, will be the title of the poem) is ſo like fiction, and the characters employed either to talk or act, ſo out of nature and probability, as to leave little for the poet but mere arrangement; and even in that a great deal of ſkill is not wanted, it not being of the leaſt conſequence where he begins, whether at Pilnitz or Pavia, at Dunkirk or Boulogne.

He has another advantage—the emotions of fear and terror are raiſed to his hand; the whole machine has been made to work by fear only, and every reader of ſentiment knows its wonderful powers in romance. The way, indeed, in which this fear has ſometimes operated, will require the diſguiſe of ſublime writing to prevent certain ludicrous emotions from ariſing in the reader's mind. *Aſſeſſed Taxes*, *Schedules of Income*, and other parts of our ſolid ſyſtem of finance, will make but a poor figure in the ſolemn language of the epic, unleſs adorned with very ſtriking imagery; and it would

would be only in ſuch ludicrous poems as the Lutrin or Diſpenſary, that cheeſe-parings and candles' ends could be introduced with propriety. In a word, Sir, let us not be diſcouraged. If we ſurvey the whole materials for this great work, we need not deſpair: our late ſtateſmen have left us a *Chaos* and a *Pandemonium*, and our preſent give us a lively idea of Milton's "*Limbo of Vanity.*"

Pye Corner, Excuſe theſe brief hints from
Sept. 10, 1801. A LOVER OF THE MUSES.

PANOPTICON PRISONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

GIVE me leave to expreſs my approbation of the plan lately publiſhed* for priſons on a new conſtruction. Nothing have I ſeen of late years, pregnant as this age is with reforms, ſo much deſerving of attention. We have heard of the plan of the Inquiſition, the plan of the Baſtile, of Mr. Howard's plans, and of Mr. Blackburne's plans; but the plan of a priſon conſtructed on the principles of *optics* was reſerved to gild the declining rays of the eighteenth century †. And although I am ſeldom either the firſt

* See Vol. iv. p. 14.

† *Outline of the Plan of Jeremy Bentham, Eſq. above alluded to.*

The building circular; an iron cage, glazed; a glaſs lantern, about the ſize of Ranelagh; the priſoners, in their cells, occupying the circumference; the officers (governor, chaplain, ſurgeon, &c.), the centre.

By blinds and other contrivances, the inſpectors concealed (except in as far as they think fit to ſhew themſelves) from the obſervation of the priſoners: hence the ſentiment of a ſort of inviſible omnipreſence. The whole circuit reviewable with little, or, if neceſſary, without any change of place.

One ſtation in the inſpection part affording the moſt perfect view of every cell, and every part of every cell, unleſs where a ſcreen is thought fit occaſionally and purpoſely to be interpoſed.

or the laſt to follow the faſhion, yet I cannot help ſtepping *forward* in my approbation of this ſcheme. I value not the objections which petty cavillers may make. I care not that one ſays it is a *viſionary* ſcheme; and another, that it may be eaſily *ſeen through*. The principle of it is certainly new and ſurpriſing, and I may add *economical*, for it reduces the number of ſenſes formerly employed in reforming criminals to one only, namely, the ſenſe of ſeeing, and thereby confirms what one of our beſt poets aſſerts, that "vice to be hated needs but to be *ſeen*."

The ingenious author of the ſcheme is juſtly aware, that the "ſtation of *gaoler* is not a very elevated one, and that the addition of *contractor* has not much tendency to raiſe it." But this objection is done away when we conſider that the name of gaoler may and muſt be changed into that of keeper, and keeper *(mutato k pro p)* eaſily becomes *peeper*, an office peculiarly adapted to *lantern lucubrations*. As to the name *contractor*, it certainly is not a very popular one; but when a man contracts to *mend felons* by a caſt of his eye, independent of the ingenuity of the thing, the attempt is too laudable to be laughed at.

One great advantage of the *Penitentiary Panopticon* is its *ſize*; and this, too, ſhews an intimate acquaintance with the theory of viſion. I ſhould be glad to know what has got Dr. Herſchel his great fame, but the *ſize* of his teleſcopes? Now, Sir, I apprehend that a lantern about the ſize of Ranelagh is an equivalent to the vaſt teleſcope at Slough, and that the latter will not diſcover a planet ſooner than the other will bring a pickpocket to a focus. The inventor, too, of the Panopticon Priſon, will have all the advantage of *microſcopical* obſervation, for his objects being confined between the two lenſes, cannot ſhift their place, ſo as to elude the ſtricteſt examination. Indeed I much queſtion if we ſhall not attain at laſt what the Spectator delivers as a dream of his own, and impracticable,

namely, all the advantages arising from a man having a glass before his heart, through which you may peep and know every thought. I have a notion that some gentlemen, who have lately discovered a wonderful acuteness in judging of people's intentions, must be provided with glasses of this description. But this by the by, as it has no immediate relation to my subject.

Another incalculable advantage in mending *morals* through the medium of *glasses*, is, that every *little object* becomes *magnified*. Now, Sir, in watchmaking, and various other ingenious arts, the workmen cannot perform without glasses, so minute are the parts of the machine upon which its excellence depends; and if it be with crimes as with money, namely, that if "you take care of the *pence*, the *pounds* will take care of themselves," it is obvious that we cannot do good in either case, without viewing both our *pence* and our *peccadillos* through a medium that shall give them a consequence in our eyes. And this, I take it, is a doctrine that all *inspectors* are acquainted with, particularly those who are concerned in the protection of morality and social order, who in the *smallest syllables* will discover seditious *sesquipedalia*, and, like their great predecessor Katterfelto, can prove a riotous meeting in a *drop of milk*, and have given the world much reason to suspect that *fleas* may be *lobsters*.

I have many other remarks to make on the excellency of this plan, which my time will not at present permit, yet I could not delay a moment in *beginning* to express my approbation of a plan which, when perfected in *prisons*, may be hereafter recommended in *private houses* as an effectual bar against all concealment, and tend more than any thing yet invented to banish that scoundrel *Secrecy* out of the world.

I am, Sir, yours,

A LOVER OF SPECTACLES.

OATHS RISEN IN PRICE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is juſtly obſerved that when any one article of extenſive neceſſity riſes in price, other articles, with which it has no apparent connexion, riſe alſo, and one general excuſe ſerves for the whole. Of this I had ſo ſingular an inſtance a few days ago, that I cannot help relating it for the amuſement of your readers. A country friend of mine had occaſion to take an oath before a city magiſtrate. We all know that a *ſhilling* has been the price of an oath time immemorial; but my friend, to his great ſurpriſe, was charged *ſixteen-pence*; for which his Worſhip's clerk aſſigned no other cauſe, than that "Oaths had *rizz*."

This is certainly a remarkable inſtance of the all-pervading power of *dearneſs*. Had it happened in Scotland, I ſhould have ſuppoſed that his Worſhip's clerk was thinking of *oats*, between which and *oaths* there is, at leaſt upon paper, but a trifling difference, and am afraid that the former has produced the latter in that country in a very conſiderable degree. But I am rather inclined to think that a magiſtrate of London would keep his eye upon the *aſſize* of *bread*, and make his cuſtomers *ſwear up* to the *quartern loaf*.

Be this as it may, it affords a melancholy proſpect, when an article is made to riſe in price of which no *ſcarcity* can be pretended. Swearing is not liable to be affected by the ſeaſons, as the ſeaſons affect every thing elſe, by *diminiſhing* the quantity, but directly the contrary; and the ſame thing may be ſaid of the war, and the expeditions, and the taxes, matters which muſt make any man ſwear, who knows how. The hardſhip, however, muſt be felt; *fourpence* is a great and ſudden riſe; and if it extends to that grand *depot* of

of *So help you Gods*, the Cuſtom Houſe, will it not amount to a tax on the commercial world, without the knowledge or conſent of Parliament?

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

Z.

DICK STRYPE; OR, THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A TALE.—BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

HABITS are ſtubborn things:
And by the time a man is turn'd of *forty*,
His *ruling paſſion* 's grown ſo haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings.
The truth will beſt be ſhewn,
By a familiar inſtance of our own.
Dick Strype
Was a dear friend and lover of the *pipe*;
He us'd to ſay, *one pipe of Kirkman's beſt*
Gave life a *zeſt*.
To him 't was meat, and drink, and phyſic,
To ſee the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room,
In clouds as dark as *ſcience metaphyſic*.
So ſtill he ſmok'd, and drank, and crack'd his joke;
And, had he *ſingle* tarried,
He might have ſmok'd, and ſtill grown old in ſmoke:
But Richard *married*.
His wife was one, who carried
The *cleanly virtues* almoſt to a vice,
She was ſo *nice*:
And thrice a week, above, below,
The houſe was ſcour'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubb'd ſo bright,
You dar'd not walk upright
For fear of ſliding:
But that ſhe took a pride in.

Of all things elſe Rebecca Strype
Cou'd leaſt endure a *pipe*.
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Proteſted that the noiſome vapour
Had ſpoil'd the beſt chintz curtains and the paper,
And coſt her many a pound in ſtucco:
And then, ſhe quoted our *King James*, who ſaith,
"Tobacco is the devil's breath."
When wives *will* govern, huſbands *muſt* obey:
For many a day
Dick mourn'd and miſs'd his favourite tobacco,
And ſcolded oft Rebecca.
At length the day approach'd, his wife muſt die:
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and couſins,
Who to the fun'ral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in ſable ſuits,
With doleful looks,
Juſt like ſo many melancholy *rooks*.
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks ſigh, and drink, and drink, and ſigh,
For grief makes people *dry*:
But Dick is *miſſing*, no where to be found.
Above, below, about
They ſearch'd the houſe throughout,
Each hole and ſecret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and ſhelf,
And all concluded he had *hang'd* himſelf.
At laſt they found him—Reader, gueſs you where,
'T will make you ſtare—
Perch'd on Rebecca's *coffin*, at his reſt,
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's beſt.

WALKING MATCHES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE wonderful feats which ſome gentlemen have lately performed in *walking*, are not to be conſidered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They

have

have already led to ſome ſingular diſcoveries, which will probably end in as ſingular improvements.

We already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exerciſe of walking, and that a great deal of ſolemn preparation is neceſſary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The conſequence has been, that many gentlemen are now ſtudying the anatomy and phyſiology of the lungs, and the proper means of ſecuring ſuch a portion of *wind* as may be adequate to a handſome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life uſually requires. The faculty have been conſulted on the occaſion, but their practice has been ſo much with people who cannot ſtir a foot, that they know not how to preſcribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horſes rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over theſe new caſes to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared what he calls *Pedeſtrian Pills*, and when he has procured a few well-atteſted caſes, which is the practice with ſuch gentry, I will venture to ſay, he will ſoon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The proceſs of preparation, as I am informed, conſiſts partly in extreme temperance, which, by the by, will not hurt a man even if he were to ſit ſtill after it; and partly in certain preſcriptions, which will convert a man into a being ſomewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burdens and eating raw fleſh. Carrying burdens may be uſeful; it ſeems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight, will walk better without it: but as to the raw fleſh, I do not ſo plainly ſee the uſe of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has ſuggeſted, that this is preſcribed, not during preparation, but

but when the feat is begun, to ſave time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and *Coming, Sir,* may be repeated till the hour is paſt. Beſides, it is pretty well known that it is eaſier to get a beef-ſteak raw, than properly dreſt, in moſt inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always ſome who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of ſtage-coaches have taken the alarm; and if horſes could ſpeak, they would doubtleſs complain of a practice that is likely to render them uſeleſs, at a time when the diſbanding the cavalry has taken ſo many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition againſt the new faſhion, but their complaint I cannot think very reaſonable; at all events they have the means of redreſs in their own hands. If ſome are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We ſhould then have a clearer conception of what is meant by *leg bail*. As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long Acre, they are ſtill worſe founded. No man of faſhion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The houſe, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curricle, are all Lady —'s, or Mrs. —'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new faſhion. It is too expeditious for ſhopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a ſhort diſtance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs; and what a ſhocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the firſt ſtage!

Upon the whole, there are ſo many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to ſend you theſe few hints, as preparatory to a treatiſe which a learned friend of mine is now writing, to be entitled "Every Man his own Horſe." In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles

miles to an hundred, and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*. I suggested to him, indeed, some doubts of the propriety of teaching this science by books, that the sedentary employment of *reading* would counteract the benefit arising from the instructions. But he obviated this by observing that *boxing* and *bull-baiting* had not only been taught by books, but even recommended in *speeches*; and that, as to his own work, he should contrive that reading and locomotion should go together, and the student be placed on a *hobby horse*.

I am, Sir, yours,

PERAMBULATOR.

ADVICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

[From the Times.]

PEDESTRIAN exercises having now become fashionable, and for some time the general topic of conversation, have led me into a more serious consideration of the subject than I at first supposed it could deserve; but I do not despair of drawing from it such national advantages as will, in the end, obtain for me the approbation of every liberal and enlightened man in these united kingdoms. Having been myself always an enthusiastic admirer of pedestrian exploits, I have long thought on the means of arriving at excellence in so laudable an amusement; and, after the study and practice of a number of years, I find the following regimen, diet, and method of training, the best calculated to ensure success.

There are three principal things to be attended to in preparing for a pedestrian effort, viz. *strength*, *cunning*, and *agility*. It is my purpose, briefly to treat of the food proper to increase each of these grand desiderata.

First,

First, as to *ſtrength*: certainly the fleſh of that noble animal the lion, is ſuperior to any thing elſe that could be procured; but then, how difficult to obtain it! His Majeſty's collection in the Tower is too much prized, and too well guarded, to give us the leaſt ſhadow of hope from that quarter; indeed Mr. Pidcock, of Exeter Change, not long ſince announced the circumſtance of the death of a favourite lion, but ſuch another opportunity of obtaining this prime food may not occur again for a number of years; therefore I would recommend a ſuccedaneum. The ſtrength of a bear, I believe, is generally allowed, and well known; and, I apprehend, was diſcovered by the *warmth* of its embraces. Now, the fleſh of this animal may be at all times purchaſed of the renowned Mr. Vickery, now living in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; or his equally modeſt ſucceſſor in Biſhopſgate Street, the ingenious Mr. Roſs. I would recommend a due portion of this to be eaten *raw*, as a breakfaſt, changing from the leg to the ſhoulder; then a few ſlices of the loin, afterwards returning to the limbs; but carefully to avoid the entrails, and indeed every part but thoſe I have named, except picking the pettitoes, which I would allow merely as an amuſement; but all to be taken *raw*. As a drink, I ſhall name goat's milk (being a *ſure-footed* animal); and reluctantly I conſent to the *melting* a ſmall quantity of the bear's ſuet, in order to mix with it, by which means it will ſlip down more eaſily; for, in this buſineſs, *velocity* is to be conſidered a grand object. What is on the ſhin bone will afford an admirable lunch: and for dinner (to promote my ſecond requiſite, *cunning*), nothing will be found ſo efficacious, as a plentiful portion of fox's brains; theſe, together with the feet of that ſagacious animal (which muſt aſſiſt the ſpeed), will furniſh a wholeſome light dinner. Should it not

appear

appear to entirely ſatisfy the ſtomach, a ſlice from the bear's haunches will complete the meal; but remember that all is to be eaten *raw!* Tea I prohibit; ſpruce-beer will recommend itſelf from its briſkneſs. My third thing neceſſary *(ſpeed)* muſt be attended to in the buſineſs. My reader will doubtleſs anticipate me in recommending the legs of a fine old jack hare; indeed it will be neceſſary to have a copious ſupply of this valuable article, together with the loins and haunches of a full-grown greyhound, the one being nearly as good as the other; but not to forget to eat them both *raw*; and guard againſt ſwallowing them together, but take them on different nights; ſince, ſhould they meet in the ſtomach, they might not agree, and therefore create an unpleaſant pain and nauſea. Should the perſon in training at laſt loath ſo much raw fleſh, and languiſh for ſome unwholeſome, pernicious dreſſed meat, he may once a week indulge in a diſh of ſtewed ſquirrels, or a broiled magpie; although I cannot embrace ſo great an abſurdity as to ſuppoſe that cooked victuals will be of ſervice; but the magpie being a hopping, ſkipping bird, and the ſquirrel clever at a jump, this food is leaſt likely to leſſen the agility. On going to bed, a quantity of cut horſe-hair, or cow-itch, ſtrewed between the ſheets, will keep the body in exerciſe during the night; and in the morning, as uſual, he muſt return to the diet of *raw fleſh*. At ſome future time I will treat of the *daily exerciſe* and other particulars; in the mean time I remain, Sirs, yours at command,

A. B.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE LOUNGERS OF BOND STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, &c. &c. &c.

[From the Oracle.]

AS the town is filling very faſt, and as you follow in the train of your betters, like *young beagles* at a hunt, who depend not ſo much on the *keenneſs* of their noſes as the *ſharpneſs* of their ſight, the few following hints may prove uſeful to you *by way of memento*; you may get the ORACLE of the day in which they appear, leave it on your table, and, before you ſally forth in the morning, throw your eyes over it. You muſt, in the firſt place, obſerve the aſpect of the weather, a thing very important, and this, too, in the morning, before you dreſs. If the day ſeems favourable, you may dreſs in your beſt, viz. *ſuppoſing your wardrobe contain a change.* As people of your deſcription have generally nothing to do, half a dozen, or half a ſcore of you, may get together in the morning to breakfaſt, *if convenient—the more the merrier;* be on the faſhionable pavements above alluded to about two o'clock; for before there will be *no fun*, as ladies of faſhion are rarely out ſooner; *faſhionable demireps* not till three o'clock, or after, being *engaged* late over-night, and unable to extricate themſelves from the arms of Morpheus and their *caro ſpoſos*, to dreſs and breakfaſt before the hour alluded to: the ſtreets before are only infeſted by milliners' apprentices with their bandboxes, hunted up and down by *laſcivious old Dukes, and other debauchees*, who, being old ſportſmen, know at what hour *to hunt for their game.* You may ſtart either in St. James's Street, Pall Mall, or Bond Street, whichever is moſt convenient to your lodgings; get *four of you abreaſt, cloſe locked* arm in arm, three deep, to ſupport each other in caſe any *ſturdy porter* ſhould be inclined to make his way through you; it will be the devil,

devil, if, ten to one, you are not able to *maul him*. As to female paſſengers, you have *nothing to dread;* keep firm, and be ſure keep the wall; the lady will moſt likely have her drapery and ſtockings ſplaſhed; look her full in the face, which will naturally create confuſion on her part, and join in a loud laugh, which will afford an infinite fund of merriment to the party, until a freſh adventure preſents itſelf. Be ſure keep the ſtep *militaire*, which will give you the air of officers in coloured clothes, and at the end of your walk (I do not mean that you ſhould on any account paſs the end of Bond Street or the Haymarket), the whole of the party may wheel ſharp round one of the party as the pivot. If there are any ladies of character near, let your converſation be as *loud and indecent* as poſſible, alluding, in the *broadeſt manner*, to the fictitious gallantries and debaucheries of the laſt night. Should you obſerve at a diſtance any gentleman that you take not to be *one of yourſelves*, inſtantly commence a converſation about him, talk loud enough to be heard, and endeavour to laugh him too out of countenance. You may *peep* into every carriage as you paſs, and *wink* at the ladies; but take care that there is no gentleman with them, elſe you run the riſk of *getting your head broke*. You may take off your hat now and then to a carriage, and, ſhould the lady not ſalute you, you may ſay ſhe is *always ſhy* when ſhe obſerves you in company: the frail ſiſterhood being your own *counterparts*, you may take every liberty with them, as they generally meet you *more than half way*. You may ſeparate about five o'clock, and go to dinner, every man *where he is moſt welcome*; and if you ſhould want an invitation, or your purſe *fail you*, dine with *Duke Humphrey* in the Park.

Now that a part of the troops are arrived from Egypt, you may very fairly aſſume the air of the officers who have been on that expedition: for inſtance,

you

you may leave your face unwaſhed, which will give you the air of the climate alluded to; a patch over one of your eyes will warrant the idea of your having the *Egyptian blindneſs*; but I would caution you to beware of the unhallowed touch of bailiffs, and the *rencontre* of your tradeſpeople, who may demand their debts rather *cavalierly*. Always wear ſpurs, which will make you appear like a field-officer; and if ever you chance to hire a hack, let it be a *grey one*; the hairs will ſtick in your ſkirts until your coat is threadbare, and this, with a formidable pair of prickers, will give you *every appearance* of keeping a ſtud, and ſhould they ſtick in the ladies drapery, it will give you a fair opportunity of apologizing; and it has often happened that as ſlight an introduction has procured a footing in the heart of the *wounded fair*. Should the female you come in contact with be one of the free and eaſy, ſhe will, perhaps, imperiouſly demand reparation of the injury; and, in order to come off with a good grace on ſuch occaſions, have *an elegant purſe full of counters*: offer to make her amends; ſhe, of courſe, will decline it (expecting to make more of you), give you her addreſs, and you will have a frolic for nothing; but on quitting her, aſſure her that you will ſend her a draft on your banker, who, perhaps, is as difficult to be found as the man in the moon. Mind theſe hints from your friend

Fop's Alley. BEAU NASH.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN.

A GERMAN STORY.

YE warriors ſo bold, and ye ladies ſo gay,
At the Pump-room, at Ty——n's, at K——g's, or the play,
Oh never, oh never be ſeen;
For the *Little Green Man* will ſurely be there,
The *Little Green Man*, who delights to ſtare
So fierce, through his goggles of green.

The *Little Green Man*, in the dead of the night,
Fell in love with a maiden, all gaily bedight
In ſcarlet, in white, and in blue:
"Come, Lady, ſweet Lady, with me come away;
Fine clothes you ſhall have, we will play a fine play;
Come home, I am dying for you!"

"Oh partner! oh partner! and doſt thou not hear,
How the *Little Green Man* whiſpers low in mine ear
To follow him home from the ball?"
"He is joking, he's joking—I tell you he is,
'T is only deſign'd as an innocent quiz,
'T is nothing, 'tis nothing at all."

"I love you, I doat on your face ſo divine,
I muſt and will have you, and force makes you mine;
Here 's a letter will tell you the reſt."
"Oh partner! oh partner! and doſt thou not ſee
How the *Little Green Man*, ſo audaciouſly free,
Crams a love-letter into my breaſt!"

"My partner! my partner! oh now hold me faſt!
He pulls me, he hurts me, he 'll have me at laſt—
Good God! how he tumbles my gown!"
Then her partner aroſe, and in fury he ran
To the bench where was ſeated the *Little Green Man*,
And knock'd him immediately down.

And with Gw—— and with G—e,
And with ten or twelve more,
On the fiend he courageouſly fell;
And thrice they kick him around and around,
While the *Little Green Man* gave a horrible ſound,
'Twixt a groan, and a grunt, and a yell!

They huſtled him on, with heroic delight,
Now backward, now forward, to left or to right,
While he ſtrove and he ſtruggled in vain;
And his goggles, they ſay, were crack'd in the fray,
And his garments were rented in twain.

And the *Little Green Man* made a halt at the door,
And the *Little Green Man* moſt terribly ſwore
Revenge and deſtruction to all.
That he 'd raviſh the maiden, with main and with might,
And challenge the heroes who kick'd him, to fight
With ſword, and with ſpear, and with ball.

Then, ye warriors ſo bold, and ye ladies ſo gay,
At the Pump-room, at T——n's, at K——g's, or the play,
Oh never, oh never be ſeen!
For the *Little Green Man* will ſurely be there,
The *Little Green Man* who delighteth to ſtare
So fierce, through his goggles of green!
MAT——W GR——Y L——IS.

SEA-COAL AND SENSIBILITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE a circumſtance to impart of great importance to the fair ſex, and which I hope you will admit as ſoon as poſſible, as the approach of the winter theatrical ſeaſon renders it particularly urgent. I preſume I need not inform you how much we have of late years been indebted to the advice and ſuggeſtions of learned foreigners, who have either reſided among us, or taken a haſty trip over any part of our iſland. In no inſtance have they contributed more to open our eyes than in what regards our politics and our *ſea-coal fires*. Their ſervices in the political arrangements I ſhall leave to others to expatiate upon. My preſent buſineſs is with our fuel, which, from the reaſonings of a late traveller, has produced *phyſical and moral effects* of a very extraordinary nature. Had he, however, confined himſelf entirely to phyſical and moral effects, I ſhould not have thought it neceſſary to make his remark the ſubject of newſpaper communication. Had he been content to prove that Newcaſtle is the ſource of diſeaſe and of vice, and that people are healthy or diſeaſed, good or bad, in proportion to the number of chaldrons conſumed in their families, it would have been too ſerious a ſubject, and too mighty a concern, for my deſultory pen. But when he carries

his theory so far as to connect *sensibility* with *sea-coal*, and estimate our *feelings* by *Pool measure*, it is time to look about us. But take the matter in his own words.

Being at the representation of Romeo and Juliet, when Mrs. Esten played for the first time the part of Juliet, he says:

"Though my attention was fully taken up with the play and the actress, it was not so much so as to prevent me casting my eyes about me. What a disparity between the melancholy silence which reigned here, and the agitation of sympathetic feelings which appear in our theatres! My surprise at discovering so few emotions of concern in the countenances of the spectators, was withheld by observing a young person of a very striking figure, who appeared to me to be the more amiable, as she paid great attention to what was passing on the stage. This lovely creature seemed as insensible as the rest, and I began to tax her in my mind with want of feeling, when all of a sudden she fell breathless into the arms of a young gentleman who sat next her. No doubt she had stifled the agitation of her breast till nature was overpowered with the efforts she made to refrain from tears. Be assured, my friend, that, *had this sweet girl never inspired the fumes of sea-coal, her tears would have flowed sooner than they did*, and the oppression of her breast would not have been so violent: her feelings might not have been *more real*, but they would have been more *tender* and *expressive*."

Your opinion, Mr. Editor, of this discovery must, I am sure, coincide with my own, that it is of too great importance to be confined to a work which may perhaps fall into very few hands. This accounts for all that apparent indifference and insensibility which we observe among a people notoriously known to be humane. It is not the want of genius in a tragic

author, the want of pathos in an actor, which casts a sullen gloom over our tragedies. Let us not blame modern writers. Shakspeare himself is no match for our coal fires, and probably owes that fame which he enjoys, to his having written in days when collieries were unknown. This will account for the decay or taste for tragedy, which even the superior talents of a Siddons have not been able to keep alive; and this will likewise account for that lady and other London performers being so successful in their country excursions, the warmth of the season diminishing the consumption of coal, and consequently what my author calls the *inspiration* of smoke.

Are there not also many other important inferences to be drawn from this fact? It is not at the theatre only, that it is necessary sensibility should be displayed and tears flow. May we not suspect that the age of gallantry has sunk before the glories of Newcastle, and that the affections are to be assailed by other means than the tearful eye? Into what a labyrinth of mistakes have we fallen by ignorance of this fact! The most artful intrigues of the bed-room have been undermined by the contents of the cellar, and the flames of love have been extinguished by the culinary fuel; wives have lamented the insensibility of husbands, and husbands of wives, without considering that they were breathing the poison of love, and without knowing how true it is, that "most love-matches end in *smoke!*"

This likewise may account for the gallantries of France, where coal-fires are unknown in private families. It may account for the decent morals of Birmingham, of Newcastle, and of Sunderland. It may also explain to us why most of those intrigues which are canvassed in our winter courts of justice are dated from watering-places in the summer months. We may also derive some insight into the various appearances and history of grief in the metropolis; why so many

many calamities are contemplated with a dry eye, and ſo many *ſweet girls* (like her at the theatre) fall down *breathleſs into the arms of a young gentleman* for want of the proper vent, ſo imprudently ſtopped up by the operations of the poker and the bellows.

Notwithſtanding the concern we muſt feel for the conſequences of this diſcovery, our ſituation, fortunately, is not hopeleſs. It comes at a time when every ſcheme is on foot to diminiſh the conſumption of coals, when one ingenious man has contrived a method of making ſteam-engines ſwallow their own ſmoke, and another has invented a kitchen which will dreſs a beef-ſteak with a ſheet of brown paper. It is only now wanted that we ſhould give more ample encouragement to ſuch plans, and *Rumfordize* our feelings in ſuch a manner as to be able to vie with our *wooden-fuelled* neighbours in ſenſibility. If the fair ſex are ſhy and cruel, let it not be attributed to hardneſs of heart: let them ſit *leſs at home*, and oftener take the *freſh air*. I am aware that this doctrine will not be very acceptable to ſome great men in the north, and that much will be ſaid of endangering the collieries as a nurſery for ſeamen. This, however, may be obviated in other ways, and a certain noble Duke appears to me to have diſpoſed of his concern in the very nick of time.

It is a great matter, Mr. Editor, to trace the philoſophy of the head or heart; and volumes have been written to ſap the foundations of immorality: but, when a theory ſo ſimple as the preſent is formed, who would not adopt it? Much has been ſaid of phyſical and moral effects; but who can plead ignorance when he is told to refer all our national vices and failings to the kitchen grate? where our feelings may be calcined, and our ſenſibility reduced to a cinder!

September 4. I am, Sir, yours,

PONTOP.

DUCKING CHAIRS.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT was with ſome conſiderable degree of ſurpriſe that I read in your paper, a few days ago, of a lady having undergone the puniſhment of ducking for being a ſcold, and this at the right ancient and worſhipful town of Kingſton upon Thames: moreover, that the lady underwent this operation in a chair or machine, kept in the town for that purpoſe. Laſtly, it was obſerved, that the moment ſhe emerged from the ſilver ſtream (a little dim or ſo by the operation), ſhe had almoſt incurred another penalty for repeating her offence. But this I do not wonder at; for if ſhe had no cauſe for ſcolding before, ſhe certainly now had ſufficient; and happy would it be if no women ſcolded but juſt after being ducked in the Thames.

Information like this was very alarming, however, to me. Your not mentioning the lady's name was a capital error. Do you not ſee how uneaſy it muſt have made the people in town, who have friends and acquaintances at Kingſton? You might as well have told us that a dozen houſes had been burnt and twenty lives loſt, and omitted the perſons' names, and the place where. It does not (you'll excuſe my freedom) become the editor of a public paper to trifle thus with the feelings of the public. However, as it, perhaps, was not intentional, I ſhall proceed to inform you, that the moment I read the alarming news, I mounted my ſorrel, and, notwithſtanding the approach of night, I reached Kingſton in an hour and a half, and immediately began my inquiries of the oſtler; he could give me no information, and when I called him blockhead, aſked me if I thought he could remember ſo *many names?*

I next

I next poſted to the houſe of one acquaintance, and then of another; all *dry* and warm there, but all ignorant, or pretended to be ſo, of the culprit's name. Stepping into the drawing-room of a third friend, I found it in much diſorder, various articles of female dreſs lying on the floor; and, O! diſcovery of diſcoveries! a gown and petticoat *drying at the fire!* My ſuſpicions were now confirmed; a thouſand circumſtances crowded on my memory; I always thought ſhe talked a little too loud, and her huſband has ſometimes lugged me out of the room when ſhe has been warm in an argument. But yet I was ſhocked, prodigiouſly ſhocked; ſuch a reſpectable family, ſo fine a woman too, ducked, plunged into the river by beadles and conſtables; ſuch degrading abominable *anabaptiſm!*

I was here diſturbed in my indignation by the entry of the lady herſelf. I could not help aſking *how ſhe did?* Beauty in diſtreſs is always attractive.

"I am very tired, Mr. Oldſtyle."

"I don't doubt it, Ma'am."

"It is too violent exerciſe for me."

"Yes, Ma'am, it is pretty violent indeed!"

"I don't think I ſhall ever attempt it again."

"Nay, Ma'am, there was no great occaſion for your attempting it now."

"What can we do? Servants are ſo careleſs."

"Yes, Ma'am, and that makes one raiſe one's voice a little in talking to them."

"Bleſs me! I don't think I have a dry thread about me."

"What! not *now?*"

"Not *now!* how could I?"

"What the deuce! you have not ſat in your wet clothes all day?"

"Sat in my wet clothes! I don't underſtand you, Mr. Oldſtyle."

"Nay,

"Nay, Ma'am, I don't mean to be particular; but I think you might have ſhifted when it was over."

"Over! I have been ſplaſhing in the water theſe ſix hours."

"Lord! Ma'am, I never heard of ſuch a puniſhment."

"It is a puniſhment, indeed; I had rather pay any money than go through ſuch another day."

"I care ſay you would, Ma'am; but why did you not offer them money at once?"

"Offer them money! what do you mean by offering them money?"

"Nay, Ma'am, if you come to that, what do you mean by going through ſuch another day?"

"Why, it was our GREAT WASH!!!"

Taking up my hat, I made my eſcape as quickly as I could, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover that I had miſtaken a waſhing-day for a good ducking.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

THE BEST OF WIVES: A TALE.

[From the Courier.]

A MAN had once a vicious wife;
(A moſt *uncommon* thing in life:)
His days and nights were ſpent in ſtrife
Unceaſing.
Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction ſtill her ſong,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
From ſpeeches long as tradeſmen ſpin,
Or reſt from her eternal din,
He found not.

He

He ev'ry ſoothing art diſplay'd;
Tried of what ſtuff her ſkin was made:
Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
To take her.

Once walking by a river's ſide,
In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide,
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite reſign'd,
To drown I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as faſt behind
As can be:

"Or Nature may aſſert her reign,
My arms aſſiſt, my will reſtrain,
And ſwimming, I once more regain
My troubles."

With eager haſte the dame complies,
While joy ſtands gliſt'ning in her eyes;
Already in her thoughts he dies
Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he ſaid; "beſide,
I would not be a ſuicide,
And die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,
While cloſe I ſtand upon the brink
You puſh me in—nay, never ſhrink,
But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards ſhe ran direct,
And did what ſhe could leaſt expect
She ſhould do.

He ſlips aſide, himſelf to ſave,
So ſouſe ſhe daſhes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before ſhe gave,
Much pleaſure.

"Dear huſband, help! I ſink!" ſhe cried;
"*Thou beſt of wives!*" the man replied,
"I would—but *you* my hands have tied,
God help ye!"

A FAREWELL TO MARGATE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

FAREWELL! ye chalky cliffs, where lovers walk,
In dread of tumbling over as they talk;
Farewell! ye ſtyliſh farms, and ſtony field;
Ye ruſſet lanes, ſo open to the ſun,
Where whiſkies, buggies, ſulkies, tandems, run,
And all the dear delicious duſt they yield!

Farewell! ye flinty ſands, ſo damp, ſo ſoft,
On whoſe ſtupendous margin Echo cries,
And multiplies the fib, while Strephon—lies,
And gazers peep upon us from aloft!
Where Eurus ſends his fogs amid the air,
And nymphs cut ſhoes at—half a pound per pair!
Where ſlipp'ry ſea-weeds trip us as we ſtray,
Where city mermaids ſcud about in cluſters,
To poke for crabs, while ſurly Ocean bluſters,
And pools inſidious intercept the way.

Farewell! blithe Dandelion and its ſports,
So matchleſs, ſo ecſtatic, ſo divine!
Where dapper cits like little gods appear,
Wounding young Chloes with a civil leer;
Where ſhepherds learn to eat, and dance, and court;
Swilling hot coffee 'neath a fervid beam;
Devouring half-bak'd crumpets while they ſteam,
So fraught with Cambridge butter, or with greaſe;
Where gentry haſte with half-a-crown apiece,
And hungry beaux in the meridian dine!

Farewell! ye raffling-ſhops, where Fortune fires
Her vagrant crew to quit life's ſolid joys,
For gilded gewgaws and illuſion's toys,
While knavery moves the puppets ſhe inſpires!
The boy 's in motion—I muſt now depart,
Like a young turkey-pout, with heavy heart,
I muſt return to induſtry's brown tub,
To get up ſmall clothes, and to darn a ſtocking;
Is not this irkſome, horrible, and ſhocking?
Will Cupid ſuffer it?—I fear he will.
Why are our moments ſprinkled o'er with ill?
Pity your abſent friend,

PRISCILLA GRUB.

THE

THE MARGATE HOY.

A POETIC EPISTLE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MY ſiſter Priſcilla, in no humble lay,
Made her curt'ſy to Margate, you ſaw, t' other day;
Doom'd no longer to ſhare the delights of the place,
The dumps, through her line, in her viſage you trace:—
Poor ſoul! at her heart ſo benumb'd was all joy,
She lay ſulking a-bed all her time in the Hoy,
And begg'd me to ſtore up, with no common care,
Each incident ſtrange, odd, comical, rare.
The taſk ſure was hard, without pens, ink, and papers—
For I was quite dull, overcome by the vapours:
Howe er, not long my choice ſpirits kept lagging—
A ſpring they all gave, as I ſprung from the cabin;
Such a crowd of gay folks from the pier over-hung,
Who in nods, winks, and ſmiles, their good wiſhes flung;
I became quite myſelf—even Timothy Grub,
And ſent all my cares packing deep in the mud.

With a favouring breeze on the boſom of Ocean
We ſmoothly now glided—how ſweet was the motion!
How pleaſant to gaze on fields, houſes, and ſteeple,
Converſing the while with all ſorts of people;
With tradeſmen, a parſon, and one ſimple Quaker,
And how could I rhyme without one undertaker?
With thoſe we call Gentlemen, ſpecial good lot,
And with Ladies, thank Heaven! a ſweet pretty knot:
'T was a knot ſo engaging (the pun you may ſpare),
The knots the ſhip made were no part of our care.
From the deck then to cabin, how charming to change,
And from one pretty woman to t' other to range;
To ogle and prattle about this and that,
For to keep them from pu——g we kept them in chat;
Yet a billow ne'er chiding, that rudely might heave
The veſſel, and throw a fair hand on your ſleeve—
While ſome dizzy Chloe your fear ſtraight alarms,
And to bed you convey a fine arm-full of charms.

To eating diſpos'd, ſoon the party began
Of the food from their wallets to eagerly cram;

Yet

Yet no wallet had I, for to ſpunging I'm prone,
And 'bove all things I love to pick other folk's bone;
So while ſiſter regal'd with a cruſt and polony,
I decently meſs'd with a chance-meeting crony:
But what in my ſtomach I put, as it fed,
The eyes of the women put out of my head,
So can't here relate any more than the dead.
All that paſs'd at the table in vain I ſhould tell;
I can only ſay this, that between beau and belle
Mickle punning, bon mots, repartees went about,
While alike beau and belle ſipp'd (who'd think it?) brown ſtout!

When the ſtars twinkled bright, as they told us from deck,
Quick away up the cabin ſtairs each cran'd his neck;
With the captain, the cook ſang a ſtrain at the poop,
And, darkling about 'em, we hover'd *en groupe*,
Till the chill cold of night made us lubbers retreat,
And the ſmiles of the fair in the cabin to greet.

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB.

[From the Morning Herald.]

DREAD worthies, I bow at your ſhrine,
And, kneeling, ſubmiſſive, petition
You'll pardon this falſe ſtep of mine,
And pity my diſmal condition.
When ye met all together of late,
In the *room* which we term *Combination*,
To fix your Petitioner's fate,
Alas! why did you chooſe *Ruſtication?*

That my conduct was wrong, I muſt own,
And your juſtice am fore'd to acknowledge;
But can I in no wiſe atone
For my fault without leaving the college?
Conſider how ſtrange 't will appear,
In the mind of each fine jolly fellow,
That a Cantab was baniſh'd a year
Juſt for *rowing* a little when mellow.

You

You have precedents, no one denies,
To prove it but juſt that I went hence;
But ſurely no harm could ariſe
If you were to relax in your ſentence.
No; truſt me, much good ſhould proceed
From granting this very great favour,
For, impreſt with a ſenſe of the deed,
I 'd carefully mend my behaviour.

You will then have on me a faſt hold,
For gratitude 's ſtronger than any tie:
Then pray do not think me too bold
In thus begging hard for ſome lenity!
But why ſhould I humbly implore,
Since to you all my ſorrow 's a farce?
I 'll ſupplicate *fellows* no more!
So, ye reverend dons, *caret pars.*

The lad who good drinking enjoys,
I 'll cheerfully pledge in a full can;
Ruſtication 's quite common, my boys—
Remember Apollo and Vulcan!
Theſe two heroes were hurl'd from the ſkies,
Neither forges nor muſic could ſave them,
For, heartily d—ning their eyes,
Jove a *travelling fellowſhip* gave them.

Then no longer let mortals repine,
If to graſs ſent from Oxon or Granta,
But ſtick to the bleſſings divine
Which flow from a well-fill'd decanter.
When our goblets with nectar are crown'd,
And our ſpirits riſe faſter and faſter,
While good-humour ſmiles gaily around,
A fig for the Fellows and Maſter!

ALWAYS AUDIBLE.

PASS under Jack's window at twelve at night,
You 'll hear him ſtill; he 's roaring!
Paſs under Jack's window at twelve at noon,
You 'll hear him *ſtill*—he 's ſnoring!

A DELICATE TURN TO A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

QUOTH Bet, "Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this ſtedfaſt rule,
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool."

Says Jack, "Then nothing can, I fear,
From celibacy ſave you;
For, take my word for it, my dear,
None but a fool would have you."

ON A LIBRARY, WHERE THE BOOKS WERE IN CURIOUS BINDINGS.

WITH eyes of wonder the gay ſhelves behold!
Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold;
In life and death one common fate they ſhare,
And on their backs ſtill all their riches wear.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

POLLIO, who values nothing that 's within,
Rates books, like beavers—only for their ſkin!

LINES

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS, &c.

GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS, AFTER RETIRING FROM OFFICE IN 1801.

[From the Oracle]

FROM public toils, and cares, and ſtrife,
Welcome once more to private life,
In Scotia's rude domain;
Enjoy repoſe, content, and eaſe,
Inhale the health-inſpiring breeze,
Nor think of France and Spain.

Let

Let thoſe who hold the helm of ſtate
Conſume their nights in dire debate,
Their days in factious jars:
O'er ways and means inceſſant pore,
To raiſe reluctant millions more,
Scant food for future wars.

E'en peace on their devoted heads
No balmy dew of comfort ſheds,
But Diſcord flaps her wings;
For who ſhall fix each adverſe claim,
Untouch'd his wiſdom and his fame
By Cenſure's venom'd ſtings?

Far from the ſenate and the throne,
From budget, tax, inveſtment, loan,
Impeachment, expedition;
Peace ſhall your Hether pillow bind,
And war no more diſtract your mind,
Nor projects of ambition.

The eaſy, ſocial, joyous hour,
Unknown to pomp, remote from power,
Awaits you in the wild;
Friendſhip ſhall lead you by the hand,
And Caledonia's arms expand
To claſp her patriot child.

Should warfare ſtill your thoughts engage,
To Muirland ſcenes confine your rage,
In mimic camp array'd;
Unheard the ſound of noiſy drums,
There no Myſorean tyrant comes
Your quiet to invade.

The laurels won at Aboukir,
Deep moiſten'd with a nation's tear,
Were death and glory's prize;
But where you urge the gay campaign,
No tears the cheek of friendſhip ſtain,
No Abercromby dies!

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

HENCE with the laurel's barren wreath!
Hence with the trophy pil'd on high!
Let nobler incenſe fill the ſky!
Let bright, immortal flow'rs,
Pluck'd from Elyſian bow'rs,
Through all the breezy air delicious breathe.

O! crown not Sidney with the laurel's bough;
For common deeds, let common prize be given—
Be his, dread Wiſdom's olive rear'd in heaven,
And Mercy's palm of verdant hue,
The Graces' roſes, freſh with dew,—
All, all, ſhould mingle on his godlike brow!

And then, if man might know the ſcene,
Where grows ſome tree of giant ſize,
Ne'er look'd on yet by mortal eyes,
Beneath whoſe branchy maze
His country's Genius ſtrays,
Oh! let its virgin leaves adorn the garland green.

For not to him belongs the vaunted name
Of valour only; in his glorious mind,
Judgment, and taſte, and genius, are combin'd;
And through the vaſtneſs of his ſoul
The ſplendid ſpheres of virtue roll,
And lighten through his eyes, and wrap his form in flame.

O Sidney! like that Sidney form'd,
Who nobly fell on foreign land;
Like him in war a light'ning brand,
In peace a brilliant moon,
Beneath whoſe ſoften'd noon
The rapture-thrilling heart is elevate and warm'd.

Oh! long amid that iſle, whoſe rights and laws
Thy dauntleſs breaſt has bulwark'd and upheld,
Long be thine eyes' bright energies beheld;
And round thy ſacred perſon long
Crowd Britain's ſons, a grateful throng,
When the ſtill boſom's voice ſucceeds to loud applauſe!

ZARA.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

[From the Morning Advertiſer.]

AT a period when real melody is ſo much the ſubject of cultivation, it appears to me very ſingular, that no attempt has been made to reduce to ſome order

THE CRIES OF LONDON.

They ſtill remain in a moſt unmuſical confuſion, for want of ſome perſon to ſuperintend them, and to deliver out to the people their proper cries *in ſcore*, that they may not injure our ears as they do at preſent, by their horrid ſcreaming. This is much to the reproach of an age ſo muſically inclined as the preſent, and I wiſh to rouſe in the public an attention to a ſubject which they muſt daily hear on both ſides of their head.

The great errors which have crept into our ſyſtem of *Cries* are principally theſe: the ſame *muſic* is often applied to different words; and ſecondly, we have often a great many words ſet to muſic, ſo improper that the "ſound is not an echo to the ſenſe." Not to ſpeak of a great deal of *muſic* by the firſt miſtreſſes of the *Billingſgate* academy, to which there are no words at all, and *vice verſâ*, a great quantity of *words* without muſic, as any one may be convinced of.

I have ſaid that the ſame muſic is often applied to different words. There is a man under my window at this moment, who cries *potatoes* to the ſelf-ſame tune that I remember when *cherries* were in ſeaſon; and it was but yeſterday a woman invited the public to purchaſe *ſhrimps*, to a tune which has invariably been applied to *water-cod:* as to *ſpinage*, and *muffins*, I have heard them ſo often chaunted in *D*, that I defy any man to know which is which.

Matches too have been tranſpoſed to the key of

periwinkles, and the cadence which ſhould fall upon *rare*, is now placed upon *ſmelts* and *mackarel*. One could ſcarcely ſuppoſe ſuch abſurdities in London, at a time when every barber's boy *whiſtles* Italian operas, and even the footmen belonging to the nobility give you *Water parted*—at the box-doors. There is another inſtance I recollect in *radiſhes*; every body knows that the bravura part is on the words, *twenty a penny*, but they ſwell theſe notes, and *ſhake* upon *radiſhes*. Ods life, Sir, we have no ears, elſe we could not hear ſuch barbarous tranſpoſitions, which muſt be done by people totally unacquainted with the *gamut*. You may think lightly of this matter, Sir, but my family ſhall ſtarve ere I will buy *potatoes* in the *treble-cliff*, or allow them to eat a ſalad that has been cried *in ſhuts*.

Soot ho! I will ſtill allow to be in *alt*; the ſituation of our chimneys juſtifies this; but certainly *duſt* ought to be an octave lower, although it is notorious, that the unmuſical raſcals frequently go as high as *G*, and that without any *ſhake*. Is it not clear that *duſt* ſhould be *ſhaked*?

Of *water-creſſes*, I muſt own the cry has a moſt pleaſing melancholy, which I would not part with for the flippant triple tune in which we are ſolicited to purchaſe *cabbage-plants*—In *ſalad*, the repetition has a good effect—*Fine ſalad*, and *fine young ſalad*, with a ſhake on the laſt ſyllable of *ſalad*, is according to the true principles of muſic, as it ends in an *apogiatura*.

Hot croſs-buns, although they occur but once a year, are cried to a tune which has nothing of that melody which ſhould accompany *ſacred muſic*. There is a ſlur upon *hot* which deſtroys the effect; and indeed gives the whole a very irreverent ſound. *New cheeſe*, I have to obſerve, has not been ſet to muſic, and is therefore uſually ſung as a ſecond part to *radiſhes*, but the concords are not always perfect. *Duets*

are

are rarely well performed when there is no other accompaniment than the wheels of a barrow.

As I would not wish to insinuate that all our cries are objectionable, I must allow that *ground ivy* is one of the most excellent pieces of music we have; I question much if ever Handel composed, or Billington sung, any thing like it. What renders it more beautiful is, that it is a *rondeau*, a very pleasing and popular species of air. The repetition of the word *ground ivy*, both before and after the *Come buy my*—has a very fine effect; or, as the critics would say, it is *impressive* and *brilliant!*

But while I allow the merit of this very natural and popular composition, what shall I say to *cucumbers?* The original tune is entirely forgotten, and a sort of Irish lilt is substituted for it. But although I object to this tune by itself, I am persuaded that those who admire the sublime thunder of a *chorus*, will be highly gratified by a *chorus* of cucumber women in a narrow street. I have often listened to it, when it took my attention from every thing else.

Fresh salmon is objectionable both on account of the words and the music. The music was originally part of the celebrated *water-piece*, but they have mangled it so, that the composer himself could not recognise the original air. Besides, some use the word *dainty*, and some *delicate*, to the same notes, which occasions an unpleasant semiquaver. Indeed in general the word *delicate* might be as well left out.

Little or nothing of the *bravura* has been attempted in our cries, if we except the *rely-polys*; *green peas* is a very fine instance of this species of composition; I know of nothing in any of our operas which goes beyond it; it is to be regretted peas don't last all the year.

But to go over all the cries, Sir, in one letter is not possible, else I could easily prove that we are as much degenerate

degenerated in this kind of muſic, as we are improved in every other—the barrel-organ men have debauched our fiſh and garden-ſtuff women; for indeed how can a woman, be ſhe ever ſo good a finger, liſten to their play-houſe tunes, and whip her aſs along at the ſame time? It cannot be done, Sir; people who have nice ears are eaſieſt diſturbed by ſounds; and how can one give the elegant melody of *Windſor beans*, and liſten at the ſame time to *God ſave the King?*

I hope, Sir, the few hints I have here offered will not be diſagreeable. This is a muſical age, and our great improvements have attracted the notice and the company of foreigners, and it much becomes us to reform the preſent barbarous ſyſtem of cries. We can hear a concert, Sir, but now and then: the cries aſſail our ears at all hours of the day. I am, Sir, yours,

JOEL COLLIER, Jun.

P. S. If any ſcheme is ſet on foot for the valuable purpoſes I mention, I beg leave further to intimate, that I have lately compoſed a ſet of appropriate airs for each article, from *ſoot* at ſeven in the morning, to *hot gingerbread* at ten at night; alſo a ſet of tunes for the watchmen in much better time than they at preſent preſerve. Theſe I ſhall be happy to ſubmit to any committee of *Muſical Cognoſcenti* that may be appointed. If not, I ſhall print them by ſubſcription at *half-a-guinea* the ſett. J. C. jun. to be heard of at the 'Change, Billingſgate, or the market, Covent Garden, any morning.

EXTRACT FROM A CANCELLED SHEET OF BOSWELL's LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THURSDAY the 24th we paſſed the evening at Thrale's. Johnſon was ſullen and averſe from ſpeech: the mighty ſurface of his vaſt mind was ſtagnant.

nant. In a pauſe of converſation we heard a drayman in the yard curſe and ſwear moſt bitterly. I ſeized the occaſion, and *hazarded a colliſion in hopes of a ſpark.* (On reading my manuſcript Mr. Malone was pleaſed to obſerve that this was a happy expreſſion.) "Sir," ſaid I, "liſten to the oaths and imprecations of this man. Are they merely words of paſſion, or are they not rather indicative of malevolence? Shall we not deteſt this man? Seeing ſo much bad, ſhall we not infer worſe? for, ſays the proverb, 'Nobody is wicked 'by halves'." Johnſon ſternly replied, "Sir, his guilt is proportionate to his age."—"To his age, Sir?" —"Yes, Sir, to his age; but hear me out. Swearing is vice; but vice is perhaps neceſſary in this temporary ſyſtem, ſo let us be thankful that it is progreſſive. To your colloquial adage I will oppoſe one more vigorous and terſe, '*Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.*' 'A man becomes a raſcal gradually.' The youth of eighteen who curſes you, will d—n you at five and twenty, and at thirty b--ſt your e--s." He was ſilent. We were all loſt in admiration of his wonderful powers; and our lively hoſteſs whiſpered to me, but loudly enough to be heard all over the room: "With what keenneſs of perception this great man diſtinguiſhes the gradations of vice!"

A BETH GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

BY THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

The Story of this Ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a houſe; the Greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his Father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place, to this day, is called Beth Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.

THE ſpearman heard the bugle ſound,
And cheerly ſmil'd the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And ſtill he blew a louder blaſt,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the laſt
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"O, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flow'r of all his race;
So true, ſo brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chaſe!"

'T was only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he ſerv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And ſentinel'd his bed.

In ſooth he was a peerleſs hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chaſe rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings riſe,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chaſe of hart or hare,
And ſcant and ſmall the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal ſeat,
His truant Gelert he eſpied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his caſtle door,
Aghaſt the chieftain ſtood;
The hound was ſmear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild ſurpriſe,
Unus'd ſuch looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guiſe,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haſte Llewellyn paſt,
And on went Gelert too;
And ſtill, where'er his eyes he caſt,
Freſh blood-gouts ſhock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-ſtain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood beſprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He ſearch'd with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on ev'ry ſide,
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child 's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful ſword
He plung'd in Gelert's ſide.

His ſuppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But ſtill his Gelert's dying yell
Paſs'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some ſlumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried ſearch had miſs'd;
All glowing from his roſy ſleep,
His cherub boy he kiſs'd!

Nor ſcratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the ſame couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous ſtill in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant hound the wolf had ſlain,
To ſave Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
"Beſt of thy kind, adieu;
The frantic deed, which laid thee low,
This heart ſhall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raiſe,
With coſtly ſculpture deck'd;
And marbles ſtoried with his praiſe,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the ſpearman pa[illegible]
Or foreſter, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear-beſprinkled graſs
Llewellyn's ſorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and ſpear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing ſounds, would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And ceaſe the ſtorm to brave,
The conſecrated ſpot ſhall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave!

ANTICIPATION OF A DEBATE

EXPECTED TO TAKE PLACE AT THE MEETING OF A GREAT ASSEMBLY IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER NEXT.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. Jones.—"I riſe, Sir, in purſuance of a notice I had the honour to give on the firſt day of the ſeſſion, in order to move, that there be laid before this Houſe a copy of the inſtructions given to Admiral Nelſon, in regard to his attack upon the French flotilla at Boulogne. The Houſe will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that I have not been backward in my endeavours to promote inquiry. Do Miniſters not recollect the ſubject of El-Ariſh? (A laugh.) Ay, Gentlemen

men may laugh; but had my propoſals been attended to, the late Miniſters would have had occaſion to laugh at the wrong ſide of their faces. I wiſh not to ſpeak with perſonal diſreſpect of any one, but muſt at the ſame time obſerve, that his Majeſty's preſent Miniſter treads very cloſely in the ſteps of his predeceſſor—

'Quo non præſtantior alter ære cieres viros, Martemque accendere cantu.'

I wiſh not to be underſtood as being an unqualified enemy to war. I know there may be occaſions when a nation, attentive to its own intereſts and honour, cannot with ſafety or dignity decline it, and I ſhall not be found the man who would ſay--

'Oramus pacem et dextras tendamus inermes.'

Had I been bred to the military profeſſion, I might myſelf have been a ſecond Alexander, as I cannot ſee why the mountains of Wales may not produce warriors equal to thoſe who have rendered Macedon illuſtrious; for, as has been well obſerved by a ſage countryman of mine, Capt. Fluellen, and preſerved in the ſacred records of Shakſpeare, 'There is mountains in Ma-'cedon, and there is mountains in Wales; there is 'rivers in Macedon, and there is rivers in Wales, and 'there is ſalmons in both.' But with all the martial ardour with which an ancient Briton can be inſpired, who feels the warlike ſpirit of his anceſtors while he inherits their eſtates, I could not read without horror the bloody gazettes publiſhed by the authority of his Majeſty's preſent Miniſters.

Who, Sir, could contemplate without emotion the ſlaughtered carcaſſes of Frenchmen, whoſe blood drenched the ſands of the Deſert between Aboukir and Alexandria? Who can ſurvey with an unfeeling heart the mangled remains of ſo many Danes, which continue to this day to preſent a moſt awful ſpectacle to

the voyager of the Baltic? I muſt confeſs, however, that theſe laſt were not ſo much to be pitied as the poor French, and for this ſolid reaſon, which I defy any man to contradict, that the forefathers of thoſe Danes committed great ravages in England about *ten thouſand years ago!* I obſerve that Gentlemen ſmile, and perhaps I may not be altogether accurate in my chronology. However, let me now draw the attention of the Houſe to the immediate object of my motion, in which I ſhall not only be ſeconded by my Hon. Friend on my right hand *(Mr. Robſon nodded aſſent)*, but ſupported alſo by thoſe amazing powers of eloquence which he never fails to diſplay when any blame is imputed to the members of Adminiſtration. I wiſh to be abſolved from an attempt of conveying the ſlighteſt inſinuation againſt the noble Admiral, whoſe fame reſounds through every quarter of the world, loud as the cannon's voice, which, however, I muſt confeſs to be a voice that men who like to ſleep in whole ſkins are not very fond of converſing with! He acted, Sir, no doubt, under the orders of Government, the members of which only I arraign; for, God forbid that an Engliſhman ſhould accuſe the maſters of the ocean for being over-valiant and adventurous upon their proper element. But, good God! Sir, are there not ways enough to aſſault our enemies without attacking them in their *beds*, and in the *middle of the night?* Gentlemen ſeem diſpoſed to make themſelves merry at any inaccuracy of expreſſion. Inſtead of *beds*, perhaps I ſhould have ſaid *hammocks;* but however Miniſters may laugh *in this Houſe*, let me tell them that it is a very awful thing for a man *at ſea* to be obliged to ſpring out of his ſleep at the roar of a mercileſs ſhell, or cannon, or bomb; I know not which, as I am, thank my Maker, but little converſant with theſe matters. But, by the death I owe to G—! while I ſtand here ſafely on my legs, I cannot but feel for thoſe poor fellows, who,

even in the bosom of the waves, were roused from a sound nap only to have their throats cut, perhaps from ear to ear, by a ferocious enemy coming upon them at midnight, like the ruffian who lately carried off six of my favourite *goats* out of a *Macedonian* meadow that I have been cultivating in Wales. The simile, I own, is defective as well as homely; for the fellow I allude to effected his object in stillness and in silence, whereas the sons of Neptune, directed by Lord Nelson, announced their approaches in a voice of thunder. I tremble, Sir, when I think of such desperate doings going forward; and had I been in the situation of the Frenchmen, I think I should not even have been able to pronounce the word *El-Arish*. This, Sir, I maintain not to be a legitimate mode of warfare, but an act of *monstrosity*, for which his Majesty's Ministers deserve to be impeached; and should the House adopt the present motion, I promise to bring forward a serious and specific charge as soon as my Honourable Friend (Mr. Sheridan) shall *redeem the pledge* he made in the last session, of moving an impeachment against the Exminister. I hoped to see him bring it on before; but though I cannot engage to keep the words of other men, I can at least be faithful to my own. I know not what *credit* the House and the public will give to my Honourable Friend; but I trust they will do me the justice to think, that I am a man of a constant resolution, as they must have experienced in the perseverance I shewed in the last session upon the subject of the convention of *El-Arish*. I shall now conclude, Sir, with putting into your hands the motion, which you will acknowledge me to have illustrated by every kind of argument."

Mr. Robson seconded the motion in a very impressive and eloquent speech.

Sept. 9.

MODERN ESQUIRES.

[From the Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

MODERN modeſty, like Death himſelf, is inclined to level all diſtinctions:—The rage of SQUIRE-*hood* is now ſo univerſal, that one of my humble race, a *ſimple* GENT. is hardly to be met with in his Majeſty's dominions! I have no objection, Mr. Editor, to all the world becoming *great men*—but as *ſhopkeepers* and *farmers* now dub themſelves *Eſquires*, I would fain know by what titles they will in future addreſs their reſpective landlords, as ſome mark of diſcrimination between them, which common decency may ſtill demand?—The *Blackſmith* of our pariſh did me the honour of dubbing me an *Eſquire*, at the top of my laſt week's bill; for which, I perceived that he charged me a ſet of ſhoes and a ploughſhare more than I had actually received, by way, I ſuppoſe, of what he calls *colting* me; however, as I declined the *honour* he would have conferred upon me, I not only made him give me back my old title of MR. but deduct thoſe *fees of dignity*, for which I had not *value received*.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours, in plain terms,
MR. *George* GENT.

MR. EDITOR,

The Eſquires, whom Mr. *George* GENT. has put to ſhame, if not to flight, have moſt of them another mode of oſtentation, almoſt as offenſive as their aſſumption of that title: I mean the uſe of the plural denomination *we*, by which majeſtic relative every ſhopkeeper, in the metropolis at leaſt, now refers to and deſcribes himſelf. "*We* never charge leſs for that article," ſays the owner of every little *boutique*, as conſtantly as if he were a Bank Director, ſpeaking of the concerns

of

of that inſtitution. Now, Sir, I ſhould not ſo much diſtaſte this kind of talk, if I did not always find, that theſe *plural traders*, like the *Eſquires*, make their cuſtomers pay for the dignity of their characters. *We*, Sir, dare do many things, which *I* dare not! *We* charge twelve ſhillings for the very ſame ſhoes, which *I* ſold for nine ſhillings! *We* wear our hats in the ſhop—*We* get bills diſcounted—and *we* make part of the *beau monde* at Margate, which *I* never dare to do! In ſhort, there is no finding a ſhopkeeper who will now ſpeak to you in his own perſon. A ſtranger might ſuppoſe, from their phraſes, that every ſtall was the office of ſome commercial inſtitution. Though there be no other male creature in their houſes, or at leaſt in their concerns, but themſelves, they are all a *legion*. I do not like this infinite diviſibility, or rather *multiplibility*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

A *Single* GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I find that the rage of *Squirehood* is irreſiſtible. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that this *equalizing* ſyſtem is diſſimilar to that of the *Jacobin* orders, whoſe ambition is to *pull down* their betters. Now it is well known that our *will-be Squires* only make a modeſt puſh to *get up* to theirs! It is certainly a pleaſant thing to walk thus eaſily into *honours*, without even troubling the Herald Office to hunt one out a qualification. Who, Mr. Editor, can refuſe *rank* and *title*, that is thus attainable, by *his own courteſy*, as paramount to the now obſolete *courteſy of England*? But, ſince this new order of *Squirehood* have choſen for their motto "*Sic volo!*" and have wiſely determined to maintain their meritorious aſſumptions, *vi et armis* (which may be miſconſtrued, by *ſheer impudence*, and *the arms which Nature gave them*), it will ſurely become you, Mr. Editor, as

the leading recorder of momentous concerns, to ſet apart ſome appropriate channel, for the diſtinct annunciation of their great acts, &c. The annals of theſe *illuſtrious perſonages*, Sir, muſt not be loſt, or confounded amidſt the ordinary occurrences of human life. A few of theſe important and recent events have juſt reached me; I have drawn them up in a manner as I conceive appropriate to the *dignity* of their ſubjects, and which I may expect, without vanity, will be adopted by you as a recording model for the annals of *modern Squirehood:* for example—

"BIRTH.—Yeſterday the Lady of Stephen Spare-rib, *Eſquire*, Sauſage-monger, of Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, was ſafely delivered of a ſon and heir, at their country ſeat, near the Veterinary College at Pancras Waſh: the lovely infant, and his amiable and accompliſhed mother, are both as well as can be expected!"

"MARRIED.—On Thurſday laſt, and not before, at St. Giles's in the Fields, Benjamin Treacle, jun. *Eſquire*, wholeſale gingerbread-baker, of Bunhill Row, to Miſs Penelope Pimple, youngeſt daughter of Cornelius Pimple, *Eſquire*, of the cold cream warehouſe, Milk Street, Cheapſide: after the ceremony was performed, the happy pair ſet off in one of the ſix-wheel ſtages, for their bliſsful retreat near Peckham Gap—where, it is ſaid, they mean to paſs their honey-moon!"

"DIED—in the 34th year of his age, univerſally lamented by all who had the honour of his ſociable acquaintance, Alexander Fuſtian, *Eſquire*, maſter tailor, of Bandy-leg Walk: a perfectly upright man, whoſe thread of life was too untimely cut in twain!—His remains, after lying in ſtate, will be conveyed on Sunday next to St. Katherine Cree's, Aldgate, in order to be interred with due ſolemnity in the family vault of his anceſtors!"

The above, I think, muſt be allowed, Mr. Editor, to be the true ſtyle in which ſuch events ought to be enregiſtered:

registered: but you will hear from me on this national subject—*iterum—iterumque!* Yours, &c.

George GENT.

MR. EDITOR,

Your correspondents, who have laughed at the *trading Esquires* and *plural Traders*, remind me of an odd mistake that lately befell me in the country.

Being at an inn, where I was to lodge for the night, I was shewn into a room, divided but by a slight partition from one in which there was a numerous company. Though no listener, it was impossible for me not to hear some words, whenever any one raised his voice to begin a sentence. Sir, I heard scarcely any thing from any voice but the words "*our house, our house;*" which were generally delivered with a truly *ore rotundo*. One gentleman spoke of the interest he had with the "heads of the *house*," another of the "*junior branches*," another of the "*loans*" they had formerly negotiated, and another, which struck me still more, of the "*bills they had passed!*" I was astonished at the importance of my neighbouring guests, and still more at the indiscretion of the innkeeper, in placing them where they were so likely to be overheard. By and by one of the company began a longer speech than the rest, of which I only heard these words:—"Now, gentlemen, the first *commission* I received—" Him I concluded to be an old officer relating his progress in life. He was followed by another, with the words, "The *house* I represent—"

Here I must confess, I determined to listen more than I ought to have done to their conversation; for, the inn being upon the Dover road, I had no doubt that my neighbours were plenipotentiaries, envoys, or at least secretaries, going to the Congress at Amiens, after some negotiation in London; and, as I am myself a very *deep hand* at a bargain in the stocks, I thought

this no bad opportunity for a great ſtroke in the *Omnium*. I expected to hear ſomething of all the *houſes* in Europe. Juſt as I was about to apply my unfair ear to the wainſcot, the waiter came to inquire whether I would pleaſe to ſup with the gentlemen in the adjoining room; and, while I had ſcarcely breath to expreſs my hope of that honour, he told me that they were all *riders* from Mancheſter, going to France for orders!

I am, Sir, yours,

AUDITOR TANTUM!

A PLAN FOR PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SIR,

AMONG the many great objects of an internal nature, to which the return of peace will naturally call the attention of Government, none ſtands more prominent than the liquidation of the national debt. This can only be done by raiſing a large ſum within the year; and for this purpoſe, I think, Sir, I have hit upon a tax, the moſt productive and the leaſt burdenſome poſſible, that is to ſay, a maximum in produce, and a minimum in burden. I mean a Tax on Lying. I am warranted, by the late returns to Parliament, in ſtating the ſubjects of the Britiſh empire, at 14,329,611; now, averaging them one with another, men, women, and children, at no more than two lies a-day each (an eſtimate certainly far under the mark), and rating each lie at only one farthing, the produce will be no leſs than 10,896,473*l.* 19*s.* 9½*d.* per annum, a ſum nearly double the amount of the Income Tax. This I prove by the following calculation: 14,329,611 perſons, men, women, and children, at two lies per day each, for 365 days, produced 10,460,615,030 lies, which at one farthing per lie, amounts to the above ſum of 10,896,473*l.* 19*s.* 9½*d.*

Thoſe

Thoſe who are converſant in finance will immediately ſee that I know what I am about, and have carefully avoided making the tax amount to a prohibition; and ſure I am that no individual liar will give up ſuch a favourite luxury for the trifling ſum of, one with another, about 15*s.* a year. It will doubtleſs ſtrike many diſcerning perſons, that there is a great variety in the nature and extent of lies; as white lies, black lies, lies direct and indirect, fibs, bouncers, &c. &c. and they will juſtly argue, on the baſis of equality in taxation, that theſe ſeveral ſpecies of lies ought to be defined and rated accordingly: this has not eſcaped me, and when I am ſuperintendant general of the tax on lying, I ſhall form tables of lies, properly divided and ſubdivided into *genera* and *ſpecies*, with the rates ſet againſt them. I alſo mean to take into conſideration the propriety of making an allowance by way of drawback to particular perſons, ſuch as miniſters of ſtate, travellers, retail traders, and ſome others; or, to ſave the trouble of laborious calculations, ſuch perſons may compound by paying a certain annual ſum. Thus, Sir, have I pointed out and abſolutely calculated a tax every way ſuited to the exigencies of the nation; and, I hope, one per cent. on the produce will not be thought too much as a reward for my patriotiſm and ingenuity.

PETER PROJECT.

ANTICIPATION.

SPEECH AT THE SHAKSPEARE TAVERN, TO BE DELIVERED THIS DAY.

[From the True Briton.]

THE ſpeech, my good friends, for this joyful occaſion,
Which I had prepar'd, was a thundering oration;—
Of war it condemn'd the unjuſt proſecution,
And of treaſure and blood the unbounded profuſion;

It prov'd nought was meant by the negotiation,
Except to throw duſt in the eyes of the nation:—
Spoke of miniſters' crimes, and impeachments and axes,
Of dearneſs of corn, and of jack-boots and taxes—
But peace has ſwept all my beſt periods away,
And plenty has left me but little to ſay:
Still cenſure's my theme, condemnation's my game,
Peace, war, right or wrong, I'm determined to blame;
In ſhort, not to tire you with preface too long,
Until I am miniſter—all muſt be wrong.
Oh! had I been miniſter, you then would have ſeen
What it actually is that the *Rights of Man* mean;
The *Jacobin Code*, which ſo few underſtand,
And equality's laws, had pervaded the land,
But with ſome few exceptions—you know what I mean—
You gueſs who'd been K—g when my A—d was Queen.
H—e T—e had been plac'd at the head of the church,
Mr. A——r O——r been left in the lurch,
At *Fort George* had new laws upon treaſon been made,
By ſome friends who were lately brought up to the trade;
To the Bench had bold traitors in triumph been led,
And judges, in chains, had been tried in their ſtead:
My plan was to raiſe a moſt terrible ſtorm,
And to dignify all by the *watch-word* Reform—
All things into glorious confuſion to throw,
For order, you know, out of chaos may grow.
But theſe pleaſing thoughts I'll no further purſue;
To-day all I wiſh is to give you your cue—
The war you have oft ſtyl'd a terrible curſe,
But the peace you muſt ſwear is a thouſand times worſe—
You muſt call it diſgrace, and diſhonour, and ſhame,
And of genuine peace not deſerving the name;
You muſt ſay it is hollow, unjuſt, inſincere,
And prove that it cannot continue a year;
And if your exertion could undo the treaty,
With what rapture, my friends, here again I would meet ye!
For peace will deſtroy all my favourite plans,
And will leave me, forgotten, to die at St. ——'s.

October 10.

PATRIOTIC ORATION.

DELIVERED ON SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1801.

[From the True Briton.]

'TIS now, my good friends, twenty-one years ago,
Since for Weſtminſter I became member, you know.
A long ſtruggle I made, and at laſt I *got in*,
But *who* were *my voters* I car'd *not a pin*.
To oppoſe, right or wrong, thoſe in pow'r, was my plan;
This for you was enough, and you made me *your man*.
'T was flattering to me to be mark'd by your choice,
But more flatt'ring effects were achiev'd by my voice;
For, united with other great men, 't was my pride
From Britain her colonies ſoon to divide.

In the late war with France I ſtill took the ſame part,
For I own *oppoſition* is dear to my heart;
Since for many long years I have found it in vain
To offer myſelf for employment again.
The reſult of th' American war is moſt clear—
It confirm'd a *grand principle* we all revere—
It confirm'd a great truth, that, though courtiers will probe,
Revolution muſt triumph all over the globe.

You have ſeen many faults in my conduct, I fear,
But know in the cauſe of *the mob* I 'm ſincere;
Wherever they riſe, *whate'er miſchiefs* they reach,
They ſhall have my aſſiſtance, at leaſt in *a ſpeech*.
And hence I pronounc'd it a very bad thing,
To ſay to all Frenchmen "You muſt chooſe *a King*."
But if ſaid or not ſaid, 't is no matter, d' ye ſee,
For the cry prov'd a very good *watch-word* for me.
We had no right to check the *republican axe*,
Or, without their conſent, the Americans tax.

Such a war to oppoſe will be always my plan—
I oppos'd it indeed long "*before it beg in*;"
And you hence may infer, that I fully intend
To *oppoſe it again*, though 't is *now at an end*.
In this city I 'm ſanguine enough then to hope,
That none can be found who would doom me *a rope*.

This war, we perceive, is at laſt then to ceaſe,
And I look with the eyes of a friend upon peace;

In

In hopes of new conteſts it bears not the germs,
I will not too rigidly canvaſs *the terms.*
There are two ways indeed that the point may be weigh'd,
The terms of the peace, and *the time* when 't was made.
The terms are of little importance, I think,
And, therefore, that part of the queſtion *I'll blink.*
An iſland or two in the Eaſt or the Weſt
In themſelves are, perhaps, no great matter at beſt,
But are things of much value, indeed, I maintain,
Compar'd with a year's or a month's new campaign.
I wiſh, as to *time*, I as little could ſay,
But I *ſomething* muſt blame, or I'm *out of my way*;
Yet do not ſuppoſe I think peace comes too ſoon;
No, come when it will, 't is a very great boon:
But though I rejoice that all warfare is o'er,
We could peace, I 'm perſuaded, have had *long before*;
And I aſk, with ſome confidence, whether or no
We might not have had it full *two years ago.*
And if France was not then well inclin'd to concede
The very ſame terms on which now we 've agreed?
You, my friends, then foreſaw with diſcernment moſt ſhrewd,
The reſult of the meaſures which then were purſu'd;
You petition'd for peace, but your prayers were not heard;
For a change in the miniſtry—none of them ſtirr'd.—
At length, as we know, a few members went out;
But as to a *change*, I am ſtill in a doubt.
Of thoſe who ſucceeded I did not think high,
To you, my good friends, I need hardly ſay why,
Since I and my party once more were *thruſt by.*
Some complain that we gain not our object in war,
But that was an object my ſoul muſt abhor.
For what was that object, I beg leave to ſay,
But the hope of reſtoring *monarchical ſway?*
By the terms of the peace, both in ſpirit and letter,
We give up this hope, and *I like it the better.*
We have loſt much, my friends, but had reaſon to fear
The loſs of much more, had peace ſtay'd till next year;
But abroad now our feelings no longer need roam,
And at leaſt we may try to do ſomething at home.
Then rejoice that war 's gone, that *great cook* for the *worms*,
Give welcome to peace, and ne'er canvaſs the terms.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC ORATION.

DELIVERED OCTOBER 10, 1801.

[From the Heart of Oak.]

MR. Ego, as ſoon as the tables were clear,
Thus ſpoke, with a *Barriſter's diffident fear:*
"*I* riſe on a theme that might animate blocks,
I riſe in ſupport of *my* Friend, Mr. Fox.
I feel with ſurpriſe, and with pleaſure *I* ſay,
I obſerve *a coincidence* marks this proud day;
I obſerve that the ratification from France—
I think 't is indeed a miraculous chance—
I obſerve, that a ratification ſo great,
My Friend comes to greet on his annual *Fête.*
I believe—if that ratification gives peace—
I need not declare how *I* wiſh'd war to ceaſe.
I believe if peace ſpread throughout theſe dominions,
My party and *I* ſhall not have two opinions.
I think that *I* now need not preſs a plain fact,
My Friend is ſo open, you know ev'ry act—
I need not, *I* ſay, to this company tell
My Friend's hate of the war, for you all know it well.
My Friend, who is really a wonderful man,
My Friend the war cenſur'd *before it began.*
My Friend, like a prophet, its woes did proclaim;
I ſaw them *myſelf*, *I* predicted the ſame.
My Friend every effort to ſtop it did try;
My Friend call'd for peace, ſo did *I*, ſo did *I.*
I always held peace at a value moſt high;
I rejoice at this peace, none rejoice more than *I.*
My joy is ſo great at this happy event,
I ſcarcely know how to expreſs *my* content.
I know the ſame ſentiments dwell in *my* Friend;
I leave all to him, and *I* 'll now make an end.
I 'll juſt add *the toaſt*, and *I* give it with glee—
I give Mr. Fox, and *I* hope he 'll give Me."

TRANQUILLITY, AN ODE.

Fix ea noſtra voco.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

WHAT ſtateſmen ſcheme, and ſoldiers work,
Whether the Pontiff or the Turk
Will e'er renew th' expiring leaſe
Of Empire; whether war or peace
Will beſt play off the Conſul's game;
What fancy-figures, and what name
Half-thinking, ſenſual France, a natural ſlave,
On thoſe ne'er-broken chains, her ſelf-forg'd chains, will grave;

Diſturb not me! Some tears I ſhed,
When bow'd the Swiſs his noble head;
Since then, with quiet heart have view'd
Both diſtant fights, and treaties crude,
Whoſe heap'd-up terms, which fear compels,
(Live Diſcord's green combuſtibles,
And future fuel of the funeral pyre,)
Now hide, and ſoon, alas! will feed the low-burnt fire.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame,
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue and factious rage:
For, O! dear child of thoughtful Truth!
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and bleſt the ſteadfaſt ſhore,
Ere yet the ſtorm-wind roſe, and ſcar'd me with its roar.

Who late and lingering ſeeks thy ſhrine,
On him but ſeldom, pow'r divine!
Thy ſpirit reſts. Satiety
And ſloth, poor counterfeits of thee!
Mock the tir'd worldling: idle hope
And dire remembrance interlope,
And vex the fev'riſh ſlumber of the mind;
The bubble floats before, the ſpectre ſtalks behind.

But me, the power divine will lead,
At morning, through th' accuſtom'd mead:
And in the ſultry ſummer heat
Will build me up a moſſy ſeat;

And

And when the guſt of autumn crowds,
And breaks the buſy moonlight clouds,
She beſt the thought will lift, the heart attune,
Light as the buſy clouds, calm as the gliding moon!

The feeling heart, the ſearching ſoul,
To her I dedicate the whole;
And while within myſelf I trace
The greatneſs of a future race,
Aloof, with hermit's eye, I ſcan
The preſent works of preſent man,
A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,
Too fooliſh for a tear, too wicked for a ſmile.

REMARKABLE DEATH.

[From the Courier.]

ON Thurſday, the 1ſt inſtant, died, in Downing Street, after a lingering illneſs, that celebrated perſonage *Mr. War*. The following biographical ſketch of ſuch an important character may not prove unintereſting:—Mr. War, like Alexander the Great, and other heroes renowned for their battles, was of doubtful origin. Mr. Fox and other *literati*, who inquired minutely into his genealogy, maintained that he was a ſpurious iſſue. Mr. Pitt, and a large majority, pronounced him legitimate. They differed alſo in their accounts of his parents—the one inſiſted they were Engliſh, the other, that they were French. Some have even mentioned Mr. Pitt as the father, others *Citizen Sans Culotte;* and thus the child was bandied backwards and forwards between them, with as much heat and contention as if the parties were afraid of an order of baſtardy, and the enormous expenſe of a parochial feaſt. Notwithſtanding all the pains taken to aſcertain his pedigree, the queſtion remains ſtill much involved in doubt. Had, however, his mother ſworn him before a Juſtice to Mr. Pitt—had he, Minerva-like, been

the child of his brain, the Premier could not have ſhewn more fondneſs for the foundling. This partiality has been imputed by the friends of the Miniſter to the intereſt which he takes in the cauſe of humanity; but Goſſip Fame, who ſeldom leans to the charitable ſide, has not failed to aſcribe it to paternal feeling. Mr. Gay obſerves that

> "The child whom many fathers ſhare
> Has ſeldom known a father's care."

Not ſo with Mr. War. From the moment of his birth, all Europe became ſolicitous for his fate; but in no place did it excite ſo much anxiety as in the Engliſh cabinet. His future maintenance and ſupport, his proſpects, and the ways and means for his advancement, were the primary objects of national concern, and, as ſuch, canvaſſed and diſcuſſed, night and day, by the Britiſh Miniſters. The greateſt difficulty which they experienced was in ſettling what ſhould be his trade or deſtination in life. On this point they had all diſtinct notions, and if they ſhould at any time chance to agree, it was ten to one, but that, from the ficklenes and obſtinacy of the urchin, they would be obliged, the next moment, to change their minds, and make ſome other choice. The Earl of Liverpool propoſed he ſhould enter into partnerſhip with Mr. John Bull, a reſpectable merchant in the city, under the perſuaſion that the boy, who had a very taking way with him, would certainly ſecure the firm a monopoly of trade. Mr. Windham, ſeeing the little dog's dexterity in bleeding, and amputating limbs, his ſkill in all caſes of fracture, and the pleaſure which he felt in churchyards, and among the "killed off," was for binding him to a Surgeon. Mr. Dundas thought differently. From his knowledge of military manœuvres, the Right Honourable Secretary would have him appointed Drill Sergeant, to teach the Engliſh recruits

their

their exercise on foreign expeditions. But, whatever might be their individual opinions, they were always ready to give way, with becoming modesty, to the better judgment of Mr. Pitt; consequently they were never long of the same way of thinking, for never was weathercock more variable than the Premier's mind. First he would have young War a Chemist, under an idea that the youth would be able to discover a mode of making a petrifaction of the Scheldt, and a menstruum that should dissolve the connexion between Belgium and France. Next he would have him a Carpenter, for the purpose of repairing the broken throne of the Bourbons. This determination was no sooner formed than changed; and he would insist that Mr. War must take holy orders, and become a new pillar of the church for the support of religion. Then he would have him a Broker, to ensure the State against losses. Now an Accoucheur, for the deliverance of Europe; then a mad Doctor, to tie up the French republic in a strait waistcoat. Sometimes he would have him a Casuist, to argue down Gallic principles; sometimes a Bombardier, to batter the constitution; and sometimes a Calculator, to build up a solid system of finance. Such were the trades and professions for which Mr. War was, at various times, designed, and to which he was expressly declared to be devoted by the British Ministers.—Nor were these plans always proposed in succession; from the variety of their own places and sinecures, they know perfectly well the advantage of having two strings to a bow; they accordingly inclined in general to educate him like a Welsh Parson, being convinced that Mr. War would be perfectly able to bleed, shave, grind, and also to exercise a variety of other trades and employments at the same time.

Preparatory, however, to the execution of any of these plans, it was deemed necessary that Mr. War should

make the tour of Europe. Accordingly an eſtimate was made of his expenſes, all the rents were called in, and a Mr. Jacobin engaged in the quality of private tutor to accompany the young gentleman, with a numerous ſuite, upon his travels. In the choice of the perſon whoſe duty it is

> "To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
> To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,"

parents and guardians can never be too circumſpect and particular. To the imprudent ſelection of Citizen Jacobin for this important truſt, may be aſcribed much of the vice and wickedneſs of the pupil. Young War was naturally of a ferocious, turbulent, and ungovernable temper, which ſoon began to ſhew itſelf in many acts of violence and ſanguinary encounters. Inſtead of reſtraining this wicked propenſity, the tutor uſed all his addreſs and cunning, which were infinite, to excite and encourage it. Did the pupil kick a Dutch Burgomaſter, the tutor was prepared with an excuſe—it was only "French freedom." Did the pupil ſqueeze a man to death, the tutor was ready to avow it was only a "fraternal embrace." If he forced a Prince or a peaſant to fly his country, the tutor declared his pupil only came to give him "liberty." Did he murder the innocent, "Oh! he only meant to frighten the guilty." Did he rob a church, it was to feed the hungry. Did he make all Europe a chaos of horror and confuſion, it was all "for religion and ſocial order." Nor was Mr. War merely a bold, boiſterous ruffian, enforcing his demand with the ſword. He was the greateſt pickpocket that ever exiſted; no ſpecies of petit larceny, no meanneſs, was too low for him. There is not that wretch ſo poor, or that roof ſo humble, in all Germany, Holland, England, Switzerland, Italy, or France, that has not ſuffered from his violence and rapacity.—Peace fled at his approach, and into whatſoever

whatſoever ſociety he came, he was ſure to introduce diſunion and death. He drank the tears of the widow and the orphan, and he ſaturated the fields with the blood of the huſband and the father. No limit could be put to his devaſtation; he was deſtined to be the deſtroyer of the human race. We muſt admit, indeed, a few exceptions. To monopolizers, jobbers, commiſſaries, and contractors, he was generous and kind; but it was the generoſity of the Cyclop to Ulyſſes. This Polyphemus reſerved them for the laſt whom he ſhould devour. A character ſo deteſtable did not promiſe a length of days. Two attempts were made upon his life, one at Paris, the other at Liſle; but, unfortunately for mankind, neither ſucceeded. There was a third attack upon him in London in 1800. This alſo failed, the arm of a "vigorous ſtateſman" having dextrouſly warded off the blow. Happily, however, for the peace and tranquillity of the world, he was arreſted in the height of his career on the 9th of February laſt, at Luneville, by a paralytic ſtroke, which left him only the uſe of one arm; and, as misfortune ſeldom comes alone, he was at the ſame time forbid to ſet his foot upon the continent. Since that period he has been lingering along in a ſtate of increaſing debility. His early friend and guardian, Mr. Pitt, adviſed the uſe of metallic tractors, from the application of which he had derived much benefit on all previous occaſions of indiſpoſition; but the remedy came too late; he was paſt cure. Doctor Hawkeſbury, the attending phyſician, not liking that a patient ſhould die in his hands, would fain preſcribe the uſual recipe of the faculty in deſperate caſes, namely, that the patient ſhould try his native air; but poor Mr. War was completely worn out, and poſſeſſed neither phyſical ſtrength, nor revenues, for a "march to Paris." In this extremity, and finding all chance of his recovery hopeleſs, the Doctor thought it would be inhuman to keep him any longer

in torture. Accordingly, upon conſultation with his brother phyſicians, a bolus of ſugars and ſpices was prepared, which being thruſt down his throat, put an end to his exiſtence, and terminated his ſufferings at ſeven o'clock, on Thurſday the 1ſt, at his apartments in Downing Street, without ever having realized a ſingle hope entertained by his patrons and friends.

Mr. War, in his laſt moments, made a will, and the ingratitude therein diſplayed conſtitutes another black item in the catalogue of his vices. Whenever any good fortune or ſucceſs attended him on his travels, he was ſure to ſend home to his patron Mr. Pitt, a Cape fowl, a Dutch cheeſe, a box of fruit, a jar of Weſt India pickles and preſerves, or ſome little preſent of that kind. Theſe attentions flattered his friend, who run himſelf over head and ears in debt to ſupply his conſtant demand for money. In his will, Mr. War revokes all theſe little compliments, and bequeaths them to the family of his tutor, the late Mr. Jacobin, who died at St. Cloud, on the 9th of November 1799, and who had never advanced one penny for his ſupport and maintenance. His remains were interred on Saturday night by torch-light, amidſt general illuminations, and, as we are told by the Miniſterial papers, "a delirium of joy."

Oct. 16.

REVIEW OF THE PRELIMINARIES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

Paſſing by the door of my friend, Mr. Thomas Becket, bookſeller, in Pall Mall, a few days ago, I picked up a paper which ſome careleſs ſervant had dropt, and which, upon inſpection, appeared to be a ſheet, or part of a ſheet, of one of the Reviews, and from its being near Mr. Becket's door, moſt probably of the Monthly Review, which that gentleman publiſhes. I know not that I am acting a fair part in ſending this choice *morceau* to you, but as it is already printed, and

muſt

must therefore appear in the next Monthly Review, I am perhaps only giving to the public a few days sooner what they must necessarily have at the beginning of next month. Besides, if I am not greatly mistaken, the publication of *intercepted papers* may be justified by very exalted precedent. Without farther preamble, therefore, I hasten to transmit a copy of this article for your paper, reserving to myself the original, lest I should be called upon to produce it.

The Preliminaries of Peace. Imperial folio, price 250 millions. Cadell, Rivingtons, &c. &c. 1801.

THIS work, so long expected by the public, has at length made its appearance. Of the author we are ignorant; he has chosen to keep his name a secret, and it is not the business of Reviewers to unfold the mysteries of authorship. Perhaps, like the author of the Pursuits of Literature, he may think that the merit of a work may be heightened by public curiosity. Report speaks loudly of this being the production, not of one person, but of a junto, who have long favoured the world with publications of a very different kind; and so much art has visibly been used in the composition of it, that perhaps no one person can either acknowledge or deny his being a principal sharer. Abundance of curious information has been sent to us in anonymous letters; and, although it is not our custom to pay attention to such, we may, as mere matter of curiosity, and perhaps as *data* for future investigators, inform our readers, that the work was printed from the manuscript of a young nobleman, who fills a high office in the State; that part of it was corrected in a *French hand*; and that there were some interlineations and erasures which it is difficult to affign to any particular person. One of our correspondents, indeed, who subscribes himself a *Printer's Devil*, says that part of the MS. was written on the back of a letter with the *Liverpool* post-mark, but this may not be conclusive. Mr. Pitt, we are told, read the proofs, and some think gave *advice* to the compositors as to the proper type, which, contrary

trary to the uſual cuſtom in works of this kind, was not to be the *old Engliſh*, but a *thin, meagre*, and almoſt *worn-out Long Primier*.—Other eminent writers are ſaid to have furniſhed their ſupport; but as internal evidence from their *former* compoſitions is againſt this, we ſhall not hazard conjectures that have little foundation.

Of the work itſelf we know not how to ſpeak in adequate terms. It certainly bids fair to be popular, but not, we humbly preſume, becauſe it is the beſt of its kind—ſince the eſtabliſhment of our Review we have ſeen many better—but becauſe there was an uncommon demand for ſomething of the kind; and becauſe, in the preſent ſtate of literature, it is the beſt we are likely to have. The language has at leaſt the merit of perſpicuity; a very clear proof that Mr. Pitt had not a principal hand in it. It is indeed throughout eaſily intelligible, and ſeems to confirm the ſaying of Dr. Johnſon, that no man will write well who does not write from *neceſſity*. The *res anguſta domi* is frequently too apparent, and if it is not to that alone we owe this work, it certainly quickened the author's imagination, and made him daſh away *currente calamo*.

That the work is not entirely original, may be aſſerted without impugning the author's genius. He who writes on a topic that has been handled before, cannot eaſily avoid beaten ground. Yet if our author has borrowed, he has at leaſt borrowed from ſources that are not generally known. He appears to have ſtudied the doctrines of *peace* with great attention: he has cleared *ambition* from all its unreaſonable propenſities; and, if we are not greatly miſtaken, has dipped once or twice in a work not generally known, entitled, "*Jeremy White's Reſtoration of all Things.*" His ſentiments accordingly are uncommonly liberal; he has no *reſerve* in his manner, unleſs in one or two inſtances of little conſequence, and where, convinced he is in the

wrong,

wrong, he gives up the point with the air of a man who cannot, or knows not how to retain it. It was expected that he would have profited by the labours of a brother author, who publiſhed, a few years ago, ſome *Eſſays* at Paris and Liſle; but thoſe publications he has either not ſeen, or wholly diſregarded. The preſent ſyſtem is therefore juſtly entitled to be conſidered as novel in this country; and, we ſhould ſuppoſe, will meet with few opponents. Where an author has done his beſt, it would be unjuſt to expect more from him. If there are others who think they can do better, the preſs is open, and truth will not ſuffer by diſcuſſion.

There is one circumſtance, however, to which we muſt advert, although *prima facie* it may not ſeem to be within our province. Yet, as guardians of the book-buying world, we know not that we ſhould be juſtified in yielding to mere civility any point in which they are concerned. We allude to the *price* of this work, which is certainly enormous, and out of all proportion. It may indeed be excuſed by the general riſe in the materials; the author in a few lines of preface hints ſomewhat to this purpoſe. Allowing all this, we ſtill may aſk, what is there in it that might have prevented its being publiſhed two, three, four, or even five years ago, before that vaſt riſe took place on every article? Did the author really think it neceſſary to take the poet's advice, and keep his work *nine years* in his cloſet? If authors, from pride, or caprice, or an affected modeſty, or any other cauſe, will keep back their works, and publiſh at a dear time, it is not very reaſonable in them to expect that the world will pay them for outſtanding intereſt of money. Having offered theſe objections, in which we are convinced we only anticipate the public voice, we think it but fair to ſubjoin the following extract from the preface, leaving it to our readers to admit the apology, or not, as they pleaſe:

"Pref. p. 84.—That this work ſhould have appear-

ed earlier, cannot be denied. Yet the delay is not juſtly imputable to the author. The fact was, that the Printer had, ſome time ago, a ſet of men who *ſtruck* for ſome trifling reaſon or other, and refuſed to compoſe a ſingle line of the work. In this dilemma, he was under the neceſſity of employing his *'prentices* on it, who, though they were moſt of them raw lads, juſt come from ſchool, and had done little but carry proofs to authors, &c. got up the work with tolerable correctneſs, and indeed in a manner wholly unexpected."

Excuſes like this, which ariſe from ſheer neceſſity, candour muſt admit; and it is but juſtice to add that the liſt of *errata* is not very copious, although ſome of the articles are of ſuch importance, that we flatter ourſelves we ſhall perform an acceptable ſervice by pointing them out—P. 106, for *Grand Monarque* read *Chief Conſul*—a little lower down, for *indemnity* read *ceſſion*—p. 210, for *ancien regime* read *Ceylon*, and for *Bourbon* read *Trinidad*—errors of leſs import, as *all lies* for *Allies*, readily will occur to the reader, and need not be pointed out.

The paper and print of this work are much inferior to that of Mr. Small Pybus's beautiful Poem, The Sovereign. Indeed there is nothing in this which reminds us of the *Sovereign*. With theſe objections, however, which in critical propriety we could not have withheld, this work bids fair to be popular, particularly on the *Continent*.

Oct. 27.

THE END.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.